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HYMNS

OF THE



"JUBILEE HARP:"

A

CHOICE SELECTION,

FOR

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

A. T. Gorham

"Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation." — PSALM xcv. 1.

BOSTON:

ADVENT CHRISTIAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY,

GEORGE T. ADAMS, BUSINESS AGENT,

160 HANOVER STREET.

PREFACE.

THIS volume, as its title indicates, embraces the *hymns* of "The Jubilee Harp," *without the music*. It is designed to meet the wants of the many in our congregations who never use the music, and who desire a book with larger print, at a lower price. The whole has been carefully revised and corrected, and a brief supplement of choice and popular hymns appended.

The general favor with which "The Harp" has been received, and the large circulation which it has already attained, encourages the belief that "The Hymns," as a companion to the other, will find in all our churches a still wider welcome, because it satisfies the wants of a larger number of those who take part in Christian worship.

Embracing, as it does, so many of the best hymns in the language, freed from the errors of a false theology, and in harmony with the faith and hope of the gospel, it commends itself, we trust, to the favor of all who would sing the LORD'S praises "with the spirit" and "with the understanding also." May it quicken and give voice to the devotions of his waiting church, until that glad day comes when we shall all join in "the new song around the throne"!

 The figures in parenthesis, after the number of the hymn, refer to the page of 'The Jubilee Harp' where the same hymn may be found

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H Y M N S

OF THE

JUBILEE HARP.

1 (5) (Winchester.) L. M.

- 1 **T**O God, the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honor be addressed ;
His mercy firm forever stands,
Give him the thanks his love demands.
- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways !
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise !
Blest are the souls who fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.
- 3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed ;
And, with the same salvation, bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
- 4 Oh, may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice !
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

HYMNS.

2 (5) (Winchester.) L. M.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him who earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.
- 3 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.
- 4 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith;
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 5 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls shall fear no more,
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

3 (5) (Winchester.) L. M.

- 1 THE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,—
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

HYMNS.

- 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise !
 On swifter wings salvation flies ;
 And, if he lets his anger burn,
 How soon his frowns to pity turn !

4 (6) *(Devotion.)* L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
 Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 2 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep thy counsels, how divine !
- 3 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
 Like grass they flourish till thy breath
 Blasts them in everlasting death.
- 4 But I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desired or wished below ;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

5 (7) *(Devotion.)* L. M.

- 1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand,
 In gardens planted by thy hand ;
 Let me within thy courts be seen,
 Like a young cedar fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
 Blest with thine influence from above ;
 Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
 Yield such a comely sight as these.

HYMNS.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
 (Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;)
 Time that does all things else impair,
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
 The Lord is holy, just and true :
 None that attend his gates shall find
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

5½ (7) *(Devotion.)* L. M.

1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God ;
 My God ! my King ! why should I be
 So far from all my joys and thee ?

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace ;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate ;
 God is their strength, and, through the road,
 They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
 Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

6 (7) *(Devotion.)* L. M.

1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done ;
 Another Sabbath is begun.
 Return, my soul, enjoy the rest ;
 Improve the day thy God hath blest.

HYMNS.

- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
 - 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
 - 4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
 - 5 In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away.
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hopes of one that ne'er shall end.
- 7 (7) *(Devotion.)* L. M.
- 1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ,
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise ;
 - 2 Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.
 - 3 O ! enter, then, his temple gate ;
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
 - 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

HYMNS.

8 (7) (Old Hundred.)

1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;
 Help us to feed upon thy word ;
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
 Give every burdened soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

9 (8) (Arnheim.) L. M.

1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The powers of hell are captive led—
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay :
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;
 He claims these mansions as his right,—
 Receive the King of glory in !

4 Who is the King of glory ? Who ?
 The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame ;
 The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
 And JESUS is the Conq'ror's name.

5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay :
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way !

6 Who is the King of glory ? Who ?
 The Lord, of glorious power possessed ,
 The King of saints and angels too ;
 God over all, forever blest !

HYMNS.

10 (8) (Arnheim.) L. M.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large ;
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God ! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

11 (8) (Arnheim.) L. M

- 1 **T**HE Lord ! how absolute he reigns !
Let every angel bend the knee ;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 2 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss :
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his !
- 3 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
- 4 Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

HYMNS.

12 (8) (Arnheim.) L. M.

- 1 ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain !
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

13 (9) (Angel's Hymn.) L. M.

- 1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 To God I cried when troubles rose,
He heard me, and subdued my foes ;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrow or from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

14 (9) (Angel's Hymn.) L. M.

- 1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

HYMNS.

- 3 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
 By the same sovereign right is his ;
 'Tis moved by his almighty hand,
 That formed and fixed the solid land.
- 4 O let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there ;
 Down on our knees devoutly all
 Before the Lord our Maker fall.

15 (9) *(Angel's Hymn.)* L. M.

- 1 **H**OW blest the sacred tie that binds
 In union sweet, according minds !
 How swift the heavenly course they run,
 Whose faith, whose hopes, whose joys are one.
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !
 What ardent love ! what tender fear !
 How doth the fire of grace within
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their hearts with mutual sorrows melt
 For human woe and human guilt ;
 Their fervent prayers together rise,
 Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 With eager step they seek the place
 Where God reveals his awful face ;
 Join with one heart in songs of praise,
 And thankful hymns together raise.

16 (9) *(Angel's Hymn.)* L. M.

- 1 **M**Y blest Redeemer and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word ;
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 What truth and love thy bosom fill !
 What zeal to do thy Father's will !
 Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.

HYMNS.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

17 (10) (Wilbraham.) L. M.

1 JESUS, thy church, with longing eyes,
 For thine expected coming waits ;
 When will the promised light arise,
 And glory beam on Zion's gates?

2 E'en now when tempests round us fall,
 And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
 Thy words with pleasure we recall,
 And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 O come and reign o'er ev'ry land ;
 Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
 All nations bow to thy command,
 And grace revive a dying world.

4 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer,
 To wait for thine appointed hour ;
 And fit us, by thy grace, to share
 The triumphs of thy conqu'ring power.

18 (10) (Portugal.) L. M.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
 Who feel the joys of pardoned sin ;
 Though storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
 Their minds have holy peace within.

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
 Made up of innocence and love ;
 And soft and silc it as the shades,
 Their nightly minutes gently move.

HYMNS.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
 But fly not half so swift away ;
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm as summer evenings be.

4 They scorn to seek for golden toys,
 But spend the day and share the night
 In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
 That God prepares for their delight.

19 (11) (Cyprus.) L. M.

1 **T**HE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
 He lives our head, enthroned on high ;
 He lives triumphant o'er the grave ;
 He lives eternally to save.

2 He lives to still his people's fears ;
 He lives to wipe away their tears ;
 He lives their mansions to prepare ;
 He lives to bring them safely there.

3 Then let our souls in him rejoice,
 And sing his praise with cheerful voice ;
 Our doubts and fears forever gone,
 For Christ is on the Father's throne.

4 The chief of sinners he receives ;
 His saints he loves, and never leaves ;
 He'll guard us safe from every ill,
 And all his promises fulfil.

20 (11) (Cyprus.) L. M.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise ;
 His nature and his works unite
 To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames ;
 He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound ;
 His counsels are a deep profound.

HYMNS.

- 3 Great is the Lord, and great his might !
Kind are his ways, his judgments right ;
He loves the meek, rewards the just,
And lifts the humble from the dust.
- 4 His saints are precious in his sight ;
He views his children with delight ;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Approves and owns his image there.
- 21 (11) (*Cyprus*) (*Wilbraham.*) L. M.
1 **O**F him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing ;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve ;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
- 2 To shame our sins he blushed in blood,
He closed his eyes to show us God ;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.
- 3 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone,
I shed my tears and make my moan !
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 4 Insatiate to this spring I fly ;
I drink, and yet am ever dry ;
Ah ! who against thy charms is proof ?
Ah ! who that loves can love enough ?
- 22 (11) (*Cyprus.*) (*Portugal.*) L. M.
1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord :
For thou hast brought salvation down,
And stored its blessings in thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With deep despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

HYMNS.

- 3 How well thy blessed truths agree !
 How wise and holy thy commands !
 Thy promises, how large and free !
 Firm on this ground our comfort stands.
- 4 Should all the schemes that men devise
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
 I'd count them vanity and lies,
 And bind the gospel to my heart.

23 (12) (Greenwich.)

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' insure the great reward ;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 The living know that they must die ;
 But all the dead forgotten lie ;
 Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 3 Their hatred and their love is lost,
 Their envy buried in the dust ;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might, pursue,
 Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

24 (13) (Greenwich.) (Farnsworth.)

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest,
 And make thy mansion in my breast ;
 Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
 And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Thou God of love and peace divine,
 O, make thy light within me shine !
 Forgive my sins, my guilt remove,
 And send the tokens of thy love.

HYMNS.

25 (13) (*Farnsworth.*) L. M.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way?
Plant holy fear in every heart,
'That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

26 (14) (*Blendon.*) L. M.

1 GO, labor on! spend and be spent,
G Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not his servants tread it still?

2 Go, labor on! while it is day,
The long, dark night is hastening on;
O, speed thy work, shake off thy sloth,
For it is thus that souls are won.

3 See thousands dying at your side,
Your brethren, kindred, friends at home;
See millions perishing afar;
Haste, brethren, to their rescue come.

4 Toil on, toil on, thou soon shalt find
A holy rest, a happy home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come."

27 (14) (*Cumberland.*) L. M.

1 OF all the joys we mortals know,
O Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The highest rapture of the blest.

HYMNS.

- 2 Securely held in thine embrace,
 No fickle thought attempts to rove ;
 Each smile that's seen upon thy face,
 Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 Oft of thine absence we complain,
 And sadly weep, and humbly pray ;
 Yet there is pleasure in the pain,
 The tears are sweet which mourn thy stay.
- 28 (15) *(Judah.)* L. M.
- 1 JESUS, my King, proclaims the war ;
 Awake ! awake ! the foe is near !
 "To arms ! to arms !" I hear him cry ;
 "'Tis yours to conquer or to die !"
- 2 Roused by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around ;
 I haste to gird my armor on,
 And bid each trembling fear be gone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield ;
 The word of God the sword I wield ;
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Full-armed, I venture on the fight,
 Resolved to put my foes to flight,
 While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
 His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope, in him I trust ;
 His bleeding cross is all my boast ;
 Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
 To vict'ry and the victor's crown.
- 29 (15) *(New England.)* L. M.
- 1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
 And let his word support each soul ;
 Well can he bear your courage up,
 And all your foes and fears control.

HYMNS.

- 2 He waits his own well-chosen hour
 Th' intended mercy to display ;
 And his paternal pities move,
 While wisdom dictates the delay.
- 3 Blest are the humble souls that wait,
 With sweet submission to his will
 Harmonious all their passions move,
 And in the midst of storms are still, —
- 4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice
 Wakens their silence into songs :
 Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
 And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

30 (16) (Dedication.) L. M.

- 1 **T**HE perfect world, by Adam trod,
 Was the first temple built by God ;
 His fiat laid the corner-stone ;
 He spake, and, lo ! the work was done.
- 2 He hang its starry roof on high,
 The broad expanse of azure sky ;
 He spread its pavement, green and bright,
 And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,
 The sea, the sky — and all was good ;
 And when its first pure praises rang,
 The morning stars together sang.
- 4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
 And earth and sky, a house for thee :
 But in thy sight our off'ring stands,
 A humble temple, built with hands.

31 (16) (Dedication.) L. M.

- 1 **O**BOW thine ear, Eternal One !
 On thee our heart adoring calls ;
 To thee the followers of thy Son
 Have raised, and now devote these walls.

HYMNS.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept ;
 And be this place to worship given,
 Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
 The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell ; and here,
 As incense, let thy children's prayer,
 From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
 Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung ;
 Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
 As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
 On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

32 (16) (*Dedication.*) (*Old Hundred.*)

1 **H**ERE, in thy name, eternal God,
 We build this earthly house for thee ;
 O, choose it for thy fixed abode,
 And guard it long from error free.

2 When here, O Lord, we seek thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place,
 And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 When here thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
 Still by the power of his great name
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 And when our voices raise the song —
 Hosanna ! to our heavenly King —
 Let heaven with earth the strain prolong ;
 Hosanna ! let the angels sing.

32½ (16) (*Old Hundred.*) (*Dedication.*)

1 **B**E thou, O God, exalted high,
 And, as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till thou art here as there obeyed.

HYMNS.

(*Old Hundred.*) (*Dedication.*)

- 2 **P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
- 3 **A**LL glory, while the ages run,
 Be to the Father, and the Son,
 Who rose from death ; the same to thee,
 O Holy Ghost, eternally.
- 4 **W**ORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,—
 In earth and heaven the Lord of all !
 Let all the powers of earth obey,
 And low before his footstool fall.

33 (17) (*Old Hundred.*) L. M.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
 Give to the Lord renown and power ;
 Ascribe due honors to his name,
 And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
 Through every ocean, every land ;
 His voice divides the watery cloud,
 And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood ;
 O'er earth he reigns forever king ;
 But makes his church his blest abode,
 Where we his awful glories sing.
- 4 In gentler language, there the Lord
 The counsel of his grace imparts ;
 Amid the raging storm, his word
 Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts.

34 (17) (*Old Hundred.*) L. M.

- 1 **S**ING to Jehovah's mighty name ;
 Publish abroad his glorious fame ;
 Let all the saints with one accord,
 Exalt and magnify the Lord.

HYMNS.

2 Praise him in holy strains sublime ;
Employ a melody divine ;
Let thoughts celestial seize the soul,
While music from the tongue shall roll.

3 Now let our animation rise
Like sacred incense to the skies ;
Nor let one passion, base or vile,
The worship of our God defile.

4 So shall our condescending King
Accept the tribute that we bring ;
And pour his plenteous blessings down,
And all our years with favor crown.

5 So shall our tongues be trained in time
To roll the numbers all divine,
When mortal days and years are done,
And the eternal kingdom come.

35 (17) (Old Hundred.) L. M.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King ;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice ;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;
We are his work, and not our own —
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

HYMNS.

36 (17) (Old Hundred.) L. M.

- 1 **L**O, God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here ! him day and night,
United choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

37 (18) (Wells.) L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing ;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song ;
To every land the strains belong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

38 (18) (Ward.) L. M.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

HYMNS.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 39 (19) (*Duke Street.*) L. M.
- 1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky :
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there,
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.
- 40 (19) (*Duke Street.*) (*Wells.*) L. M.
- 1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down ;
While by thy children thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love ;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy gracious power be known.

HYMNS.

- 3 O, let the joyful converts wait
 Num'rous around thy temple-gate ;
 Each pressing on with zeal, to be
 A living sacrifice to Thee !

41 (19) (*Duke Street.*) (*Ward.*) L. M.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in thy death, thou Just and Good !
 All the vain things which charm me most,
 I leave them for thy precious blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were an offering far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all !

42 (19) (*Ward.*) (*Duke Street.*) L. M.

1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
 The daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth and joyful rise
 To pay the morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;
 Each present day thy last esteem ;
 Improve thy talent with due care ;
 For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere ;
 Thy conscience as the noontide clear ;
 Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

HYMNS.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

43 (20) (Uxbridge.) L. M.

1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
'Round all the earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
Which see the light, or feel the sun.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise !
O bless the world with heavenly light !
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

44 (20) (Rockingham.) L. M.

1 **O** RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

HYMNS.

- 3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
- 4 O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
His mercy firm through ages past,
Hath stood and shall forever last.

45 (21) (Park Street.) L. M.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace !
- 3 Lord ! we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 4 Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith—our fears remove ;
O ! sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

46 (21) (Uxbridge.) (Park Street.) L. M

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live ;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

HYMNS.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

47 (21) (*Uxbridge.*) (*Park St.*) L. M.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise !
But O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines,
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

48 (22) (*Hebron.*) L. M.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on ;
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

H Y M N S .

3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

49 (22) (Hamburg.) L. M.

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong ;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song ;
His wondrous name and power rehearse,
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He rides and thunders through the sky ;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high ;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace ;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

3 He breaks the captives' heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again ;
But rebels, who dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

4 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest,
He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

50 (23) (Hingham.) L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall fill my breast ;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

HYMNS.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word :
His works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep his counsels, how divine !
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy !

51 (23) (*Hingham.*) (*Hebron.*) L. M.

- 1 **B**LEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God ;
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 3 Blest hour ; for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

52 (23) (*Hingham.*) (*Hamburg.*) L. M.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns ! he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might ;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

HYMNS.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies.
In vain their rage they aim so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

53 (24) (*Pilesgrove.*) L. M.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Has stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

4 O may I worthy prove to see,
Thy saints in full prosperity,—
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

54 (24) (*Sterling.*) L. M.

1 C OME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And lead you to a heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

HYMNS.

- 3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
 My yoke and bear it with delight !
 My yoke is easy to his neck,
 My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
 With faith and hope and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

55 (25) (Darwent.) L. M.

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous when he dies,
 When sinks his weary soul to rest ;
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast.
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 But soon shall smile the victor's brow,
 When slumb'ring saints arise and sing :
 O grave, where is thy vict'ry now,
 And where, O death, is now thy sting !

56 (25) (Darwent.) (Pilesgrove.) L. M.

- 1 **E**MPTIED of earth I fain would be,
 Of sin, of self, of all but Thee ;
 Reserved for Christ that bled and died,
 Surrendered to the Crucified ;
- 2 Sequestered from the noise and strife
 The lust, the pomp, the pride of life,
 Prepared for heaven, my noblest care,
 And have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing save Jesus would I know ;
 My friend and my companion thou,
 Constrain my soul thy sway to own,
 Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone.

HYMNS.

- 4 Detatch from sublunary joys
 One that would only hear thy voice,
 Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
 Nor glow but with celestial fire.

57 (25) (*Darwent.*) (*Sterling.*) L. M.

1 **T**HE Lord is Judge : before his throne
 All nations shall his justice own :
 O, may my soul be found sincere,
 And stand, approved, with courage there !

2 The Lord, in righteousness arrayed,
 Surveys the world his hands have made ;
 Pierces the heart, and tries the reins,
 And judgment from on high ordains.

3 My God, my Shield ! around me place
 The shelter of the Saviour's grace :
 Then, when thine arm the just shall save,
 My life shall triumph o'er the grave.

58 (25) (*Sterling.*) (*Darwent.*) L. M.

1 **W**HO, from the shades of gloomy night,
 When the last tear of hope is shed,
 Can bid the soul return to light,
 And break the slumber of the dead !

2 Though in the dust I lay my head ;
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
 My soul forever with the dead,
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

4 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near, and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

HYMNS.

59 (26) (Windham.) L. M.

- 1 UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word!
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

60 (26) (Windham.) L. M.

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the winds' untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows,
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 But worn by slowly rolling years
Or broke by sickness in a day
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

HYMNS.

- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
 Revive the ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.
- 61 (26) (Windham.) L. M.
- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Who lives by angels now adored ;
 That Jesus who once died for me,
 Who bore my sins in agony.
- 2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
 Nor to defend his noble cause ;
 The way he's gone is lined with blood ;
 O may I tread the steps he trod !
- 3 I'm not ashamed his name to bear,
 With those who his disciples were ;
 Christian, sweet name ! its worth I view,
 O may I wear the nature too !
- 4 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
 For which I count all things but dross .
 Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
 When Christ commands, I will obey.
- 5 This world's vain honors will I shun,
 The narrow way to life I'll run ;
 That this at last my boast may be,
 My Saviour's not ashamed of me.
- 62 (26) (Windham.) L. M
- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there ;
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
 Is thy Redeemer's great command ;
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain the heavenly land.

HYMNS.

63 (27) (Migdol.) L. M.

- 1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
 Through all the millions of the skies,
 That song of triumph which records
 That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
 Obedient, mighty God, to thee !
 And over land, and stream, and main,
 Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.
- 3 O let that glorious anthem swell ;
 Let host to host the triumph tell,
 That not one rebel heart remains,
 But over all the Saviour reigns.

64 (27) (Migdol.) L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour comes, his advent's nigh,
 He soon will rend the azure sky ;
 Descending swift to earth again,
 When God shall dwell indeed with men.
- 2 O happy day, when wars shall cease,
 And ransomed earth be filled with peace ;
 When sin and death no more shall reign,
 And Eden bloom on earth again !
- 3 Saints, lift your heads ; that day is near,
 When your Redeemer shall appear,
 To take the kingdom and the crown,
 And make his ransomed bride his own.
- 4 Shall not his people sing for joy ?
 Shall not the church their songs employ ?
 Sing, ye who will ; sing while ye may,
 And shout for joy th' approaching day.

65 (27) (Migdol.) L. M.

- 1 GO forth, ye heralds, in my name ;
 Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound ;
 The glorious jubilee proclaim
 Where'er the human race is found.

HYMNS.

- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
- 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commissioned from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give ;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

66 (27) (Migdol.) L. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host ;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 3 Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
- 4 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;
The man of Calv'ry triumphed here :
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

67 (28) (Russia.) L. M.

- 1 **W**HYY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compasssion spares,
While in the various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot ?

HYMNS.

2 Shall God invite you from above?
 Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
 Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
 And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
 And fix conviction on each heart;
 Then we no more on trifling cares
 Shall waste that life thy mercy spares.

68 (28) (Russia.) L. M.

1 **L**ORD, thou hast searched and seen me thro';
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known;
 He knows the words I mean to speak
 Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
 On every side I find thy hand;
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

69 (28) (Russia.) L. M.

1 **W**HAT sinners value I resign;
 Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
 But that bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere:
 When shall I wake and find me there?

HYMNS.

70 (29) (Mendon.) L. M.

- 1 **H**E reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support his throne,
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

71 (29) (Mendon.) L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds,—
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground;—
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

HYMNS.

- 5 God is in heaven, and man below :
 Be short our tunes ; our words but few !
 A solemn reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

72 (29) (Mendon.) L. M.

- 1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come,
 We walk through deserts dark as night ;
 Till we shall gain our endless home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;
 Far into things unseen she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

73 (29) (Mendon.) (Russia.) L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,
 And made his truth and mercy known ;
 My hopes and fears alternate rise,
 And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Temptations everywhere annoy,
 And sins and snares my peace destroy ;
 My earthly joys are from me torn,
 And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
 Which leads us to the mount of God ?
 Are these the toils thy people know,
 While in the wilderness below ?
- 4 'Tis even so ; thy faithful love
 Doth all thy children's graces prove ;
 'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
 That Jesus may be all in all.

HYMNS.

74 (30) (Bridgewater.) L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs ;
 To spend one day with thee on earth,
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within thy house, O God of grace,
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun—he makes our day ;
 God is our shield—he guards our way
 From all th' assaults of hell and sin ;
 From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory, too ;
 He gives us all things, and withholds
 No real good from upright souls.

75 (30) (Bridgewater.) L. M.

- 1 IN God let all his saints rejoice,
 With thankful hearts and cheerful voice :
 Thus saith his word, so kind, so true :
 I, even I, will comfort you.
- 2 Sweet words ! O, let us bless his name,
 And joyful all his praise proclaim !
 These words shall foes and fears subdue :
 I, even I, will comfort you.
- 3 Do sore afflictions on you lay,
 And pungent sorrows day by day ?
 Look to this word, 'twill bear you through :
 I, even I, will comfort you.
- 4 If death in gloomy form appear,
 And overwhelm your souls with fear,
 Let this sweet word your faith renew :
 I, even I will comfort you.

HYMNS.

5 And when each happy soul attains
That blissful state where glory reigns,
This song shall all his powers employ :
God is my comfort and my joy.

76 (31) (Ames.) L. M.

1 MY op'ning eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day ;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest ;
Eternal King, thy servant own,
And bid sweet peace reign in my breast.

3 O, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away ;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought through all the day.

4 Then to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

77 (31) (Ames.) (Bridgewater.) L. M.

1 NATURE, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King ;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known ;
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 O, may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs !
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

HYMNS.

- 4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name :
The highest notes that angels raise
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

78 (31) (Ames.) L. M.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess :
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion, and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord ;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

79 (31) (Ames.) L. M.

- 1 BLEST are the merciful, who prove
By acts their sympathy and love ;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 3 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

HYMNS.

- 4 Blest are the suff'ers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake !
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

80 (32) *(Buckfield.)* L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

- 2 O may my spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies,
Till I shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love !

- 3 In paradise, within the gates,
A higher entertainment waits ;
Fruits new and old laid up in store ;
There we shall feed, but want no more.

- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

- 5 Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay ;
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow.

81 (33) *(Missionary Chant.)* L. M.

- 1 **Y**E Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name ;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

HYMNS.

- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

82 (33) (*Miss'y Chant.*) (*Buckfield.*) L. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenaments of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

83 (33) (*Buckfield.*) (*Miss'y Chant.*) L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Christian warrior, see him stand,
In the whole armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the gospel shod.
- 2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.
- 3 With this, Omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

HYMNS.

4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
 Sin, death and hell he tramples down;
 Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.

84 (34) (Seasons.) L. M.

1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy,
 Thy praise may well our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crown's the circling year.

2 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
 Embalms the air and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigor shine,
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coasts abundant stores;
 And winters, softened by thy care,
 No more a dreary aspect wear.

4 Still be the cheerful homage paid
 With morning light and evening shade,
 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise.

85 (34) (Desire.) L. M.

1 **C**OME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
 By faith and love, in every breast;
 Then shall we know, and taste and feel,
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
 Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 And to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts and wishes know,
 Be everlasting honors done,
 By all the Church through Christ his Son.

HYMNS.

- 4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.
- 86 (35) (Anvern.) L. M.
- 1 Triumphant Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead !
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with a Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known ;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed halls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hands thy ruins shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.
- 87 (35) (Anvern.) L. M.
- 1 **B**LEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

HYMNS.

4 Blest are the souls, that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams, and living bread.

88 (35) (Anvern.) L. M'

1 **C**OMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here !
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord ;
May we thy true disciples be ;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, " Follow me."

3 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
Our gracious God, by us confessed ;
May naught in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion blessed.

4 With thee, and these, forever bound,
May all who here in prayer unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

89 (36) (Exhortation.) L. M.

1 **T**HE Lord will come ; the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And, with'ring, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

HYMNS.

- 4 Can this be he who, wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"
The saints ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"
- 90 (37) (*Evening Song.*) L. M.
1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
G For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive us, Lord, through thy dear Son
The ill that we this day have done;
That with the world, ourselves and thee,
We, ere we sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 O may our souls on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep our eyelids close;
Sleep that may us more vig'rous make,
To serve the Lord when we awake.
- 91 (37) (*Exhortation.*) (*Evening Song.*) L. M.
1 WHILE in the world we still remain,
W We only meet to part again;
But, when we reach that heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.
- 2 The hope that we shall see that day
Should chase our present griefs away;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.
- 3 Then let us here improve the hours,
Improve them to a Saviour's praise;
To him with zeal devote our powers,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

HYMNS.

- 4 Let all our meetings now be made
 Subservient to each other's good ;
 For worldly joys must quickly fade,
 Nor can they yield substantial food.
- 5 Whene'er required to part from those
 With whom the truth unites us here,
 We'll call to mind the joyful close,
 When Christ, the Saviour, will appear.

92 (37) (*Evening Song.*) (*Exhortation.*) L. M.

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
 Like one that seeks his God in vain?
 How long, my soul, thine absence mourn,
 And still despair of thy return?
- 2 How long shall my poor troubled breast
 Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed?
 If thou withhold thy heavenly light.
 I sleep in everlasting night.
- 3 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
 Thy mercy now shall end my grief;
 For I have trusted in thy grace,
 And shall again behold thy face.

93 (38) (*Soule.*) L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,
 Accept the tribute which we bring;
 Accept the well deserved renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
 Like that blest hour when from above
 We first received thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor comforts sink, nor love grow cold.

H Y M N S .

94 (38) (John Street.) L. M.

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows ;
Praise him in heaven, where he his face,
Unvailed in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let all who vital breath enjoy,
The breath he doth to them afford
In just returns of praise employ ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

95 (39) (Lee.) L. M

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, whose tender care,
Relieves the poor in their distress ;
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hand can do ;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

96 (39) (Lee.) L. M.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
He lives, and on the earth shall stand ;
And though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies numbered in his hand.
- 2 In this reanimated clay
I surely shall behold him near ;
Shall see him in the latter day
In all his majesty appear.
- 3 I feel what then shall raise me up ;
Th' eternal Spirit dwells in me,
This is my confidence and hope,
That God I face to face shall see.

HYMNS.

- 4 Mine own, and not another's eyes,
 The King shall in his beauty view ;
 I shall from him receive the prize,
 'The starry crown to victors due.

97 (39) (Lee.) L. M.

- 1 **B**LEST Saviour, we thy will obey ;
 Not of constraint, but with delight,
 Thy servants hither, come to-day,
 To honor thine appointed rite.

- 2 Descend, descend, celestial Dove,
 On these dear followers of the Lord ;
 Exalted head of all the church,
 Thy promised aid to them afford.

- 3 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
 The wonders of thy love explore ;
 And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
 Let them depart and sin no more.

98 (39) (Lee.) L. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious feet
 Shun the broad way that sinners go ;
 Who hates the place where atheists meet,
 And fears to talk as scoffers do.

- 2 He loves t' employ his morning light
 Among the statutes of the Lord,
 And spends the wakeful hours of night
 With pleasure pond'ring o'er his word.

- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
 Shall flourish in immortal green ;
 And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
 On every work his hands begin.

- 4 But sinners find their counsels crossed ;
 As chaff before the tempest flies,
 So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
 When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

HYMNS.

99 (40) (Complaint.) L. M.

- 1 SPARE us, O Lord, aloud we cry,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day;
And must thy children die so soon?
- 2 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage:
Our Father and our Saviour lives,
Christ is the same through every age.
- 3 'T was he this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be changed at his command.
- 4 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside,
But still thy throne stands firm and high,
Thy church forever must abide.
- 5 Before thy face thy saints shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
The fading world they shall survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.

100 (41) (Complaint.) L. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee I call;
G Afflicted, at thy feet I fall:
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed, remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

HYMNS.

- 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

101 (41) (Complaint.) L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully, through thee, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue ;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 4 O, let the dead now hear thy voice !
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice !
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
"Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness."

102 (41) (Complaint.) L. M.

- 1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave ?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise and thy power to save ?
- 2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise ?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies ?
- 3 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears ;
When Christ our Lord from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

HYMNS.

103 (41) (Submission.) L. M.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone ;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

104 (42) (Cross of the Lord.) L. M.

- 1 O SHAMEFUL cross ! on thee was hung
The bleeding One who died for me ;
There, mocked by every railing tongue,
I see my Saviour's agony.
- 2 O cross of infamy and shame !
Thou didst a Saviour's grace declare :
Thou dost to all the world proclaim
The love that did our sorrows bear.
- 3 Cross of the Lord ! no radiant gem,
No glist'ning pearl of lustre rare,
No monarch's blazing diadem
With thy pale splendor can compare.
- 4 Cross of the Lord ! while others boast
Of titles, names, and marks of pride,
My heart shall ever glory most
In that rough tree where Jesus died.

105 (42) (Extollation.) L. M.

- 1 THE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring :
The Lord omnipotent is King.

HYMNS.

- 2 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.
- 3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
The contrite soul he'll ne'er disown;
And angel bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.
- 4 O when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake;
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

106 (43) (*Extollation.*) L. M.

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of sin defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

107 (44) (*Rest.*) L. M.

- 1 **A**SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

HYMNS.

2 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest !
No fear, no foe shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
Affects this precious hiding-place ;
On India's plains or Lapland's snows
Believers find the same repose.

4 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

108 (44) (Rest.) L. M.

1 SEE mercy, mercy from on high,
S Descend to rebels doomed to die ;
'Tis mercy free, which knows no bound,—
How sweet, how blessed is the sound !

2 Brightly it beamed on men forlorn,
When Christ the holy child was born ;
And brighter still in splendor shone,
When Jesus, dying, cried, "'Tis done !"

3 The work complete when he arose,
Bursting the snares of all his foes,
When captive led captivity,
And took for us his seat on high.

4 Till we around him then shall throng,
This mercy shall be still our song ;
And every scheme shall God confound
Of all who strive its course to bound !

109 (44) (Rest.) L. M

1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
L Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

HYMNS.

- 2 "He lived, — he died ;" behold the sum,
 The abstract of th' historian's page !
 Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
 The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 3 O Father ! in whose mighty hand
 The boundless years and ages lie,
 Teach us the boon of life to prize,
 And use the moments as they fly ;
- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life
 With wise designs and virtuous deeds ;
 So shall we wake from death's dark night,
 To share the glory that succeeds.

110 (44) *(Rest.)* L. M.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near ;
 Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear :
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
 "How shall I stand the trying day?"
 He has engaged by firm decree
 That as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
 And if the contest should be long,
 Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
 For as thy day thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
 Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
 In fiery trials thou shalt see
 That as thy day thy strength shall be.

111 (45) *(Anguish.)* L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM Calvary a cry was heard —
 A bitter and heart-rending cry ;
 My Saviour ! every mournful word
 Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

HYMNS.

2 Let the dumb world its silence break ;
 Let pealing anthems rend the sky ;
 Awake, my sluggish soul, awake !
 He died that we might never die.

3 Lord, on thy cross I fix mine eye ;
 If e'er I lose its strong control,
 O, let that dying piercing cry,
 Melt and reclaim my wandering soul !

112 (45) (*Anguish.*) L. M.

1 **T**HOU only sovereign of my heart,
 My refuge, my almighty Friend,
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend ?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
 A wretched wand'rer from my Lord ?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One trace of happiness afford ?

3 Eternal life thy words impart ;
 On these my fainting spirit lives ;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
 Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine ;
 While thou art near, in vain they call ;
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
 My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life, is thine.

113 (45) (*Anguish.*) L. M.

1 **A**Lmighty Maker of my frame,
 Teach me the measure of my days ;
 Teach me to know how frail I am,
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.

HYMNS.

- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
 A little point my life appears ;
 How frail at best is dying man !
 How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 O be a nobler portion mine !
 My God, I bow before thy throne ;
 Earth's fleeting treasure I resign,
 And fix my hope on thee alone.

114 (46) *(Olive's Brow.)* L. M.

- 1 'TIS midnight ; and on Olive's brow
 The star is dimmed that lately shone ;
 'Tis midnight ; in the garden, now,
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight ; and, from all removed,
 The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears ;
 E'en that disciple whom he loved
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears
- 3 'Tis midnight ; and for others' guilt
 The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
 Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight ; and from ether plains
 Is borne the song that angels know ;
 Unheard by mortals are the strains
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

115 (46) *(Olive's Brow.)* L. M.

- 1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour dies ;
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise ;
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Descends the sacred crimson tide.
- 2 And didst thou bleed ?—for sinners bleed ?
 And could the sun behold the deed ?
 No ; he withdrew his cheering ray,
 And darkness veiled the mourning day.

HYMNS.

- 3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,
Unmoved by either love or pain?
- 4 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

116 (46) (*Olive's Brow.*) L. M.

- 1 **W**HO shall approach thy holy place,
Dear Lord, and stand before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below ;
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean ;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean :
No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.
- 3 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face ;
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.
- 4 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone :
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

117 (46) (*Olive's Brow.*) L. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a God — all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies,
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

HYMNS.

- 3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
 And trace creation's wonders o'er,
 Confess the footsteps of your God,
 And bow before him, and adore.

118 (47) (Melmore.) L. M.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despise;
 Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all who e'er thy grace received,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved, —
- 3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
 In honor of my great High Priest;
 Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear,
 I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release;
 Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
 O, guide me into perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

119 (47) (Burnett.) L. M.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 O that we might such rest attain
 From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.
- 2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
 From every mortal trouble free;
 No groans shall mingle with the songs,
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

HYMNS.

120 (48) (Zephyr.) L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great command:
 "Let all thy inward powers unite
 To love thy Maker and thy God
 With utmost vigor and delight.
- 2 Then shall thy neighbor next in place
 Share thine affections and esteem;
 And let thy kindness to thyself
 Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
 This did the prophets preach and prove;
 For want of this the law is broke;
 And the whole law's fulfilled by love.
- 4 But, O, how base our passions are!
 How cold our charity and zeal!
 Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

121 (48) (*The Mercy-Seat.*) L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads;
 A place than all besides more sweet;
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed!
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

HYMNS.

122 (49) (*Kingsbridge.*) L. M.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

123 (49) (*Kingsbridge.*) L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust ;
Save me from sorrow, guilt, and shame,
Thou ever gracious, ever just.
- 2 Thou art my rock — thy name alone
The fortress where my hopes retreat ;
O, make thy power and mercy known ;
To safety guide my wandering feet.
- 3 Bless'd be the Lord — forever bless'd,
Whose mercy bids my fears remove ;
The sacred walls which guard my rest,
Are his almighty power and love.
- 4 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
Let sacred courage fill your heart !
Hope in the Lord, and trust his grace,
And he shall heavenly strength impart.

124 (49) (*Kingsbridge.*) L. M.

- 1 **T**HE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state ;
O'er all the earth his power extends ;
All heaven before his footstool bends.

HYMNS.

- 2 Yet justice still with power presides ;
 And mercy all his empire guides ;
 Mercy and truth are his delight,
 And saints are lovely in his sight.
- 3 No more, ye wise ! your wisdom boast ;
 No more, ye strong ! your valor trust ;
 No more, ye rich ! survey your store,
 Elate with heaps of shining ore !
- 4 Glory, ye saints, in this alone,
 That God, your God, to you is known ;
 That you have owned his sovereign sway,—
 That you have felt his cheering ray.

125 (50) (Brighton.) L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscapes flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 His presence shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With lively greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMNS.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors over-spread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dismal shade.

126 (50) (Brighton.) L. M.

1 BLESS'D who with gen'rous pity glows,
 Who learns to feel another's woes,
 Bows to the poor man's want his ear,
 And wipes the helpless orphan's tear:
 In every want, in every woe,
 Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

2 Thy love his life shall guard, thy hand
 Give to his lot the chosen land;
 Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,
 To unrelenting foes a prey;
 When languid with disease and pain,
 Thou, Lord, his spirit shalt sustain.

127 (51) (Holden.) L. M.

1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh—
 'Tis God invites the fallen race—
 Mercy and free salvation buy;
 Buy wine and milk and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
 Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
 And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
 For you in healing streams it rolls;
 Money you need not bring, nor price,
 Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

HYMNS.

- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
 Leave all you have and are behind ;
 Frankly the gift of God receive ;
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

128 (51) (Holden.) L. M.

1 **H**E lives—the great Redeemer lives !
 What joy the blest assurance gives !
 And now, enthroned above the skies,
 He pleads his holy sacrifice.

2 Thus has he met our desp'rate case,
 And given us lasting joy and peace ;
 The Lamb, whose life can never end,
 At once our sacrifice and friend.

3 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
 On thee do all our hopes depend !
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For thou dost plead and must prevail.

4 In every dark distressing hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power,
 Let this blest truth repel each dart,
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.

129 (51) (Holden.) L. M.

1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, Dove divine !
 On these baptismal waters shine,
 And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
 To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
 And joyfully embrace thy cause ;
 We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain !

3 We plunge beneath the mystic flood ;
 O plunge us in thy cleansing blood !
 We die to sin, and seek a grave
 With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

HYMNS.

- 4 And as we rise with thee to live,
 O, let the Holy Spirit give
 The sealing unction from above,
 The breath of life, the fire of love !

130 (51) (Holden.) L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
 G With humble gratitude I raise ;
 O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise !

- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
 And every gently rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wondrous grace,
 And witness to thy love and power.

- 3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
 Of Jesus ; his dear name alone
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,
 And kind acceptance at thy throne.

- 4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close ;
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

131 (52) (Confidence.) (Holden.) L. M.

- 1 A WAY, my unbelieving fear !
 A Fear shall in me no more have place ;
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face ;
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield ?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no !
 I never will give up my shield.

HYMNS.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
 The fields elude the tiller's toil ;
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race ;
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
 And not one bud of grace appear ;
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin, and only sin, is here ;
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see ;
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that he died for me.

132 (53) (*The Gospel Feast.*) L. M.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest :
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
 The invitation is to all :
 Come, all the world ! come, sinner, thou !
 All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
 Ye restless wand'ers after rest ;
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive ;
 Ye all may come to Christ and live ;
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain !

H Y M N S.

133 (53) (*The Gospel Feast.*) L. M.

1 **T**HOSE evening bells—those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and native clime,
When I last heard their soothing chime.

2 Those pleasant hours have passed away,
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

3 And so 't will be when I am gone ;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
When other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

134 (54) (*Hobah.*) L. M.

1 **S**OFT be the gently breathing notes
That sing the Saviour's dying love ;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
And soft as tuneful lyres above ;

2 Soft as the morning dew's descend,
While warbling birds exultant soar,
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

3 Pure as the sun's enliv'ning ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad ;
Pure as the lucid orb of day
That wide proclaims its Maker, God ;

4 Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
So pure let our contrition be ;
And purely let our sorrows rise
To him who bled upon the tree.

135 (54) (*Sleeping Martyrs.*) L. M.

1 **S**OON will the sleeping martyrs rise
To meet the Saviour in the skies !
No more they'll cry, "How long, O Lord?"
But be avenged and have reward.

HYMNS.

- 2 Then will the sleeping saints come forth,
Who lie entombed in sea and earth,
And, robed in immortality,
Their Jesus "face to face" will see.
- 3 The living saints, they too will be
Remembered in the Jubilee ;
"Caught up together in the air,"
The Saviour's triumph they will share.
- 4 For soon the trump of God will sound,
And earth shall quake to farthest bound ;
As swears the angel, time shall be
Consigned to past eternity !

136 (55) (*St. Martin's.*) C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer ;
Now make this place thy home ;
Descend with all thy gracious power ;
O come, great Spirit, come !
- 2 Come as the light ; to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let every soul an off'ring be
To our Redeemer's name.

137 (55) (*Bangor.*) C. M.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound !
Mine ears, attend the cry :
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs ;
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
Must lie as low as ours."

HYMNS.

- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more?

138 (56) (Mear.) C. M.

1 WITH joy we hail the sacred day
 Which God has called his own;
 With joy the summons we obey
 To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
 Where willing vot'ries throng;
 To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
 And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace, O, deign to dwell
 Within thy church below;
 Make her in holiness excel,
 With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found,
 Let all her sons unite
 To spread with grateful zeal around,
 Her clear and shining light.

139 (56) (Mear.) C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee I will direct my prayer;
 To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.

HYMNS.

- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there ;
 I will frequent thy holy court
 And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness ;
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face !

140 (56) (Mear.) C. M.

- 1 **M**AY we throughout this day of thine
 Be in thy spirit, Lord ;
 And full of humble fear divine,
 That trembles at thy word.
- 2 And full of faith, each heart to raise,
 And fix on things above ;
 And full of sacrifice and praise,
 Of holiness and love.

141 (56) (Mear.) C. M.

- 1 **N**O longer far from rest I roam,
 And search in vain for bliss ;
 My soul is satisfied at home ;
 The Lord my portion is.
- 2 His person fixes all my love ;
 His blood removes my fear ;
 And, while he pleads for me above,
 His arm preserves me here.
- 3 His word of promise is my food ;
 His spirit is my guide ;
 Thus daily is my strength renewed,
 And all my wants supplied.
- 4 For him I count as gain each loss ;
 Disgrace, for him, renown ;
 Well may I glory in his cross,
 While he prepares my crown.

HYMNS.

142 (57) (Arlington.) C. M.

1 MY God, my Father — blissful name —
O may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrow fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just, and wise:
O bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

143 (57) (Arlington.) C. M.

1 HOPE of our hearts! O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our fears, away.

2 No resting place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and thee.

3 But O the thought of sharing, Lord,
Thy glory from above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in thy love?

4 What to the joy — the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head, —
Of fellowship with thee?

HYMNS.

- 5 This joy e'en now on earth is ours ;
 But when thou, Lord, shalt come,
 We'll learn the fullness of thy love,
 In our eternal home.
- 6 There, near thy heart, upon the throne,
 Thy ransomed Bride shall see
 What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
 Who died to make her free.

144 (57) (Arlington.) C. M.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

HYMNS.

145 (58) (*Fountain.*)

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
- 3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Is ransomed from the grave.

146 (58) (*Ortonville.*) C. M.

- 1 **M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Saviour's brow ;
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare
 Among the sons of men ;
 Fairer is he than all the fair
 Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 And flew to my relief ;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.
- 4 He saves our souls from sin and hell ;
 His words are true and sure ;
 And on this Rock our faith may rest
 Immovable, secure.

HYMNS.

147 (59) (Ortonville.) C. M.

1 **R**EPENT! the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay;
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace!

4 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

148 (59) (Ortonville.) (Naomi.)

1 **A**NOTHER weary day is past,
I'm waiting still for thee;
O keep me, Saviour, till the last,
And set me fully free.

2 I long to know thee as thou art,
And reign with thee in life;
O let this longing, fainting heart,
Now end the mortal strife!

3 With thine immortal image seal
This feeble creature thine;
And all thy glory then reveal,
And let me in it shine.

4 I would be where thou art: O come!
No longer now delay;
But take thy weeping children home,
From sin and grief away.

HYMNS.

149 (59) (Naomi.) C. M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise : —
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

150 (60) (Brattle Street.) C. M.

- 1 WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.
- 2 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill —
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

HYMNS.

- My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see,
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
 That heart will rest on thee.

151 (61) (Hallowell.) C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by many a foe ;
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of poverty or wo ;
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod ;
 But in the hour of grief or pain,
 Can lean upon its God ;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
 By truth restrained and led,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Lights up a dying bed.
- 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

152 (62) (Sherburne.) C. M

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by nig
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind—
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
 To you and all mankind."

HYMNS.

- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease !"

153 (63) (Sherburne.) C. M.

- 1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice ; lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away ;
News from the region of the skies—
Salvation's born to-day !
- 2 "Jesus, the Lord, whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you ;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things ;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings !
- 4 Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
And see his humble throne ;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

HYMNS.

- 5 Thus Gabriel sang—and straight around
 The heavenly armies throng;
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song:—
- 6 “Glory to God who reigns above,
 Let peace surround the earth;
 Mortals shall know their Maker’s love
 At their Redeemer’s birth.”

154 (63) *(Sherburne.)* C. M.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night
 Come heaven’s melodious strains,
 Where wild Judea stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
 Shed sacred glories there,
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
 Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply;
 And greet, from all their holy heights,
 The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O’er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm,
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 “Glory to God!” the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring—
 “Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven’s eternal King!”

154½ (63) *(Sherburne.)* C. M.

- 1 A WAKE—awake the sacred song
 To our incarnate Lord!
 Let every heart, and every tongue,
 Adore th’ eternal Word.

HYMNS.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
 By whom the worlds were made—
 O! happy morn—illustrious hour!—
 Was once in flesh arrayed.

3 Then shone almighty power and love
 In all their glorious forms,
 When Jesus left his throne above,
 To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery here below,
 The Saviour left the skies,
 And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
 That worthless man might rise.

155 (63) *(Sherburne.)* C. M.

1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song;
 Good-will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious angel throng.

4 Hail, Prince of life! forever hail,
 Redeemer, brother, friend!
 Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

156 (64) *(Coronation.)* C. M.

1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

HYMNS.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

157 (64) (Coronation.) C. M.

1 SOON all shall hail our Jesus' name,
 Angels shall prostrate fall;
 For him the brightest glory claim,
 And hail him Lord of all.

2 The risen saints shall sound the lyre,
 And, as they sound it, fall
 Before his face, who formed their choir,
 And hail him Lord of all.

3 The remnant saved from Israel's race,
 Redeemed from Israel's fall,
 Shall praise him for his wondrous grace,
 And hail him Lord of all.

4 Gentiles shall come — and every king
 Throughout this earthly ball,
 To Zion come — and tribute bring,
 And hail him Lord of all.

158 (65) (Woodland.) C. M.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

H Y M N S.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

159 (65) (Woodland.) C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the Christian's hope to me,
While here I'm called to roam ;
It points me to a better land
That I may call my home.
- 2 This hope reminds me of the time
When Jesus will appear ;
It gives me joy, it gives me peace,
And drives away my fear.
- 3 When darkness hovers o'er my path,
And I no light can see,
This hope sustains my drooping soul,
And bids me joyful be.
- 4 When friends that once I loved so well,
Leave me alone to sigh,
This hope bids me rejoice and sing,
For my redemption's nigh.

HYMNS.

- 5 This hope — it purifies my heart,
 And turns my night to day ;
 It plants my feet upon the Rock,
 And keeps me in the way.
- 6 The day is near — O joyful thought ! —
 When I shall gain the prize ;
 This hope will then be turned to sight
 Before my wondering eyes.

160 (65) (*Woodland.*) (*Coronation.*) C. M.

1 **S**ALVATION ! O, the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At death's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise by grace divine
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

161 (66) (*Northfield.*) C. M.

1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be borne to Paradise
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?

HYMNS.

- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord ;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

162 (66) *(Northfield.)* C. M.

- 1 **T**IME hastens on ; ye longing saints
 Now raise your voices high ;
 And magnify that sov'reign love
 Which shows salvation nigh.
- 2 As time departs salvation comes ;
 Each moment brings it near :
 Then welcome each declining day,
 Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their course shall run,
 Not many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand revealed
 To our transported eyes.

163 (67) *(Balerna.)* C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, through the devious paths of life
 Thy feeble servant guide ;
 Supported by thy powerful arm,
 My footsteps shall not slide.
- 2 To thee, O my unerring Guide,
 I would myself resign ;
 In all my ways acknowledge thee,
 And form my will by thine.

HYMNS.

3 'Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me ;
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

4 Lord, by thy counsel while I live
Guide thou my wand'ring feet ;
And when my course on earth is run,
I'll wait for joys complete.

164 (67) (*Balerna.*) (*Northfield.*) C. M.

1 **T**HOU boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil ;
We would adore thy wondrous grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see ;
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.

3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod !

4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

5 Do thou direct our steps aright,
Help us thy name to fear ;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

165 (67) (*Balerna.*) C. M.

1 **T**HE Lord our Saviour will appear ;
His day is nigh at hand ;
The signs bespeak his coming near,
And all may understand.

HYMNS.

- 2 Behold, he comes ! he comes to reign
 On earth with all his saints ;
 Jesus, the Lamb of God, once slain,
 Will end our long complaints.
- 3 The prince of darkness he'll destroy ;
 The hosts of sin o'erthrow ;
 Satan shall then no more annoy,
 But Christ shall reign below ;
- 4 Then those who suffered in his name,
 And did obey his word,
 Shall rise in glory and proclaim
 The goodness of their Lord.
- 5 The wonders of that happy age
 What mortal can declare ?
 We view with joy the sacred page,
 For we can read them there.

166 (68) (*Wickliffe.*) C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU ! whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh,
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye, —
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said, " Return " ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
 To drive me from thy feet ?
 O ! let not this dear refuge fail —
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Oh ! shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine ;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

HYMNS.

167 (68) (Clarendon.) C. M.

- 1 YE servants of the living God,
Let praise your hearts employ ;
And as you tread salvation's road
Lift up the voice of joy.
- 2 Have they not reason to rejoice,
Whose sins have been forgiven ;
Called by a gracious Father's choice
To be the heirs of heaven?
- 3 How do the captive's transports flow,
When rescued from his chains !
And how must sinners joy to know
Their own Messiah reigns !
- 4 O, grant us, Lord, to feel and own
The power of love divine ;
The blood which doth for sin atone,
The grace which makes us thine.

168 (69) (Peterboro.) C. M.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound ;
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.
- 4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

H Y M N S.

169 (69) (*Peterboro'.*) (*Clarendon.*) C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 4 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- 5 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;
Witness, ye saints who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

170 (69) (*Peterboro'.*) C. M.

- 1 **L**O ! I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears ;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 I hear the voice, — “ Ye dead, arise ! ”
And, lo ! the graves obey ;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

HYMNS.

- 4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
 Rise to the midway air,
 In shining garments meet their King,
 And loud adore him there.
- 5 How will our joy and wonder rise,
 When our returning King
 Shall hasten downward, through the skies,
 On love's triumphant wing!

171 (70) *(Exhortation.)* C. M.

- 1 **H**OW cheering is the Christian's hope
 While toiling here below!
 It buoys us up while passing through
 This wilderness of woe.
- 2 It points us to a land of rest,
 Where saints with Christ will reign,
 Where we shall meet the loved of earth,
 And never part again;
- 3 A land where sin can never come,
 Temptations ne'er annoy;
 Where happiness will ever dwell.
 And that without alloy.
- 4 O how unlike the present world
 Will be the one to come!
 Here, pain and sorrow, care and fear,
 Attend where'er we roam.
- 5 In that bright world no tears will flow,
 Death ne'er can enter there—
 For all who gain that heavenly land
 Will be as angels are.
- 6 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly!
 Dear Saviour, quickly come!
 We long to see thee as thou art,
 And reach that blissful home.

HYMNS.

172 (71) (Exhortation.) C. M.

- 1 **T**HINE oath and promise, mighty God,
Recorded in thy word,
Become our hope's foundation broad,
And surety afford.
- 2 Like Abraham, the friend of God,
Thy faithfulness we prove ;
We tread in paths the fathers trod,
Blest with thy light and love.
- 3 Largely our consolation flows,
While we expect the day
That ends our griefs, and pains, and woes,
And drive our fears away.
- 4 Let floods of mighty vengeance roll,
And compass earth around ;
Let thunder sound from pole to pole,
And earthquakes vast astound ;
- 5 Let nature all convulse and shake,
And angry nations rage ;
Thy name our hiding-place we make ;
To save thou dost engage.

173 (71) (Exhortation.) C. M.

- 1 **L**ET us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
Who claims us for his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset us round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ in God
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as we are, we will not faint,
Or, fainting, cannot fail ;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Must in the end prevail.

HYMNS.

4 Though now he's unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near, —
A guide, a glory, a defence,
To save from every fear.

5 As surely as he overcame,
And conquered death and sin,
So surely those that trust his name
Will all his triumph win.

174 (71) (Stephens.) C. M.

1 **B**EFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord!
Behold thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy word,
The guidance of thy hand.

2 Let thy eternal truth, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.

3 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store;
And teach us, as we read, to feel
Its value more and more.

4 Thus, while thy word our weakness guides,
O may we safely go
To those fair realms where love provides
A final rest from woe.

175 (72) (Zerah.) C. M.

1 **T**O us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given:
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
Forevermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

H Y M N S.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread ;
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne of love,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born ;
To us a Son is given ;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

176 (72) (*Zerah.*) (*Hallowell.*) C. M.

1 THERE'S not a bright and beaming smile,
Which in this world I see,
But turns my heart to future joy,
And whispers "heaven" to me.
Though often here my soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a world where all are glad,
And sorrow dwells not there.

2 I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting, or farewell,
But thoughts of an eternal home
Within my bosom swell :
A prayer to meet in heaven at last
Where all the ransomed come,
And where eternal ages still
Shall find us all at home.

177 (73) (*O for a Closer Walk with God.*) C. M.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

HYMNS.

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.
 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest !
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn
 And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

178 (74) (Woodstock.) C. M.

1 **A**UTHOR of good, to thee we turn ;
 Thine ever wakeful eye
 Alone can all our wants discern ;
 Thy hand alone supply.

2 O, let thy love within us dwell,
 Thy fear our footsteps guide !
 That love shall vainer loves expel ;
 That fear all fears beside.

3 And O, by error's force subdued,
 Since oft, with stubborn will,
 We blindly shun the latent good,
 And grasp the specious ill ;

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Let mercy still supply ;
 The good we ask not, Father, grant ;
 The ill we ask, deny ;

HYMNS.

179 (74) (China.) C. M.

- 1 **A**ND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer, in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?
- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live,
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here !
- 4 Thou mighty Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow,
So shall I to my ways take heed
In all I speak or do.

180 (75) (Dundee.) C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour here.

HYMNS.

181 (75) (Dundee.) C. M.

- 1 **L**IFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;
How soon the vapor flies !
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears,
Behold the Saviour nigh ;
And when in glory he appears,
Thy joys shall never die.

182 (75) (Dundee.) (China.) C. M.

- 1 **H**OW long shall death, the tyrant, reign
And triumph o'er the just ;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 When shall this tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.
- 3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.
- 4 We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo, the graves obey!
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

HYMNS.

- 5 How shall our joy and wonder rise,
 When our returning King
 Shall bear us upward to the skies
 On love's triumphant wing!

183 (75) (*China.*) (*Dundee.*) C. M.

- 1 **M**Y Father, God! how sweet the sound!
 How tender, and how dear!
 Not all the melody of heaven
 Could so delight the ear.

- 2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
 On my expanding heart,
 And show, that in Jehovah's grace
 I share a filial part.

- 3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
 Unwavering I believe;
 My spirit "Abba, Father," cries,
 Nor can the sign deceive.

184 (76) (*Buckingham.*) C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
 I am forever thine;
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.

- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and labor free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
 With my own heart and thee.

- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice,
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith, my hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.

- 4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

HYMNS.

185 (76) (Dedham.) C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.
- 2 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glory shine;
 And when I read his holy word,
 I called each promise mine.
- 3 But now, when evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns;
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.
- 4 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
 O make my soul thy care!
 I know thy mercy cannot fail;
 Let me that mercy share.

186 (77) (Siloom.) C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the love that mutual glows
 Within each brother's breast,
 And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,
 All blessing and all blest;
- 2 Sweet as the od'rous balm poured
 On Aaron's sacred head,
 Which o'er his beard and down his vest,
 A breathing fragrance shed;
- 3 Like morning dews, on Zion's mount,
 That spread their silver rays,
 And deck with gems the verdant pomp
 That Hermon's top displays.
- 4 To such the Lord of life and love
 His blessing shall extend;
 On earth a life of joy and peace,
 A life that ne'er shall end.

HYMNS.

187 (77) (*Silbom.*) (*Buckingham.*) C. M.

1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face ;
These new desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return,
He hears thy humble sigh ;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return ;
Thy Saviour bids thee live ;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear ;
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn,
'Tis love invites thee near.

188 (77) (*Silbom.*) (*Dodham.*) C. M.

1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to death :
Why will you persevere ?
O flee from swift approaching wrath,
From darkness and despair.

4 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

HYMNS.

- 5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
 Renouncing every sin ;
 Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
 And learn his will divine.

189 (77) (*Dedham.*) (*Siloam.*) C. M

- 1 **T**HE Saviour ! O, what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound !
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet peace around.
- 2 O the rich depths of love divine,
 Of bliss, a boundless store !
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine :
 I cannot wish for more.
- 3 On thee alone my hope relies ;
 Beneath thy cross I fall ;
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour and my all.

190 (78) (*Berrien.*) C. M.

- 1 **S**ITTING around our Father's board,
 We raise our tuneful breath ;
 Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
 And dooms our sins to death.
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
 Whence all our pardons rise ;
 The sinner views th' atonement made,
 And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross
 Procure us heavenly crowns ;
 Our highest gain springs from thy loss ;
 Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 O, 'tis impossible that we,
 Who dwell in feeble clay,
 Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
 Or equal thanks repay.

HYMNS.

191 (78) (Berrien.) C. M.

- 1 COME, Saviour, let thy tokens prove
 C Fitted by heavenly art,
 As channels to convey thy love
 To every faithful heart.
- 2 The living bread sent down from heaven,
 In us vouchsafe to be ;
 Thy flesh for all the world is given,
 And all may live by thee.
- 3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
 And let us drink thy blood,
 Till all our souls are filled, below,
 With all the life of God.
- 4 Determined nothing else to know
 But Jesus crucified,
 We will not from our Jesus go,
 Or leave his wounded side.

192 (78) (Berrien.) C. M.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 A In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,—
 I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
 I must remember thee !

HYMNS.

193 (79) (Swanwick.) C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake ;
When op'ning graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake, —
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupt arise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung :
Is now at last fulfilled ;
And Death yields up his ancient reign
And, vanquished, quits the field.
- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And now in triumph sing : —
O Grave, where is thy victory?
And where, O Death, thy sting?

194 (79) (Swanwick.) C. M.

- 1 **O** WHAT hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.
- 2 I see the blessed saints in light,
Who taste the pleasure there ;
They are all robed in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain !
- 4 O, what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?

HYMNS.

- 5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away ;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eventful day.

195 (79) (Swanwick.) C. M.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the Christian's state !
 His sins are all forgiven ;
 A cheering ray confirms the grace,
 And lifts his hopes to heaven.
- 2 Though, in the rugged path of life,
 He heaves the pensive sigh,
 Yet, trusting in the Lord, he finds
 Supporting grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
 He feels the chast'ning rod,
 The gentle stroke shall bring him back
 To his forgiving God.

196 (80) (Garland.) C. M.

- 1 **O**FOR that tenderness of heart
 That bows before the Lord ;
 That owns how good and just thou art,
 And trembles at thy word !
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
 Which from repentance flow !
 That sense of guilt, which, trembling, fears
 The long-suspended blow !
- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give,
 For sin, the deep distress ;
 The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
 And bid me go in peace.

197 (80) (Majesty.) C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
 In majesty arrayed ;
 His rule omnipotence sustains,
 And guides the worlds he made.

HYMNS.

- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or skies were stretched abroad,
Thine awful throne was fixed above,
Thou everlasting God.
- 3 The Lord, the mighty God on high,
Controls the raging seas ;
He speaks !—and noise and tempests fly,
The waves sink down in peace.
- 4 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure ;
Eternal truth is thine ;
And, Lord, thy people should be pure,
And in thine image shine.

198 (81) *(Majesty.)* C. M.

- 1 **A**LL nature dies and lives again :
The flowers, that paint the field,
The trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,—
- 2 Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain,
A desolated waste.
- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
- 4 So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until the final morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

199 (82) *(Bray.)* C. M.

- 1 **W**ITHIN thy house, O Lord, our God,
In majesty appear ;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

HYMNS.

- 2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, impart ;
 And let thy gospel's joyful sound
 With power reach every heart.
- 3 Here let the blind their sight obtain ;
 Here give the mourner rest ;
 Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
 Enthroned in every breast.

200 (82) (Bray.) C. M.

- 1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice ;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind :—
- 3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 From springs that never dry.

201 (82) (Bray.) C. M.

- 1 **T**HE gospel comes with welcome news
 To sinners lost like me ;
 Their various schemes while others choose,
 Saviour, I come to thee.
- 2 Of merit now I cannot speak,
 For merit I have none ;
 I'm justified for Jesus' sake,
 I'm saved by grace alone.

HYMNS.

3 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won ;
 'Tis grace that holds me fast ;
 Grace will complete the work begun,
 And save me to the last.

4 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
 What God hath done for me,
 And celebrate redeeming grace
 Throughout eternity.

202 (83) (Warwick.) C. M.

1 JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace !
 Thy bounties how complete !
 How shall we count the matchless sum ?
 How pay the mighty debt ?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine ;
 What can our poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine ?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
 And visited, and cheered ;
 And in their accents of distress
 Our Saviour's voice is heard.

203 (83) (Burford) C. M.

1 O GOD ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home, —

2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

HYMNS.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame;
 From everlasting thou art God—
 To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust—
 “Return, ye sons of men!”
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.

204 (84) (Turner.) C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys;
 Our souls how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, and shall we ever live,
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours.

205 (85) (Howard.) C. M.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

HYMNS.

- 2 O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?—
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 6 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

206 (85) (*Howard.*) (*Turner.*) C. M.

- 1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love
I see before me lie;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly.
- 2 I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.
- 3 A few more days, or months, at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore.

HYMNS.

4 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea ;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is ravishing to me.

5 O, come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me to the sky !
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;
Make haste and bring it nigh.

6 I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine ;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.

207 (85) (*Howard.*) (*Turner.*) C. M.

1 MY soul is happy when I hear
The Saviour is so nigh ;
I long to see his sign appear
Upon the opening sky.

2 I love to wait, and watch, and pray,
And trust his living word,
And feel the coming of that day
No longer is deferred.

3 I do rejoice that life was given
In these last days to me,
That deathless I may rise to heaven,
And my Redeemer see.

4 Then, waiting brethren, let us sing ;
He will not tarry long ;
And fill with love the hours that bring
The glory of our song.

208 (86) (*St. John's.*) C. M.

1 WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

HYMNS.

2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly His
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
 In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away,
 Because that Light hath on thee shone
 In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear ;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light ! thy path shall be
 Peaceful, serene, and bright ;
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God himself is light.

209 (86) (*St. John's.*) (*Emmons.*) C. M.

1 **N**OW to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 Forever on thy head.

2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
 And set the prisoners free ;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

210 (86) (*Emmons.*) C. M.

1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !
 We love to hear of thee ;
 No music's like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet to me.

2 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all the favored throng ;
 Then we will sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

HYMNS.

3 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

4 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to attend ;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

211 (87) (*Tampicò.*) C. M.

1 A S o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world, and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thought employed ;
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast ;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer ;
That grace can do the rest.

212 (88) (*Cambridge.*) C. M.

1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
What pleasure to our ears !
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound !

3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs ;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMNS.

213 (88) (*Cambridge.*) (*Coventry.*) C. M.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.

2 It heals the deadly thirst of sin ;
It lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 It shows the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

5 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

214 (88) (*Coventry.*) (*Cambridge.*) C. M.

1 JESUS ! O name divinely sweet !
How charming is the sound !
What joyful news, what heavenly power
In thy dear name is found.

2 Our souls, as guilty and condemned,
In hopeless fetters lay—
Our souls with numerous sins depraved,
To death and hell a prey.

3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.

HYMNS.

215 (89) (Coventry.) C. M.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above ;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove ;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them — "God is love."

4 O may we all, while pilgrims here,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in paradise,
Proclaim that "God is love."

216 (89) (Windsor.) C. M.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 What! to be banished from my Lord ;
To rocks and mountains cry ;
And yet to them must call in vain,
For who his wrath can fly?

4 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

HYMNS.

217 (90) (*Liberty.*) C. M.

- 1 **T**HAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Zion's light shall come ;
 She shall arise and shine on high,
 Bright as the morning sun.
- 2 The north and south her sons resign,
 And earth's foundation rend ;
 A bride adorned, Jerusalem,
 All glorious shall descend.
- 3 When Zion's bleeding, conquering King
 Shall sin and death destroy,
 The morning stars shall join to sing,
 And Zion shout for joy.
- 4 Descending with sweet melting strains,
 Jehovah they adore ;
 Such shouts through earth's extended plains,
 Were never heard before.
- 5 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
 Nor think his reign is long.
 Though saints are feeble, frail and poor,
 Their coming King is strong.
- 6 A thousand years shall roll around,
 The church shall be complete ;
 Called by the last loud trumpet's sound,
 Their Saviour's face to meet.
- 7 With joy they meet him in the sky,
 Whom here their souls adored ;
 And in a world where none shall die,
 Live ever with the Lord.

218 (91) (*Liberty.*) (*Lanesboro.*) C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
 O, let me never stray
 From thy commands, O God of grace,
 Nor tread the sinner's way !

HYMNS.

- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
 To keep my conscience clean,
 And be an everlasting guard
 From every rising sin.
- 3 I'm a companion of the saints,
 Who fear and love the Lord;
 My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
 When men transgress thy word.
- 4 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
 The threat'nings of thy word;
 My flesh with holy trembling fears
 The judgments of the Lord.
- 5 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
 For thy salvation still;
 Thy holy law is my delight,
 And I obey thy will.

219 (91) (Lanesboro.) C. M.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face;
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand;
 And they must drink or die.
- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
 I'll bless my God and King;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

HYMNS.

220 (92) (Farnham.) C. M.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
 "Ye children, seek my grace ;"
 My heart replied without delay,
 "I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away ;
 God of my life I fly to thee,
 In each distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God will make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up ;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

221 (92) (Farnham.) C. M.

1 O GLORIOUS day of heavenly rest !
 We hail each sign of thee ;
 With eager hearts and longing eyes
 We wait thy dawn to see.
 Those gilded rays of glory bright,
 Resplendent as the sun,
 Must soon to every eye make known
 The holy coming One.

2 With cheerful hope and earnest prayer,
 Still trusting in thy word,
 We long to see the eastern skies
 Reveal thy advent, Lord.
 Then would our waiting souls rejoice,
 Could we thy face behold ;
 In ages of triumphant bliss
 Our joys could ne'er be told.

H Y M N S .

3 O, blissful day of promise blest,
We long to share thy peace !
When pain and every ill shall end,
And pleasures never cease ;
When rapt'rous joy, like holy fire,
Shall swell our song of praise,
And every wond'ring, grateful heart
Extol thy work of grace.

4 Redeemed beyond the reach of sin,
Victorious o'er the grave,
The ransomed shall with angel tongues,
Adore thy power to save.
Thy wondrous love shall keep each heart
In sweetest union bound ;
And naught shall ever cause a tear,
For grief will ne'er be found.

5 There crowns of glory, gemmed with light,
The gifts from Christ's own hand,
Shall every princely saint adorn
Within the promised land.
To golden lyres each voice shall tune
An anthem sweet and long :
" To Christ, who saved us by his blood,
All glory shall belong."

222 (93) (*Farnham.*) (*Contrition.*) C. M.

1 **O** LORD ! what'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose,
That he, by whom this frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.

2 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load ;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.

HYMNS.

223 (93) (Contribution.) C. M.

1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 O, may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride;
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

224 (94) (Conway.) C. M.

1 **C**OME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

225 (94) (Chopin.) C. M.

1 **J**ERUSALEM, my glorious home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

HYMNS.

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold ;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you !
- 4 Jerusalem, my glorious home,
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

226 (95) (Reo.) C. M.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
And yearns with faithful love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears ;
And still, in glory, feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

227 (96) (Peaceful Rest.) C. M.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found alone in heaven.

HYMNS.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'tis heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene, in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers, immortal, bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

228 (96) (Peaceful Rest.) C. M.

- 1 JESUS, our hope, our life, our heaven,
The lingering times have flown ;
To thee the kingdom now is given ;
Return and claim thine own.
- 2 And, as we wait, along the skies
Unearthly glory steals,
And our glad spirits seem to rise,
To haste thy chariot wheels.
- 3 Although they seem to linger, still
Thy retinue on high
Is marshalled, and awaits the will
That bids their myriads fly.
- 4 Then we will wait, nor deem too long
The closing hours of grace,
But trim our lamps with cheerful song,
Till we shall see thy face.

HYMNS.

228½ (97) (*Whitmore Lake.*) C. M.

1 **J**ESUS, my strength and righteousness,
My Savior and my King,
Triumphantly thy name I bless,
Thy conquering name I sing.

2 Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy name,
Thou hast maintained thy cause,
And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of thy cross.

3 Thou gavest me to speak thy word,
In the appointed hour ;
I have proclaimed my dying Lord,
And felt thy Spirit's power.

4 Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown ;
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love look down.

5 O let me have thy presence still,
Set as a flint my face,
To show the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace !

6 O let me never blush to own
The glorious Gospel-word ;
Which saves a world through faith alone,
Faith in a dying Lord !

229 (96) (*Peaceful Rest.*) C. M.

1 **A**S Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead ;
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.

2 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend ;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

HYMNS.

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
 With joy shall mount on high ;
 The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
 Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together to their Father's house
 With joyful hearts they go ;
 And dwell forever with the Lord,
 Beyond the reach of woe.

229½ (97) (*Whitmore Lake.*) C. M.

1 MY song shall always be of him
 Who gave himself for me ;
 Who died a sinner to redeem,
 And bled upon the tree.

2 I never can his love forget,
 Who suffered for my good ;
 His wounded head, hands, side, and feet,
 Poured forth the sacred flood.

3 Like him, on earth, I wish to be,
 That, when he doth appear,
 I may rejoice his face to see,
 And his blest voice to hear.

4 For time to come I would fulfil
 The wishes of my Lord ;
 Obey his precepts, do his will,
 And magnify his word.

230 (98) (*New-Jerusalem.*) C. M.

1 From the third heaven where God resides,
 That holy, happy place,
 The New Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorned with shining grace.

2 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing,—
 “Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King.

H Y M N S.

- 3 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode ;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.
- 4 "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye ;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

231 (99) (*New-Jerusalem.*) C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, our heavenly home,
Name to us ever dear,
When will the Saviour come, and thou
To us, his saints, appear ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy jasper walls
And gates of pearl survey ;
The fabric reared on precious stones
Of every brilliant ray ?
- 3 Transparent as the crystal glass,
And formed of purest gold ;
Perfection's height art thou, of all
That man can e'er behold.
- 4 In thee the myriads of the saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall see
With infinite delight.
- 5 O when, thou city of our God,
Shalt thou for us descend,
And our eternal Sabbath come,
When praise shall never end ?

HYMNS.

232 (99) (Nazareth.) C. M.

- 1 **A** GAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to thy courts repair ;
Again with joyful feet we come
To meet our Saviour here.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow ;
And shine upon us, from on high,
To make our graces grow.

233 (99) (Nazareth.) C. M.

- 1 **L** IGH T of the world, shine on our souls,
Thy grace to us afford ;
And while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be thou our teacher, Lord.
- 2 As once thou didst thy word expound
To those that walked with thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And its blest fulness see ;
- 3 Its richness, sweetness, power and depth,
Its holiness discern ;
Its joyful news of saving grace
By blest experience learn.
- 4 Help us each other to assist ;
Thy spirit now impart ;
Keep humble, but with love inflame,
To thee and thine, each heart.
- 5 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more, each day ;
And, as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

HYMNS.

234 (100) (*Meyer.*) C. M.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name !
 'T is music to my ear ;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul !
 My transport and my trust ;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
 In thee doth richly meet ;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Or friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there ;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

235 (101) (*Resurrection.*) C. M.

1 MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs,
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
 My God, my Saviour comes ;
 Ere long I know he shall appear,
 In power and glory great,
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquished at his feet.

2 Then though the worms my flesh devour,
 And make my form their prey,
 I know I shall arise with power,
 On the last judgment day.
 When God shall stand upon the earth,
 Him there mine eyes shall see,
 My flesh shall feel a second birth,
 And ever with him be.

HYMNS.

3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye,
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears
 Shall cease eternally.
 How long, dear Saviour ! O how long,
 Shall this bright hour delay,
 O hasten thy appearance, Lord,
 And bring the welcome day.

236 (102) (*Sounding Joy.*) C. M.

1 **B**RIDE of the Lamb, awake, awake !
 Why sleep for sorrow now ?
 The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
 A child of glory, thou.

2 Thy spirit through the lonely night,
 From earthly joy apart,
 Hath sighed for one that's far away,
 The Bridegroom of thy heart.

3 But see, the night is waning fast,
 The breaking morn is near ;
 And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
 Thy drooping heart to cheer.

4 He comes, for O, his yearning heart
 No more can bear delay,
 To scenes of full unmingled joy
 To call his bride away.

5 This earth, the scene of all his woe,
 A homeless wild to thee,
 Full soon upon his heavenly throne
 Its rightful King shall see.

237 (103) (*Sounding Joy.*) C. M.

1 **T**HE Lord our God is clothed with might ;
 The winds obey his will ;
 He speaks, and in his heavenly height
 The rolling sun stands still.

HYMNS.

- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar !
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night ! your force combine ,
Without his high behest
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar ;
In distant peals it dies ;
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend — in reverence bend ;
Ye monarchs wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

238 (103) (Marlow.) C. M.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song !
O may his love — immortal flame !
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display !
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me !"

239 (103) (Marlow.) C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs ;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

HYMNS.

- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his only Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod ;
No hard commission to perform,
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace ;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.
- 240 (104) *(Jordan.)* C. M.
- 1 **P**LUNGED in a gulf of deep despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and — O, amazing love ! —
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled ;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

HYMNS.

241 (105) (Jordan.) C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
The great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 Jesus ! the name that soothes our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
And sets the prisoners free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.
- 4 He speaks — and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.

242 (105) (Jordan.) C. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling, happy hour
Be this my sweet employ ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.
- 3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God ;
My life with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

HYMNS.

243 (105) (Colchester.) C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 4 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

244 (105) (Colchester.) C. M.

- 1 **O**FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me ;
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within ;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

HYMNS.

245 (106) (*Canterbury-New, or "Old Mortality."*)

1 **W**HY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins' forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part,
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I'm a child of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

5 Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

246 (107) (*Canterbury-New.*) C. M.

1 **L**ET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

HYMNS.

- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 With thy celestial fire :
 Come, and with flame of zeal and love
 Our hearts and tongues inspire.

247 (107) (*Canterbury-New.*) C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
 All creatures live and move,
 On us thy benediction shower ;
 Inspire our souls with love.

- 2 Hail, Source of light, arise and shine ;
 All gloom and doubt dispel :
 Give peace and joy, for we are thine ;
 In us forever dwell.

- 3 From death to life our spirits raise,
 And full redemption bring ;
 New tongues impart to speak the praise
 Of Christ, our God and King.

- 4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
 To all the world beside ;
 With joy we then shall feel and own
 Our Saviour glorified.

248 (107) (*Canterbury-New.*) C. M.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of its load !
 The heart unchanged can never rise
 To happiness and God.

- 2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
 The stubborn will subdue ?
 'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
 To form the heart anew.

- 3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
 And upwards bid them rise ;
 To make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darkened eyes.

HYMNS.

- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live ;
 A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine !
 Then shall our passions and our powers,
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

249 (107) (*Canterbury-New.*) C. M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
 With thy celestial fire ;
 Come, and with flames of zeal and love
 Our hearts and tongues inspire.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
 New life creates within ;
 He quickens sinners from the death
 Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
 And to our hearts reveals ;
 Our bodies he his temple makes,
 And our redemption seals.

250 (108) (*Bedford.*) C. M.

1 HOW short the race our friend has run,
 Cut down in all his bloom ;
 The course but yesterday begun,
 Now finished in the tomb.

2 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon
 Thy years may end their flight ;
 Long, long before life's brilliant noon
 May come death's gloomy night.

3 To serve thy God no longer wait,
 To-day his voice regard ;
 To-morrow, mercy's open gate
 May be forever barred.

HYMNS.

- 4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,
 Thy youthful love to gain ;
 The soul that early seeks his face
 Shall never seek in vain.

251 (108) (*Bedford.*) C. M.

- 1 **T**HE once loved form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs :
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And withered all her joys.
- 2 But wait the interposing gloom,
 And lo ! stern winter flies ;
 And dressed in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flowery tribes arise.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore,
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.

252 (108) (*Bedford.*) C. M.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,
 Thy mourning people bend !
 'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand,
 Thy dreadful powers display ;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas ! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt, and shame !
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the Christian name.
- 4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
 By thy resistless grace ;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

HYMNS.

- 5 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear ;
Secure of never failing aid,
When God, our God, is near.

253 (108) (Bedford.) C. M.

- 1 COME, let us all adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay ;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us time to pray.
- 2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair ;
Still open is the mercy-seat
To penitence and prayer.
- 3 Kind Intercessor, to thy love
This blessed hope we owe :
O let thy mercies plead above,
While we implore below.
- 4 Though justice near thy awful throne
Attends thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land.

254 (109) (Carver.) C. M.

- 1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's Almighty King :
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 Thee we adore ; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay ;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

HYMNS.

- 4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel,
 With trust and holy fear,
 Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
 And lend a gracious ear.
- 5 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
 And tune our lips to sing ;
 Nor from thy presence cast away
 The sacrifice we bring.

255 (110) (*Land of Rest.*) C. M.

- 1 **O**! LAND of rest, for thee I sigh,
 When will the moment come,
 When I shall lay my armor by,
 And dwell with Christ at home.
- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful, shelt'ring dome ;
 This world's a wilderness of woe,
 This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
 He bade me cease to roam ;
 And fly for refuge to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 Weary of wand'ring round and round
 This vale of sin and gloom ;
 I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

256 (110) (*Land of Rest.*) C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! listen to the trumpeters,
 They call for volunteers ;
 On Zion's bright and flowery mount
 Behold the officers !
- 2 Their horses white, their armor's bright,
 With courage bold they stand,
 Enlisting soldiers for their King,
 To march to Canaan's land.

H Y M N S.

- 3 To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear ;
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war.
- 4 We want no cowards in our bands,
That will our colors fly ;
We call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.
- 5 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
Th' eternal Son of God ;
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.
- 6 There on a green and flowery mount,
Where fruits immortal grow ;
With angels all arrayed in white,
We our Redeemer know.

257 (110) (*Land of Rest.*) (*Old Ninety-Fifth.*)

- 1 **T**HERE is a place of waveless rest,
Beyond this vale of tears,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And nought of gloom appears.
- 2 My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where many mansions stand,
Prepared by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.
- 3 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side —
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide ;
- 4 Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from my Father's house,
To cheer the soul forlorn.

HYMNS.

- 5 In that pure home of tearless joy,
 Earth's parted friends shall meet
 With smiles of love that never fade,
 And blessedness complete ;
- 6 There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
 Death frowns not in that scene,
 But life and glorious beauty shine,
 Untroubled and serene.

258 (111) (*Old Ninety-Fifth.*) C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE and shine, O Zion fair !
 Behold thy light is come ;
 Thy glorious conq'ring King is near,
 To take his exiles home.
- 2 The trumpet sounding through the sky
 Will set the captives free ;
 The day of wonders now is nigh —
 The year of Jubilee.
- 3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
 Before the Judge appear ;
 All tongues, all languages, shall come,
 Their final doom to hear.
- 4 King Jesus on his azure throne,
 Ten thousand angels round ;
 While Gabriel, with his awful trump,
 Echoes the dreadful sound.
- 5 The glorious news of gospel grace
 With sinners then is o'er ;
 The gospel trumpet now is still,
 And will be blown no more.

259 (111) (*Old Ninety-Fifth.*) C. M.

- 1 **T**HE time draws nigh, when from the clouds
 Christ shall with shouts descend ;
 And the last trumpet's awful voice
 The heavens and earth shall rend.

HYMNS.

2 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake ;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge ;
While earth's foundations shake.

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high ;
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 A few short years of exile past,
We reach the happy shore ;
Where death-divided friends, at last,
Shall meet to part no more.

260 (112) (*Lowell Street.*) C. M.

1 **O** THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee ;
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When groaning o'er my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily ;
My pardon speak, new peace impart ;
In love remember me.

3 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

4 If sickness sore should overtake,
And pain my portion be,
Then, Saviour, for thy mercy's sake
I pray remember me.

5 And when the trumpet's dreadful sound
Shakes heaven, and earth, and sea,
And thy dead saints rise from the ground,
Dear Lord, remember me.

HYMNS.

261 (112) (*Lowell Street.*) C. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me ;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near ;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be !
Who can withstand his will ?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

262 (113) (*Colby.*) C. M.

1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
'Tis all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
O cleanse and keep me clean.

2 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone —
My hands, my head, my heart.
Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die ;
And all my soul be love.

HYMNS.

263 (114) (Winstead.) S. M.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
His grace to thee proclaim ;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul !
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all his benefits ;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide ;
He will with patience wait ;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 The Lord forgives thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days ;
O, bless the Lord, my soul !

264 (114) (Winstead.) S. M.

1 MY God, my Life, my Love,
To Thee, to Thee I call ;
I cannot live, if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.

2 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

HYMNS.

- 3 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.
- 4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.
- 5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

265 (114) (Winstead.) S. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall "Abba, Father," cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

HYMNS.

266 (115) (Boylston.) S. M.

1 SINNERS, the call obey,
The latest call of grace;
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race.

2 To shelter the distressed
He did the cross endure;
Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesus' wounds secure.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defence is nigh,
Our help is in the Lord.

4 Or if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our sure defence.

267 (115) (Boylston.) S. M.

1 COME to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come!
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon may your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

HYMNS.

268 (115) (Boylston.) S. M.

- 1 **I**N expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes, the Conq'ror comes;
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful pris'ners burst the tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!"
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.
- 4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace!
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

269 (115) (Boylston.) S. M.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

HYMNS.

270 (116) (America.) S. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love —
Sing of his rising power —
Sing how he intercedes above
For us, whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say, —
“Ye blessed children, come!”
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
- 6 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

271 (116) (America.) S. M.

- 1 **O** UR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now: —
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

HYMNS.

- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live,
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend ;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty,
Of heaven and earth are thine.

272 (117) (*America.*) S. M.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour,
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
O, be it still pursued —
Lest, slighted once, the season fair,
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

H Y M N S .

273 (117) (*America.*) (*St. Thomas.*) S. M

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, — to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared with this, —
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

274 (117) (*St. Thomas.*) S. M.

- 1 WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod ;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.
- 2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely ;
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die !
- 3 We trust thy sacrifice ;
To thy dear cross we flee ;
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee !

HYMNS.

275 (118) (*Hatfield.*) S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life, — how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !
- 2 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay ;
Swift as a flood, our hasty days,
Are sweeping us away.
- 3 Then, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 4 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Soon shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

276 (118) (*Boston.*) S. M.

- 1 **A**ND can I yet delay
My little all to give ?
To tear myself from earth away
For Jesus to receive ?
- 2 Though late, I all forsake ;
My friends, my all, resign ;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.
- 3 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.
- 4 My one desire be this, —
Thy only love to know ;
To seek and taste no other bliss, —
No other good below.

HYMNS.

277 (119) (*Aylesbury.*) S. M.

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
- 2 O come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin!
- 3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right;
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

278 (119) (*Aylesbury.*) S. M.

- 1 HOW tender is thy hand,
O thou most gracious Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word!
- 2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been!
- 3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
'Mid tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.
- 4 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in his strength confide;
Forever be his name adored,
For there is none beside.

279 (119) (*Aylesbury.*) S. M.

- 1 AND must this body die;
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

HYMNS.

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love ;
We would adore his grace below.
And all his mercy prove.

5 Dear Lord ! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

280 (119) (*Aylesbury.*) (*Hatfield.*) S. M.

1 OUR few revolving years,
How swift they glide away ;
How short the term of life appears
When past — but as a day ! —

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin ;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue
The true and living way.

281 (120) (*The Dawn.*) S. M.

1 THE night is past and gone,
The evening shades are fled ;
O may each morning bring to mind
Our rising from the dead !

HYMNS.

- 2 We put our garments on,
Our labor to pursue ;
So in the resurrection morn
Saints shall be clothed anew.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this day,
Support us by thine arm ;
May angels guard us on our way,
Secure from every harm.
- 4 Now may we all as one
The Christian course pursue ;
And with new strength and courage run
To win the prize in view.
- 5 And when our nights are past,
And time bears us away,
May we possess a crown of life
In an eternal day.

282 (121) (*Olmutz.*) S. M.

- 1 **N**OW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day :
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay ?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

283 (121) (*Olmutz.*) S. M.

- 1 **O**NCE more, before we part,
O, bless the Saviour's name :
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

HYMNS.

- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart ;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.
- 4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name ;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

284 (121) (Olmutz.) S. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour ;
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power !
- 2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer ;
Their sacred vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear !
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear ;
Now listen to our cry ;
O, come, and bring salvation near !
Our souls on thee rely.

285 (121) (Olmutz.) S. M

- 1 **L**ORD, help us to insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

HYMNS.

- 2 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the angel's voice
Be sounding in our ears—
- 3 The solemn midnight cry,
“Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!”
- 4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound
And looking for our Lord!

286 (122) (*Forever with the Lord.*) S. M.

- 1 **F**OREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be;
Life for the dead is in that word,
'T is immortality.
Here 'neath the cross I'm bent,
And absent from him roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of the blest, how near
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
The city from above.
- 3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

H Y M N S.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease ;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

287 (123) (*Forever with the Lord.*) (*Golden Hill.*)

1 WITH Jesus in our midst
We gather round the board ;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
One body in the Lord.

2 Our sins were laid on him,
When bruised on Calvary ;
For us he died and rose again,
A pledge of victory.

3 Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine ;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesus' breast recline.

4 Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign ;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Shall banish every pain.

288 (123) (*Golden Hill.*) S. M.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board —
Here pardoned sinners meet and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath ;
Which crowned each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite
His glorious name to raise ;
And holy joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

HYMNS.

289 (124) (Shawmut.) S. M.

- 1 SUBMISSIVELY, my God,
I all to thee resign,
And bow before thy chast'ning rod;
Nor will I, Lord, repine.
- 2 Why should my heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to thee above?
- 3 How short my suff'rings here;
How needful every cross:
Away with doubt, distrust, and fear,
Nor call my gain my loss.
- 4 Then give or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred Name;
Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
And ever, is the same.

290 (124) (Shawmut.) S. M.

- 1 MY soul! repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread;
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

HYMNS.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

291 (124) (Shawmut.) S. M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head ;
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight — let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not ?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim, — God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command ;
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand !
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

HYMNS.

292 (125) (*Lake Enon.*) S. M.

- 1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd, and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear ;
My wants are well supplied.
- 2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore ;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

293 (125) (*Dennis.*) S. M.

- 1 BLEST are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine ;
The humble minds earth shall possess ;
And brightly there shall shine.
- 2 While on this earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell ;
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy
Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3 The God of peace is theirs ;
They own his gracious sway ;
And yielding all their wills to him,
His sov'reign laws obey.
- 4 No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast ;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.
- 5 O gracious Father, grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

HYMNS.

294 (126) (Watchman.) S. M.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wand'ring in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head.
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous seed
To recompense his pain.

295 (126) (Watchman.) S. M.

- 1 **W**HERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart.
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand,
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his covenant stand,
And love to do his will.
- 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

HYMNS.

296 (126) (Watchman.) S. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands ;
Our hearts, our souls we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head ;
Shall form us to thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.
- 4 Death will our friends divide
Until that glorious day ;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear ?
When he on earth shall fix his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

297 (126) (Watchman.) S. M.

- 1 **I**N every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies ;
I trust in his almighty power
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear me up ;
I trust a faithful God ;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing
To our Redeemer's name ;
In joy or sorrow, life or death,
His love is still the same.

HYMNS.

298 (127) (*Little Marlborough.*) S. M.

- 1 **T**HOU refuge of my soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell my grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O, when doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

299 (127) (*Destiny.*) S. M.

- 1 **A**NOTHER day has fled;
Its record is on high;
When God shall raise the slumb'ring dead
That page shall meet our eye.
- 2 The curtains of the night,
With starry folds outspread,
Our evening sacrifice invite
To him who guards our bed.
- 3 Accept our humble prayer,
Our songs of praise indite,
And grant us now thy guardian care,
Till morning brings the light.
- 4 And thus, through all our days,
Let needful grace be given,
And fit us for thy better praise,
When we shall rest in heaven.

HYMNS.

300 (128) (Troas.) S. M.

- 1 OUR Maker and our King!
To thee our all we owe;
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring
Whence all our blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind!
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
Our hearts to grateful love.
- 3 The creatures of thy hand,
On thee alone we live;
Our God, thy benefits demand
More praise than we can give.
- 4 Lord, what can we impart,
When all is thine before;
Thy love demands a thankful heart —
The gift, alas! how poor!
- 5 Shall we withhold thy due?
And shall our passions rove?
Lord, form our wretched hearts anew,
And fill them with thy love.
- 6 O let thy grace inspire
Our souls with strength divine;
Let all our powers to thee aspire,
And all our days be thine.

301 (128) (Troas.) (Silver Street.) S. M.

- 1 WE lift our souls to God;
Our trust is in his name:
Let not our foes, that seek our blood,
Still triumph in our shame.
- 2 From early dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, we wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

HYMNS.

- 3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead us in thy truth ;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of our youth.
- 4 The Lord is just and kind ;
The meek shall learn his ways ;
And every humble sinner find
The blessings of his grace.

302 (128) (*Troas.*) (*Silver Street.*) S. M.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.
- 2 Come — worship at his throne,
Come — bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.
- 3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come—like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

303 (128) (*Troas.*) (*Laban.*) S. M.

- 1 IF, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control :
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

HYMNS.

304 (129) (Laban.) S. M.

- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the prize.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down ;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast gained thy crown.

305 (129) (Silver Street.) S. M.

- 1 I LOVE thy church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 4 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

306 (130) (Shirland.) S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

HYMNS.

- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.
- 4 Our gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O ! may we never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

307 (130) (*Shirland.*) S. M

- 1 **T**HE work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day proclaims it all divine—
This day did Jesus rise.
- 2 We hail the glorious day,
With thankful heart and voice,
Which chased each painful doubt away,
And bade the church rejoice.
- 3 Since he hath left the grave,
His promises are true ;
And each exalted hope he gave,
Confirmed of God we view.
- 4 O come the happy hour,
When all the earth shall own
The Son, O God ! declared with power,
And worship at thy throne.

308 (130) (*Shirland.*) S. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed ;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

HYMNS.

- 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
 In Jesus' mighty love ;
 Lift up your heart — lift up your voice,
 To him who rules above.
- 3 Extol his kingly power,
 Adore th' exalted Son,
 Who died, but lives, to die no more,
 High on his Father's throne.
- 4 Our Advocate with God,
 He undertakes our cause,
 And spreads through all the earth abroad
 The victory of his cross.

309 (130) (*Shirland.*) S. M.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait ;
 With joy obey his heavenly word,
 And watch before his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame ;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,
 And while we speak, he's near ;
 Mark every signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
 In such a posture found !
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.

310 (131) (*State Street.*) S. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the melting lay
 Which breaks upon the ear,
 When at the hour of rising day,
 Christians unite in prayer.

HYMNS.

- 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne ;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light ;
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

311 (131) *(Ranea.)* S. M.

- 1 **H**OW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord !
Each morning shall thy mercies show
Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.
- 3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes ;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.
- 4 But pleasures more refined
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chased our sins away.
- 5 How new thy mercies, then !
How sovereign and how free !
Our souls that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to thee.

312 (132) *(Gentleness.)* S. M.

- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands !
How kind his precepts are !
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

HYMNS.

- 2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

313 (132) (*Gentleness.*) **S. M.**

- 1 **O** THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!
- 2 See, low before thy throne
We wretched wanderers mourn;
Hast thou not bid us seek thy face?
Hast thou not said,—Return?
- 3 Absent from thee, our light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate our way!
- 4 On this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy voice again impart
A taste of joy divine.

314 (132) (*Gentleness.*) **S. M.**

- 1 **I**S this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

HYMNS.

- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind !
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind !
- 3 Turn — turn us, mighty God !
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes ;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

315 (132) (*Gentleness.*) S. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-diserning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away.
- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread !
- 4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

316 (133) (*Waldoboro'.*) S. M.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul !
Say to me now, "Awake, awake,
And Christ shall make thee whole."

HYMNS.

- 2 Lay to thy mighty hand,
Alarm me in this hour ;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power.
- 3 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
- 4 For each assault prepared
And ready may I be,
Forever standing on my ground,
And looking up to thee.
- 5 O do thou always warn,
My soul of evil near !
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear :
- 6 " Come back ! This is the way !
Come back ! and walk therein !"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin !

317 (133) (Waldoboro'.) S. M.

- 1 **P**REPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name ;
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame.
- 2 He laid his glories by,
And shame and death endured,
That guilty rebels, doomed to die,
From wrath might be secured.
- 3 And now he pleading stands
Before his Father's throne,
And satisfies the law's demands
With what himself hath done.

HYMNS.

4 The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn wills to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

5 O, may we not refuse
Such rich, unbounded grace,
Nor Satan's bondage longer choose,
But seek the Saviour's face !

318 (133) (*Waldoboro'*.) S. M.

1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose ;
And bid him raise our ruined race,
From their abyss of woes.

3 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by —
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
To rebels doomed to die.

4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

5 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought ;
And love and praise thy name.

319 (134) (*Lisbon.*) S. M.

1 **A**RISE, ye saints, arise !
The Lord our leader is ;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

HYMNS.

- 2 We follow thee, our Guide,
Our Saviour, and our King;
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.
- 3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burden light;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer
Till faith shall end in sight.
- 5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

320 (134) (Lisbon.) S. M.

- 1 **E**QUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O, arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity!
- 4 With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

HYMNS.

5 O, may I love like thee,
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O, may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love!

321 (135) (Lisbon.) S. M.

1 **H**ARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh;
The powers of hell surround;
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 See on the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your head,
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

HYMNS.

322 (135) (Lisbon.) S. M.

- 1 NOW let our voices join
To form a sacred song ;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair !
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 4 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way !
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day !

323 (135) (Riverside.) S. M.

- 1 OUR Captain leads us on,
The foe before him flies ;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us win the prize.
- 2 Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me.
- 3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith ;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.
- 4 Who conquer in his might
The victor's meed receive ;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

HYMNS.

324 (136) (Brimdale.) S. M.

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of his choice ;
 Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear his holy name,
 And laud and magnify ?
- 3 He reigns above the sky, —
 This universe sustains ; —
 The God supreme, the Lord most high,
 The King forever reigns.
- 4 O for the living flame
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought.
- 5 There with benign regard
 Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
 Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
 The spirit feels them near.
- 6 God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours ;
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
 With all our ransomed powers.

325 (137) (Cambridge.) S. M.

- 1 HOW sweet to bless the Lord,
 And in his praises join ;
 With saints his goodness to record,
 And sing his power divine !
- 2 These seasons of delight
 The dawn of glory seem ;
 Like rays of pure celestial light,
 Which on our spirits beam.

HYMNS.

- 3 O, blest assurance this ;
 Bright morn of heavenly day ;
 Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
 That cheers the pilgrim's way !
- 4 Thus may our joys increase,
 Our love more ardent grow,
 While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
 Refresh our souls below.
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
 The Lord our God adore ;
 Stand up and bless his glorious Name,
 Henceforth for evermore.

326 (137) (*Cambridge.*) S. M.

- 1 **T**HE harvest dawn is near,
 The year delays not long ;
 And he who sows with many a tear,
 Shall reap with many a song.
- 2 Sad to his toil he goes,
 His seed with weeping leaves ;
 But he shall come at twilight's close,
 And bring his golden sheaves.
- 3 But fearful vengeance falls
 On that rebellious race,
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
 And dare resist his grace.

327 (137) (*Cambridge.*) S. M.

- 1 **Y**E praying souls, rejoice,
 And bless your Father's name ;
 With joy to him lift up your voice,
 And all his love proclaim.
- 2 Your mournful cry he hears ;
 He marks your feeblest groan,
 Supplies your wants, dispels your fears,
 And makes his mercy known.

HYMNS.

3 To all his praying saints
He ever will attend,
And to their sorrows and complaints
His ear in mercy bend.

4 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

328 (138) (Vernon.) S. M.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound;
G Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvation's free for you and me;
I'm glad salvation's free!

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvation's free for you and me;
I'm glad salvation's free!

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvation's free for you and me;
I'm glad salvation's free!

H Y M N S.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free !
I'm glad salvation's free !
Salvation's free for you and me ;
I'm glad salvation's free.

329 (138) (Vernon.) S. M

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss :
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

HYMNS.

330 (139) (Vermont.) C. P. M.

1 **B**EGIN, ye saints, th' exalted lay,
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's name ;
 Lo ! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair ;
 Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
 Tell how he formed your shining frame,
 And breathed the fluid air.

3 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound ;
 While all th' adoring thrones around,
 His boundless mercy sing :
 Let every listening ear above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.

4 Let man, by noble passions swayed,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

331 (140) (Bremen.) C. P. M.

1 **T**HE night is spent—the morning ray
 Comes ushering in the glorious day,
 The promised time of rest ;
 Hark ! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear,
 Its joyful notes burst on the ear,
 Proclaiming tidings blest.

HYMNS.

2 Ah ! see, the graves are opening now,
 The saints come forth, and every brow
 Beams with a radiant joy ;
 To life immortal they arise,
 Inheritors of Paradise,
 Where death cannot destroy.

3 Stupendous scene ! those men of old,
 Prophets, who have the story told
 Of this transcendent day,
 The Patriarchs, Apostles too,
 Who lived and died with it in view,
 Collect in bright array.

4 Now "satisfied" — for like their Lord,
 Whose promise shines within the word,
 His likeness they should wear ;
 A glittering host, like stars on high,
 In glory and in majesty,
 Upon the earth appear !

332 (141) (*Ariel.*) C. P. M.

1 **O** GLORIOUS hope of heavenly love !
 It lifts me up to things above ;
 It bears on eagle's wings ;
 It gives my ravished soul a taste,
 And makes me for some moments feast
 With Jesus, priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain top
 See all the land below :
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of Paradise
 In endless plenty grow.

HYMNS.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favored with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest;
 There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect peace
 And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess!
 This moment end my toilsome years,
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,—
 A howling wilderness!

333 (142) (Leon.) C. P. M.

1 **O** COULD we speak the matchless worth,
 O, could we sound the glories forth,
 Which in our Saviour shine!
 We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
 In notes almost divine.

2 We'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
 We would to everlasting days
 Make all his glories known.

3 O, the delightful day will come,
 When Christ our Lord will bring us home,
 And we shall see his face!
 Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity we'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace.

HYMNS.

334 (143) (*Meribah.*) C. P. M.

1 **A**UTHOR of faith, to thee I cry ;
 To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
 But know the truth and live ;
 Open mine eyes to see thy face,
 Work in my heart thy saving grace,
 And life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
 And blindly serve a God unknown,
 Till thou the veil remove ;
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And write thy name upon my heart,
 And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine ;
 The gift of faith is all divine ;
 But if on thee we call,
 Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
 And give us hearts to feel and know
 That thou hast died for all.

4 Be it according to thy word :
 Now let me find my pardoning Lord ;
 Let what I ask be given ;
 The bar of unbelief remove ;
 Open the door of faith and love,
 Make me a child of heaven.

335 (143) (*Leon.*) C. P. M.

1 **H**OW happy are the little flock,
 Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
 In all commotions rest !
 When war's and tumult's waves run high,
 Unmoved above the storm they lie,
 And lodge in Jesus' breast.

HYMNS.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
 By mercy gathered into thee
 Before the floods descend ;
 And while the bursting cloud comes down,
 We mark the vengeful day begun,
 And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, the dearth, and din of war,
 Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
 And bid our hearts arise ;
 Earth's basis shook confirms our hope ;
 Its cities' fall but lifts us up
 To meet thee in the skies.

336 (144) (*Dalston.*) S. P. M.

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crowned ;
 Arrayed in robes of light,
 Begirt with sovereign might,
 And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
 The world securely stands ;
 And skies and stars obey thy word ;
 Thy throne was fixed on high,
 Before the starry sky ;
 Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Let floods and nations rage,
 And all their powers engage ;
 Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down ;
 Thy throne forever stands on high.

HYMNS.

4 Thy promises are true ;
 Thy grace is ever new :
 There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove ;
 Thy saints, with holy fear,
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

337 (145) (Peters.) S. P. M.

1 **H**OW pleased and blessed was I,
 To hear the people cry :
 "Come, let us seek our God to-day !"
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorned with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round !
 In thee our tribes appear
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's greater Son
 Has fixed his royal throne ;
 He sits for grace and judgment here :
 He bids the saints be glad ;
 He makes the sinner sad ;
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait
 To bless the soul of every guest :
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest !

HYMNS.

5 My tongue repeats her vows, —
 “Peace to this sacred house !”
 For here my friends and kindred dwell :
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

338 (146) (*Lenox.*) H. M.

1 JESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep ;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep ;
 For thee I fain would all resign,
 And thus embark with thee and thine.

2 Christ is my pilot wise,
 My compass is his word ;
 My soul each storm defies,
 Whilst I have such a Lord ;
 I trust his faithfulness and power,
 To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie ;
 Yet he shall safely keep
 And guide me with his eye ;
 How can I sink with such a prop,
 That bears the world and all things up !

4 By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest ;
 Through grace I hope to stand
 And sing among the blest :
 O may I reach the heavenly shore,
 Where winds and waves distress no more !

H Y M N S.

5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
 And all my storms subsidé ;
 Then to my succor fly,
 And keep me near thy side ;
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
 A prosp'rous gale of grace ;
 To waft from all below
 On to my destined place :
 Then I ere long my port shall find,
 And leave this weight of sin behind.

339 (147) (Lenox.) H. M.

1 **O** THE amazing change !
 A world created new !
 My thoughts with transport range
 The lovely scene to view :
 Thee, Lord divine, in all I trace ;
 The work is thine—thine be the praise.

2 Where pointed brambles grew,
 Entwined with horrid thorn,
 Gay flowers, forever new,
 The painted fields adorn ;
 The lily there, and blushing rose,
 In union fair, their sweets disclose.

3 Where the bleak mountain stood,
 All bare and disarrayed,
 See the wide branching wood
 Diffuse its grateful shade ;
 Tall oaks, and pines, and cedars nod,
 And elms and vines confess their God.

HYMNS.

- 4 The tyrants of the plain
 Their savage chase give o'er ;
 No more they rend the slain,
 They thirst for blood no more ;
 But infant hands fierce tigers lead,
 And lions with the oxen feed.
- 5 O, when, almighty Lord,
 Shall these glad scenes arise,
 To verify thy word,
 And bless our wond'ring eyes ;
 That earth with all her tongues, may raise
 United songs of ardent praise ?

340 (147) (Lenox.) H. M.

1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound :
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made :
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad.
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live.
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

HYMNS.

4 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love.
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace ;
 And, saved from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face.
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

341 (148) (*Sutherland.*) H. M.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord ;
 The sovereign King of kings,
 And be his name adored.
 Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
 Shall still endure, | Abides thy word.

2 How mighty is his hand !
 What wonders hath he done !
 He formed the earth and seas,
 And spread the heavens alone :
 His power and grace | And let his name
 Are still the same ; | Have endless praise

3 He sent his only Son
 To save us from our woe,
 From Satan, sin, and death,
 And every hurtful foe :
 His power and grace | And let his name
 Are still the same ; | Have endless praise.

HYMNS.

342 (149) (Celebration.) H. M.

1 CHRIST is gone up on high,
 With a triumphant noise ;
 The clarions of the sky
 Proclaim th' angelic joys :
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 All power to our great Lord
 Is by the Father given ;
 By angel hosts adored,
 He reigns supreme in heaven.
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 High on his holy seat,
 He bears the righteous sway ;
 His foes beneath his feet
 Shall sink and die away :
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 Till all the earth, renewed
 In righteousness divine,
 With all the hosts of God,
 In one great chorus join :
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing ;
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

343 (149) (Celebration.) H. M.

1 THE day comes on apace ;
 Soon shall the night be past ;
 Who trust the Saviour's grace
 Shall see his face at last ;
 The clouds that now obstruct their sight
 Shall quickly all be put to flight.

HYMNS.

2 Ye saints, lift up your heads,
 Salvation draweth nigh ;
 See where the morning spreads,
 Its radiance through the sky !
 O let the sight your spirits cheer !
 The Lord himself will soon appear.

3 Though men your hope deride,
 Nor will in God believe,
 Do you in him confide,
 Whose word can ne'er deceive ;
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 The saints shall see a glorious day.

344 (150) (Stow.) H. M.

1 YES, the Redeemer rose,
 The Saviour left the dead,
 And o'er our hellish foes,
 High raised his conqu'ring head :
 In wild dismay | Fall to the ground,
 The guards around, | And sink away.

2 Lo ! the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet :
 Joyful they come, | From realms of day,
 And wing their way, | To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
 The joyful news to bear ;
 Hark ! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air !
 Their anthems say, | Hath left the dead,
 "Jesus, who bled, | He rose to-day."

HYMNS.

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeemed by him from hell;
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell;
 Transported cry, — | Hath left the dead,
 "Jesus, who bled, | No more to die."

5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood;
 Wide be thy name adored,
 Thou rising, living God.
 With thee we rise, | And empires gain
 With thee we reign, | Beneath the skies.

345 (151) (*Amherst.*) H. M.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's name;
 In praise your songs employ
 Above the starry frame;
 Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
 Ye cherubim | To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, the queen of night;
 Thou sun, the orb of day;
 Ye glittering stars of light,
 To him your homage pay.
 His praise declare, | And clouds that move,
 Ye heavens above, | In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came.
 And all shall last, | His firm decree
 From changes free; | Stands ever fast.

HYMNS.

346 (151) (Amherst.) H. M.

1 LET every creature join
 To bless Jehovah's name,
 And every power unite
 To swell th' exalted theme ;
 Let nature raise | A general song
 From every tongue | Of grateful praise.

2 But, O, from human tongues
 Should nobler praises flow,
 And every thankful heart
 With warm devotion glow !
 Your voices raise, | Above the rest
 Ye highly blest ; | Declare his praise

3 Assist me, gracious God ;
 My heart, my voice inspire ;
 Then shall I humbly join
 The universal choir ;
 Thy grace can raise | And tune my song
 My heart and tongue, | To lively praise.

347 (152) (Beechland.) H. M.

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty ;
 His glories shine with beams so bright
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe ;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law ;
 And where his love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

HYMNS.

3 Through all his mighty works
 Amazing wisdom shines ;
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And all their dark designs ;
 Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
 His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4 And will this sov'reign King
 Of glory condescend ;—
 And will he write his name,
 My Father and my Friend ?
 I love his name, I love his word ;
 Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

318 (152) (*Beechland.*) H. M.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
 Attend our humble cry,
 And let thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high :
 We plead the promise of thy word ;
 Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
 Their children when they cry ;
 If they, with love sincere,
 Their varied wants supply ;
 Much more wilt thou thy love display,
 And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou ;
 We, children of thy grace ;
 O let thy Spirit now
 Descend and fill the place !
 So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
 And all unite to praise thy name.

349 (153) (*National Hymn.*) 6s & 4s.

1 MY country ! 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty—
 Of thee I sing :

HYMNS.

Land where my fathers died ;
Land of the pilgrim's pride ;
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country ! thee —
Land of the noble free —
Thy name I love :
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God ! to thee —
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light —
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King !

350 (153) (*National Hymn.*) 6s & 4s.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,
Praise through his courts proclaim,
Rise and adore :
High o'er the heavens above
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

HYMNS.

- 2 While his high praise ye sing
 Shake every sounding string;
 Sweet the accord!
 He vital breath bestows:
 Let every breath that flows,
 His noblest fame disclose,
 Praise ye the Lord.

351 (154) (*Italian Hymn.*) 6s & 4s.

- 1 **L**ET us awake our joys;
 Strike up with cheerful voice;
 Each creature, sing;
 Angels, begin the song;
 Mortals, the strain prolong
 In accents sweet and strong,
 "Jesus is King!"
- 2 Proclaim abroad his name;
 Tell of his matchless fame;
 What wonders done;
 Above, beneath, around,
 Let all the earth resound,
 Till heaven's high arch rebound,
 "Vict'ry is won!"
- 3 He vanquished sin and hell,
 And our last foe will quell;
 Mourners, rejoice;
 His dying love adore;
 Praise him, now raised in power;
 Praise him forever more
 With joyful voice.

HYMNS.

- 4 All hail the glorious day,
 When, through the heavenly way,
 Lo, he shall come,
 While they who pierced him wail !
 His promise shall not fail ;
 Saints, see your King prevail ;
 Great Saviour, come !

352 (155) (*Unity.*) 6s & 5s.

- 1 When shall we meet again ?
 Meet ne'er to sever ?
 When will peace wreathe her chain
 Round us forever ?
 Our hearts will ne'er repose,
 Safe from each blast that blows,
 In this dark vale of woes,
 Never,—no, never !

- 2 Home to the new-earth bright
 Take us, dear Saviour ;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever !
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel
 Never,—no, never !

- 8 Soon shall we meet again,
 Meet ne'er to sever ;
 Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
 Round us forever ;
 Our hearts will then repose
 Secure from fears or woes ;
 Our songs of praise shall close
 Never,—no, never !

HYMNS.

353 (156) (*Spanish Hymn.*) 6s & 5s. PECULIAR

1 Through thy protecting care,
 Kept till the dawning,
 Taught to draw near in prayer,
 Heed we the warning :
 O thou great One, in thee,
 Gladly our souls would be
 Evermore praising thee,
 God of the morning.

2 God of our sleeping hours,
 Watch o'er us waking,
 All our imperfect powers
 In thy hands taking :
 In us thy work fulfill,
 Be with thy children still,—
 Those who obey thy will
 Never forsaking.

3 O thou who hearest prayer,
 Through his submission,
 Who did our sorrows bear,
 Hear our petition ;
 Lead us in thine own way :
 Grant us, we humbly pray,
 For all our sins this day,
 Holy contrition.

354 (157) (*Life's Harvest.*) 7s & 6s.

1 **H**O, reapers of Life's Harvest,
 Why stand with rusted blade,
 Until the night draws round thee,
 And day begins to fade?
 Why stand ye idle, waiting
 For reapers more to come?
 The golden morn is passing,
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?

H Y M N S .

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain :
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
Thy Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below ;
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold :
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low ;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord ;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

355 (158) (Kison.) 7s, 6s & 8s.

1 Saviour, see me from above,
Nor suffer me to die ;
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye ;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down ;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

HYMNS.

- 2 Look as when thine eye pursued
 The first apostate man,—
 Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
 And bade him rise again :
 Speak my paradise restored ;
 Redeem me by thy grace alone :
 'Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.
- 3 Look, as when thy languid eye
 Was closed that we might live ;
 Father, (at the point to die
 My Saviour prayed,) forgive !
 Surely with that dying word
 He turns, and looks, and cries,—'Tis done !
 O, my bleeding, loving Lord,
 Thou breaks't my heart of stone.

356 (159) (*Parting Hymn.*) 7s, 6 LINES.

- 1 **W**HEN shall we all meet again?
 When shall we all meet again?
 Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
 Oft shall wearied love retire,
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we all shall meet again.
- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parched beneath the hostile sky ;
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls,
 And in fancy's wide domain,
 There shall we all meet again.

HYMNS.

- 3 When the King of kings shall come,
And we hear the glad "Well done!"
When the resurrected throng
Upward mount with shout and song,
Where the good in glory reign,
There may we all meet again.

357 (159) (*Parting Hymn.*) 7s, 6 LINES.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go,
Fully armed to meet the foe.

- 2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart:
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be.

- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these.

358 (160) (*Ephesus.*) 7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, accept our feeble song;
Power and praise to thee belong;
We would all thy grace record,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

- 2 Rich in glory, thou didst stoop,
Thence is all thy people's hope;
Thou wast poor, that we might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.

HYMNS.

3 When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess ;
Joy, that thou couldst pity thus ;
Shame, for such returns from us.

4 Yet we hope the day to see
When we shall from sin be free ;
When to thee in glory brought,
We shall serve thee as we ought.

359 (160) (*Ephesus.*) 7s.

1 **J**ESUS, Lord, we look to thee ;
Let us in thy name agree ;
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind ;
Lowly, both in thought and word ;
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care ;
Each the other's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give ;
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us still in God abide ;
May our daily life express
Constant love and holiness !

360 (160) (*Ephesus.*) 7s.

1 **J**ESUS, spotless Lamb of God,
Thou hast bought us with thy blood ;
We would value naught beside
Jesus, Jesus crucified.

2 We are thine and thine alone ;
This we gladly, fully own ;
And in all our works and ways,
Only now would seek thy praise.

HYMNS.

- 3 Help us to confess thy name,
Bear with joy thy cross and shame ;
Only seek to follow thee,
Though reproach our portion be.
- 4 When thou shalt in glory come,
And we reach our Eden home,
Louder still each lip shall own
We are thine, and thine alone.

360 $\frac{1}{2}$ (160) (*Ephesus.*) 7s.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, with light divine
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away ;
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine
Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;
Bid my many woes depart ;
Heal my wounded bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idle throne ;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

361 (161) (*Norwich.*) 7s.

- 1 **D**EPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace ;
Long provoked him to his face ;
Would not harken to his calls ;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

HYMNS.

- 3 Now incline me to repent ;
 Let me now my sins lament ;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

362 (161) (Norwich.) 7s.

- 1 **W**HEN, my Saviour, shall I be
 Perfectly resigned to thee?
 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
 Only in thy wisdom wise?

- 2 Only thee content to know,
 Ignorant of all below?
 Only guided by thy light?
 Only mighty in thy might?

- 3 So I may thy Spirit know,
 Let him as he listeth blow :
 Let the manner be unknown,
 So I may with thee be one : —

- 4 Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness ;
 Sweetly let my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

363 (161) (Norwich.) 7s

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
 My request vouchsafe to hear :
 Burdened with my sins, I cry,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

- 2 Wealth and honor I disdain ;
 Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain,
 These can never satisfy ;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
 Only ease me of my guilt :
 Suppliant at thy feet I lie ;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

HYMNS.

- 4 Thou hast promised to forgive,
 All who in thy Son believe;
 On thy promise I rely;
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

364 (161) (Norwich.) 7s.

- 1 **T**IS my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.

- 2 Trials must and will befall;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way,
 Might I not with reason fear
 I should be a cast-away?

- 4 Trials make the promise sweet;
 Trials give new life to prayer,
 Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
 Lay me low and keep me there.

365 (162) (Watchman, Tell Us.) 7s.

- 1 **W**ATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveler! yes, it brings the day —
 Promised day of Israel.
 Traveller! yes, it brings the day —
 Promised day of Israel.

HYMNS.

- 2 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveler ! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends !
 Watchman ! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveler ! ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
 Traveler ! ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveler ! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman ! let thy wand'rings cease ;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveler ! lo, the Prince of peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come !
 Traveler ! lo, the Prince of peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come !

366 (163) (*Mount Calvary.*)

7s.

- 1 **H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent !
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued ;
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Stained and covered with his blood !
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
 Crucified God's blessed Son.
- 2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed ;
 Driv'n the nails that fix'd him there ;
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head ;
 Plung'd into his side the spear ;
 Made his soul a sacrifice,
 While for sinful men he dies.

HYMNS.

- 3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?
 Still to death thy Lord pursue?
 Open all his wounds again,
 And the shameful cross renew?
 No; with all my sins I'll part;
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

367 (163) (*Mount Calvary.*)

7s.

- 1 SINNERS, seek the narrow gate;
 S Enter ere it be too late:
 Many ask to enter there
 When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
 And forever bar the skies:
 Then, though sinners cry without,
 He will say, "I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim,
 "Lord, we have professed thy name;
 We have ate with thee, and heard
 Heavenly teaching in thy word."
- 4 Vain, alas, will be their plea,
 Workers of iniquity:
 Sad their everlasting lot;
 Christ will say, "I know you not."

368 (164) (*Fulton.*)

7s.

- 1 GOD of love, who hearest prayer,
 G Kindly for thy people care,
 Who on thee alone depend:
 Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Save us, in the prosp'rous hour,
 From the flatt'ring tempter's power;
 From his unsuspected wiles,
 From the world's pernicious smiles.

HYMNS

- 3 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honor at thy feet.
- 4 Never let the world break in ;
Fix a mighty gulf between ;
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

369 (164) (Holley.)

7s.

- 1 **H**ASTE, O sinner ! now be wise ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Haste and mercy now implore ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Haste, O sinner ! now return ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, O sinner ! now be blest ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

370 (165) (Hendon.)

7s.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name :
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in Redeeming Love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to glory on ye move,
Praise and bless Redeeming Love.

HYMNS.

- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by Redeeming Love !
- 4 Hither, then, your praises bring,
And of Jesus gladly sing ;
Gladly join the hosts above,
Join to praise Redeeming Love.

371 (165) (Hendon.) 7s.

- 1 **L**ET us, with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living he doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us, then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

HYMNS.

372 (165) (Hendon.) 7s.

- 1 **G**REAT the joy when Christians meet,
 Christian fellowship, how sweet,
 When, their theme of praise the same,
 They exalt Jehovah's name !
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
 Such as did the Father move ;
 He beheld the world undone,
 Loved the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love ;
 How he left the realms above,
 Took our nature and our place,
 Lived and died to save our race !

373 (165) (Hendon.) 7s.

- 1 **'T**IS the blest, the favored hour ;
 Now to seek thy God begin ;
 'Tis the Spirit's voice divine
 Woos thee from the paths of sin.
- 2 'Tis the blest, the favored hour ;
 Jesus offers pardon free ;
 Mildly pointing to the cross
 Where his blood was shed for thee.
- 3 Soon the favored hour may pass,
 Soon the Spirit take his flight ;
 Hasten while the Saviour calls ;
 O no longer mercy slight !

374 (166) (Martyn.) 7s.

- 1 **S**ON of God, thy people's shield,
 Must we still thine absence mourn ?
 Let thy promise be fulfilled ;
 Thou hast said, " I will return."
 Gracious Master, soon appear ;
 Quickly bring thy morning light ;
 Then will cease the constant tear,
 Hope be turned to joyful sight.

HYMNS.

- 2 As a woman counts the days
 Till her absent lord she sees,
 Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
 So the church must long for thee.
 Come, that we may see thee nigh,
 Then the sheep shall feed in peace,
 Hush forever trouble's sigh,
 Sin and sorrow's triumphs cease.

375 (166) (*Martyn.*) (*Pleyel's Hymn.*) 7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, a better heart bestow ;
 Hear a sinner's broken prayer ;
 Full of weariness and woe,
 To thy mercies I repair.
- 2 Once I thought I could amend
 All the evil of my ways ;
 To thy throne my steps could bend,
 Do thy will and gain thy praise.
- 3 But in vain I toiled and prayed ;
 Still I did but sin the more ;
 All the efforts that I made
 Showed me weaker than before.
- 4 Now I find no hand but one
 Can deliver me from guilt ;
 On the merits of thy Son
 All my confidence is built.
- 5 Ruined, helpless, and forlorn,
 To the Saviour's cross I flee ;
 O, since Christ my sins hath borne,
 Let my burdened soul go free !

376 (166) (*Martyn.*) (*Pleyel's Hymn.*) 7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now ;
 At thy feet we humbly bow ;
 O, do not our suit disdain !
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

HYMNS.

- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace ;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

377 (167) (*Pleyel's Hymn.*) 7s.

- 1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die !
God, your Maker, asks you why ?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why ?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that you might live.
- 3 Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?

378 (167) (*Nuremburg.*) 7s.

- 1 Praise to God ! — immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

HYMNS.

- 2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores, —
- 3 These, to that dear Source we owe,
Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;
These through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
- 4 Lord, to thee my soul should raise
Grateful, never-ending praise ;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

379 (168) (*Harmony.*) 7s. 6 LINES.

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise at judgment dawn,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMNS.

380 (168) (Harmony.) 7s. 6 LINES.

1 FATHER, they who thee receive,
And in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

2 Fix, O, fix my wav'ring mind;
To the cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Fill the soul with perfect love!

3 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the promise now receives;
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

4 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are thine;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

381 (169) (Sabbath Morn.) 7s.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day —
Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face;
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

HYMNS.

- 3 Here we come thy name to praise ;
 Let us feel thy presence near ;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear ;
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting rest.

382 (170) (Amboy.) 7s.

- 1 **W**AKE the song of Jubilee ;
 Let it echo o'er the sea ;
 Now is come the promised hour ;
 Jesus reigns with sov'reign power.
- 2 All the nations, join and sing,
 Praise your Saviour, praise your king,
 Let it sound from shore to shore,
 "Jesus reigns for evermore !"
- 3 Hark ! the desert lands rejoice ;
 And the islands join their voice ;
 Joy ! the whole creation sings,
 "Jesus is the King of Kings !"
- 4 Wake the song of Jubilee ;
 Let it echo o'er the sea ;
 Let it sound from shore to shore,
 "Jesus reigns for evermore !"
- 5 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
- 6 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens shall pass away.

HYMNS.

383 (170) (Amboy.) 7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He himself has bid thee pray ;
 Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King ;
 Large petitions with thee bring ;
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin ;
 Lord, remove this load of sin ;
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

384 (170) (Amboy.) 7 s.

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
 Ever let our souls be fed
 With this true and living bread.
- 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice ;
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
 To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of him who died,
 Lord of life, O, let us be
 Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

HYMNS.

385 (171) (Valdivia.) 7s.

- 1 **O**FT in sorrow and in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war and face the foe;
Tremble not in danger's hour,
Trusting in your Captain's power.
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;
In your very weakness strong,
Fight, nor think the battle long.
- 4 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Onward still in battle move,
More than conq'rors shall ye prove.

386 (171) (Worthing.) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.
- 2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.
- 3 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
- 4 Round her habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.

H Y M N S .

387 (172) (Wilmot.) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **L**O! the Lord Jehovah liveth !
He's my rock, I bless his name ;
He, my God, salvation giveth ;
All ye lands, exalt his fame.
- 2 God, Messiah's cause maintaining,
Shall his righteous throne extend :
O'er the world the Saviour reigning,
Earth shall at his footstool bend.
- 3 O'er his enemies exalted,
Great Redeemer ! see him rise !
Though by powers of hell assaulted,
God supports him to the skies.
- 4 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
Through all ages to abide ;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

388 (172) (Sicily.) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **P**RAISE to him, by whose kind favor
Heavenly truth has reached our ears !
May its sweet, reviving savor
Fill our hearts and calm our fears.
- 2 Truth ! how sacred is the treasure !
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know ;
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in every heart ;
In the day of thy appearing
May we share thy people's part.

389 (173) (Family Song.) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing ;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

HYMNS.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly;
 Angel guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us
 And command us to the tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

390 (173) (*Family Song.*) (*Sicily.*) 6s & 4s.

- 1 **F**ATHER, we commend our spirits
 To thy love in Jesus' name,
 Love, which his atoning merits
 Give us confidence to claim.
- 2 O how sweet, how real a pleasure
 Flows from love so true and free!
 O how great, how rich a treasure,
 Saviour, we possess in thee!
- 3 From the world and its confusions
 Here we turn and find our rest,
 From its cares and its delusions,
 Turn to thee, and there are blest.
- 4 Though this scene is ever changing,
 Since thy mercy changes not,
 O'er the waste our spirits ranging
 Glory in their happy lot.
- 5 By the Holy Ghost anointed,
 May we do our Father's will,
 Walk the path by him appointed,
 Jesus' pleasure to fulfil;

HYMNS.

- 6 Till the welcome signal hearing,
 Welcome to the saints alone,
 We rejoice at his appearing,
 Who shall claim us for his own.

391 (174) (Passover.) 8s & 7s

- 1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear an humble suppliant's cry;
 Let me know thy great salvation,
 See, I languish, faint and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
 Send, O send me quick relief.
- 3 On the word thy blood hath sealed
 Hangs my everlasting all;
 Let thine arm be now revealed,
 Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!
- 4 Saved! the deed shall spread new glory
 Through the shining realms above;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptured with thy love.

392 (175) (Take my Heart.) 8s & 7s.

- 1 TAKE my heart, O Father, take it,
 Make and keep it all thine own;
 Let thy Spirit melt and break it,
 Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
 Heavenly Father, deign to mould it,
 In obedience to thy will:
 And, as passing years unfold it,
 Keep it meek and child-like still.
- 2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
 Peaceful, kind, and free from strife,
 Turning from the paths unholy,
 Of this vain and sinful life.

HYMNS.

May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven ;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to heaven.

393 (176) (*Millersburg.*) 8s & 7s.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown !
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation ;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit,
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Grant the weary soul thy rest.
Take away our bent to sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave ;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee :

HYMNS.

Changed from glory into glory,
Till we reach our resting place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

394 (176) (*Millersburg.*) 8s & 7.

1 **R**IGHTEOUS God! whose vengeful vials
All our fears and thoughts exceed,
Big with woes and fiery trials,
Hanging, bursting o'er our head;
While thou visitest the nations,
Thy selected people spare;
Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,
In thy wrath remember mercy;
Mercy first and last be shown.
Plead thy cause with sword and fire;
Shake us till the curse remove,
Till thou com'st, the saints' desire,
Crowning them with perfect love.

3 Every fresh alarming token
More confirms the faithful word;
Nature, for its Lord hath spoken,
Must be suddenly restored.
From this national confusion,
From this ruined earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise!

4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows!
Pass the former things away;
Lord, appear! appear, to glad us
With the dawn of endless day!

HYMNS.

O, conclude this mortal story !
 Bring the life that shall abide ;
 Come, eternal King of glory,
 Now descend and take thy bride !

395 (177) (*Buchanan.*) 8s & 7s.

1 **W**ATCHMAN, tell me, does the morning
 Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
 Have the signs that mark its coming
 Yet upon thy pathway shone?
 Pilgrim, yes ! arise ! look 'round thee—
 Light is breaking in the skies !
 Gird thy bridal robes around thee,
 Morning dawns ! arise ! arise !

2 Watchman, has the tribulation
 Of the cruel man of sin
 Ceased its bloody persecution?
 Will it not return again?
 Pilgrim, no ! his times are ended,
 Never shall the monster reign ;
 Tekel on his brow is written—
 Soon he'll be consumed in flame.

3 Watchman, were there signs attending
 At the ending of the time?
 With the closing moments pending,
 Did the sun refuse to shine?
 Pilgrim, yes ; the sun was shrouded
 In a veil of gloom that day ;
 Nature was in darkness clouded
 On that nineteenth day of May.

4 Watchman, hail the light ascending
 Of the grand Sabbatic year,
 All with voices loud portending
 That the kingdom's very near.

HYMNS.

Pilgrim, yes, I see, just yonder,
 Canaan's glorious heights arise ;
 Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
 Towering 'neath its cloudless skies.

5 Watchman, in that golden city,
 Seated on his jasper throne,
 Zion's King, enthroned in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone.
 There, on sunlit hills and mountains,
 Golden beams serenely glow ;
 Pearly streams and crystal fountains,
 On their banks sweet flow'rets grow.

6 Watchman, see ! the land is nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flowers !
 On ! just yonder, O, how cheering,
 Bloom forever Eden's bowers.
 Hark ! the choral strains there ringing,
 Wafted on the balmy air !
 See the millions ! hear them singing !
 Soon the pilgrims will be there !

396 (178) (*Lift the Voice.*) 8s & 7s.

1 **L**IFT the voice, and sound the trumpet,
 Watcher on the mountain height ;
 Roll the clarion notes around thee,
 Shout as flees the passing night.
 Lift the voice in words of warning ;
 Wake the slumb'ring hosts below ;
 Cry aloud, "Behold the dawning,
 Rouse and gird to meet the foe !"

2 Lift the voice ! Lo, weak and dying,
 Warriors, struggling, faint and fall ;
 Bid them fight, on God relying ;
 Jesus comes to conquer all !

HYMNS.

Lift the voice in notes of gladness,
 Ring the shout along the sky ;
 " Cease your tears, ye sons of sadness,
 Sing ! rejoice ! your God is nigh."

- 3 Lift the voice, like music blended,
 With heart-healing minstrelsy ;
 Cry " Thy warfare now is ended ;
 Lo, thy Saviour comes to thee !"
 Soon, beyond time's night of sadness,
 Watchmen, ye shall joyful sing ;
 Eye to eye shall see with gladness,
 When the Lord shall Zion bring.

397 (179) (*Pastor's Welcome.*) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, brother, to thy station,
 Welcome to thy work of love !
 Come, commissioned by the Spirit,
 Bring thy message from above.
- 2 Come to feed our souls with knowledge,
 In the name of Christ thy Lord,
 Preach the preaching which he bids thee,
 Preach the pure and simple word.
- 3 As a chosen, faithful watchman,
 Hold thy guard on Zion's wall ;
 As a heaven-appointed herald,
 Loud proclaim the gospel's call.
- 4 Welcome, brother, to thy station,
 Welcome to its toils and cares ;
 Welcome to our heart's affections,
 Welcome to our fervent prayers.

398 (179) (*Pastor's Welcome.*) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 Hear the voice of revelation ;
 Tread the path that Jesus trod.

HYMNS.

- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice ;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.
- 3 Jesus says, "Let each believer
Be baptized in my name ;"
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.
- 4 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing ;
Lo, your Captain leads the way !
- 399** (179) (*Pastor's Welcome.*) 8s & 7s.
- 1 **H**AIL! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou everlasting King,
Thou didst suffer to redeem us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
- 2 Hail thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By thy merits we find favor ;
Life is given through thy name.
- 3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid ;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
- 4 All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 400** (179) (*Lift the Voice.*) 8s & 7s.
- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord ; ye heavens, adore him ;
Praise him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

HYMNS.

- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
 Laws which never can be broken,
 For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;
 Never shall his promise fail :
 God hath made his saints victorious ;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
 Hosts on high his power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name.

401 (180) (*Bartimeus.*) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **M**ERCY, O thou son of David !"
 Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed ;
 "Others by thy word are saved,
 Now to me afford thine aid."
- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
 But he called the louder still ;
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
 "Come, and ask me what you will."
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live ;
 But he asked, and Jesus granted
 Alms which none but he could give.
- 4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day !"
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Followed Jesus in the way.
- 5 Now, methinks, I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around :
 "Friends, is not my case amazing ?
 What a Saviour I have found !

HYMNS.

6 O! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me!
 Surely they would hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see."

402 (180) (*Bartimeus.*) 8s & 7s

1 **T**HIS is not my place of resting;
 Mine's a city yet to come;
 Onward to it I am hasting,
 On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory,
 O'er it shines a nightless day;
 Every trace of sin's sad story,
 All the curse has passed away.

3 There the Lord, our Shepherd, leads us
 By the streams of life along;
 On the freshest pastures feeds us,
 Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
 Soon we bid farewell to pain;
 Nevermore be sad or weary,
 Never, never sin again.

403 (181) (*Illinois.*) 8s & 7s.

1 **W**HAT a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer!
 O, what peace we often forfeit!
 O, what needless pain we bear!
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

HYMNS.

Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

404 (182) (*Come and See.*) 8s 7s & 4s.

- 1 **W**E are going home to Jesus,
 Who has bought us with his blood;
 Come, poor sinner, go thou with us,
 Come, and we will do thee good.
 Come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus,
 Who has bought you with his blood.

- 2 We have found the true Messiah;
 Come, poor sinner, come and see.
 Hark! he calls you, he invites you,
 "Come," he says, "Come unto me."
 Come to Jesus, &c.

- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden —
 Come, and I will give you rest;
 To the marriage you are bidden,
 Come, and be forever blest.
 Come to Jesus, &c.

- 4 We are pilgrims here and strangers,
 We are travelling through the land;
 Oft surrounded by great dangers,
 But we go at Christ's command.
 Come to Jesus, &c.

HYMNS.

5 We are going to a country ;
 Come, and join our pilgrim band ;
 You will never thirst or hunger,
 In that bright and happy land.
 Come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus,
 Who has bought you with his blood.

6 O, why will you still refuse him ?
 Come, poor needy sinner, come ;
 If you'll faithfully receive him,
 He will lead you safely home.
 Come to Jesus, &c.

7 In that bright and happy country,
 We will sing and praise his name,
 And we'll ever be exclaiming :
 Glory be to God. Amen.
 Come to Jesus, &c.

405 (183) (*Thanksgiving.*) 8s 7s & 4s.

1 **S**ING a loud and joyful anthem,
 Wake earth's purest minstrelsy,
 Let it sound from hill to valley,
 And be echoed through the sky ;
 Loud thanksgiving, Loud thanksgiving
 To the God who rules on high.

2 Praises for the radiant sunshine,
 For the dew and genial shower,
 For the soft and cooling zephyr,
 Brought in summer's golden hour ;
 Richly freighted, Richly freighted,
 When the storm hath spent its power.

HYMNS.

3 Praise for health, that priceless treasure,
 Health of body and of mind ;
 For the free, unbounded pleasure,
 Joys exalted and refined,
 Lavished on us, Lavished on us,
 By a God supremely kind.

4 For the choice, unnumbered blessings,
 Sent from heaven, day by day ;
 Food and raiment, peace and friendship,
 Making glad our devious way ;
 Let us praise him, Let us praise him,
 In an humble, fervent lay.

5 More than all for hope unfading,
 Plant of high celestial birth,
 That hath shed its fragrant blossoms
 O'er this wilderness of earth ;
 Life imparting, Life imparting,
 Where sin brought its fearful dearth.

6 Sing ye praises ! sing ye praises !
 To the God of truth and love ;
 Let earth's jubilee, resounding,
 Mingle with the one above !
 In thanksgiving, In thanksgiving,
 Let each heart with rapture move.

406 (184) (Ami.) 8s 7s & 4s.

1 **L**O, he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favored sinners slain !
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Jesus comes, on earth to reign !

HYMNS.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at naught and sold him
 Pierc'd and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing, Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Now redemption long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear,
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Rise to meet him in the air :
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !
- 4 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit ;
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;
 The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home ;
 All creation, All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come !
- 5 Yea, amen : let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Make thy righteous sentence known,
 O, come quickly ! O, come quickly !
 Claim the kingdom for thine own !

407 (184) (Ami.) 8s 7s & 4s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, come, thy saints are waiting,
 S Waiting for the nuptial day ;
 Thence their promised glory dating ;
 Come, and bear thy saints away ;
 Come, Lord Jesus !
 Thus thy waiting people pray.

HYMNS.

2 Base the wish, and vain th' endeavor,
 While on earth to find our rest ;
 Till we see thy face, we never
 Shall or can be fully blest !
 In thy presence
 Nothing shall our peace molest.

3 Lord, we wait for thine appearing,
 "Tarry not," thy people say ;
 Bright the prospect is, and cheering,
 Of beholding thee that day ;
 When our sorrow
 Shall forever pass away.

407½ (185) (*Stanley.*) 8s 7s, or 8s 7s & 4s.

1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky ;
 It is finished ! It is finished ! —
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished ! O what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford !
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord :
 It is finished ! It is finished ! —
 Saints the dying word record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs ;
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name ;
 It is finished ! It is finished ! —
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

HYMNS.

408 (185) (*Stanley.*) 8s 7s, or 8s 7s & 4s

1 **L**O, he cometh; countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumb'ring dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
See their great, exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him,
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!

3 'Tis the day so long expected;
Shout, ye saints, and triumph now;
See your Lord, by man rejected!
Many crowns adorn his brow;
'Tis his triumph;
Every knee to him shall bow.

409 (186) (*Saviour, Haste.*) 8s 7s & 4s.

1 **S**AVIOUR, haste! our souls are waiting
For the long expected day,
When, new heaven and earth creating,
Thou shalt banish grief away;
All the sorrow, All the sorrow,
Caused by sin and Satan's sway.

2 Haste, O hasten thine appearing,
Take thy mourning people home:
'Tis this hope our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people, Makes thy people,
Strangers here, till thou dost come.

HYMNS.

3 Lord, how long shall the creation
 Groan and travail sore in pain ;
 Waiting for its sure salvation,
 When thou shalt in glory reign,
 And like Eden,
 This sad earth shall bloom again?

4 Reign, O reign, Almighty Saviour,
 Heaven and earth in one unite ;
 Make it known, that in thy favor
 There alone is life and light ;
 When we see thee,
 We shall have unmixed delight.

410 (187) (Brest.) 8s 7s & 4s.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine !
 You, who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine !

3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the powers of nature, shaken,
 From his face prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee?

HYMNS.

- 4 But to those who have confessed,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow!
 You, forever,
 Shall my love and glory know."

411 (187) (Brest.) 8s 7s & 4s.

- 1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
 See the "Man of Sorrows" now;
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to him shall bow.
 Crown him, crown him!
 Crowns become the Victor's brow!

- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone him,
 While the vault of heaven rings.
 Crown him, crown him!
 Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name.
 Crown him, crown him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

412 (188) (Trumpet.) 10s 11s & 12s.

- LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and saints shall not die;
 Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
 And short the dominion of death and the grave;
 He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
 Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
 Loud was the chorus of angels on high, —
 The Saviour hath risen, and saints shall not die.

HYMNS.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
Our life in the future death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
We'll rise when he comes, and to meet him ascend:
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and saints shall not die.

413 (189) (Lyons.) 10s & 11s.

O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise!

2 O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm!

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite,
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend!

414 (190) (Home.) 11s.

1 **M**ID scenes of affliction, with sorrow oppressed,
How oft have I sighed for the season of rest,
When no more in this wilderness world I shall roam,
But find, in the bosom of Jesus, a home.

Home, sweet home,
But find, in the bosom of Jesus, a home.

HYMNS.

2 No spot on this earth can give permanent bliss,
No home for the stranger and pilgrim is this ;
But in that bright country, the Eden to come,
We'll find, in the bosom of Jesus, a home.

Home, sweet home,
And find, in the bosom of Jesus, a home.

3 This hope cheers the prospect that's gloomy and
drear,

And points to the haven of rest that is near ;
O there in sweet fields of delight we shall roam,
And find, in the bosom of Jesus, a home.

Home sweet home,
And find, in the bosom of Jesus, a home.

415 (191) (*Sweet Afton.*) 11s.

O Saviour of sinners, when faint and depressed,
With manifold trials and sorrows oppressed,
I'll bow at thy feet and with confidence cry,
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"

2 When tempted by Satan the Spirit to grieve,
The service of Christ, my Redeemer, to leave,
I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high,
The Rock of salvation that's higher than I.

3 When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the land,
And merited vengeance descends from thy hand !
O'erwhelmed with the sight, for protection I'll fly,
And hide in the Rock that is higher than I !

4 When summoned at last before God to appear,
By free grace supported I'll yield without fear !
Most gladly I'll venture the ordeal to try,
Upheld by the Rock that is higher than I !

5 At home, with the chosen of Jesus, I long
To dwell, and eternally join in the song,
Of praising and blessing, while ages pass by,
Christ Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I !

HYMNS.

6 The faithful sure promise the fathers believed,
Shall then be fulfilled and the glory received ;
The hand that was pierced for me wipe my tears dry,
For to reign with the One that is higher than I.

416 (192) (Hilton.) 11s.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded to rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppres'd.
2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
With oil and perfume thou anoin est my head ;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more ?

417 (192) (Hinton.) 11s.

THE night is far spent, and the day is at hand ;
Already the dawn may be seen in the sky ;
Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own command ;
Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.
2 What a day will that be when the Saviour appears !
How welcome to those who have shared in his cross !
A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
A rich compensation for suff'ring and loss.
3 What is loss in this world when compared with
that day,
To the glory that then will from heaven be revealed ?
'The Saviour is coming,' his people may say ;
'The Lord whom we look for, our Sun and our Shield.'
4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to thy name
Is so faint, with so much our affections to move !
Our deadness should fill us with grief and with shame ;
So much to be loved, and so little to love.

HYMNS.

418 (193) (Messiah.) 11s.

IN the hold long oppressed by earth's wearisome
strife,

My soul is athirst for the waters of life ;
And longs for the well-spring at Bethlehem's gate,
Where a fount gushes freely this thirst to abate.

2 O who will break thro' in the strength of the I ord.
And at once overcome by his spirit and word,
Th' uncircumcised host that opposeth his reign,
And bid the sweet waters of life flow again.

3 O who shall between the bright cherubims pass,
And restore the lost garden of beauty at last ;
Whoshall give to its long withered bowers their bloom,
And say to the saved and the ransomed, 'Come home !'

4 For one we have waited, for one we have sought,
While princes and powers great wonders have wro't ;
But none have brought forth the salvation, the love,
And we wait yet another to come from above.

5 His name it is Jesus, no other we know,
Who can bid the broad stream of redemption to flow ;
Who can break through the host, the inheritance bless,
And restore the lost children of Eden to rest.

419 (194) (Christ our Pilot.) 11s.

OZION, afflicted with wave upon wave, [save,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm !
But skilful's the pilot who sits at the helm ;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare he ends.

3 "O fearful ! O faithless !" in mercy he cries ;
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes ?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand.
Through tempest and tossing, I'll bring thee to land.

HYMNS.

4 "Forget thee, I will not, I cannot ; — thy name
Engraved on my heart doth forever remain !

The palms of my hands while I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suffering for thee.

5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones ;
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain ;
Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain.

6 "Then trust me, and fear not ; thy life is secure ;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power ;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine."

420 (195) (*Kedron.*) 11s.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,
The Saviour at midnight, when moonlight's
pale beams

Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head ;
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed ;
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olivet, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot,
The theme most transporting to seraphs above ;
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4 Come, saints, and adore him ; come bow at his feet ;
O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus, that gladdens the skies.

420½ (195) (*Kedron.*) 11s.

ON the high cliffs of Jordan with pleasure I stand,
And view in perspective the fair promised land ;
The land where the ransomed with singing shall come,
And enter the kingdom prepared as their home.

HYMNS.

2 All over those peaceful, delectable plains
The Lord our Redeemer in righteousness reigns ;
His sceptre of empire he now doth assume,
And kindly doth welcome his followers home.

3 How blest are those regions, the realms of repose,
Where with fruit, O how grateful, the " tree of life "
The regions ambrosial forever in bloom, [grows ;
God's own habitation, the saint's happy home !

4 Those pleasures of glory, O, when shall I share,
And crowns of celestial felicity wear ;
And range o'er those landscapes exempt from a sigh :
The home of our fathers, now specially nigh !

421 (196) (Melton.) 10s.

A LONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed ;
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

422 (196) (Melton.) 10s.

NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due ;
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honors to thy sovereign name.

2 Earth is thy work ; the heavens thy wisdom spread ;
But fools adore the gods their hands have made ;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 Be heaven and earth amazed ! 't is hard to say
Which are more stupid, or their gods, or they :
O Israel ! trust the Lord ; he hears and sees ;
He knows thy sorrows and restores thy peace.

HYMNS.

423 (197) (Huron.) 10s & 11s.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
 Calls the south nations, and awakes the north ;
 From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,
 Through distant lands and regions of the dead.
 The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices ;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay ;
 His vengeance sleeps no more : behold the day ;
 Behold the Judge descends : his guards are nigh ;
 Tempest and fire attend him down the sky :
 When God appears, all nature shall adore him ;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise ;
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise ; [amend ;
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works
 Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend ;
 Then join the saints ; wake every cheerful passion ;
 When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

424 (198) (*Come, Ye Disconsolate.*) 11s & 10s.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
 Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel ;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 anguish ;

Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure ;
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
 Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the tree of life — see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
 Come to the mercy-seat — come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

HYMNS.

425 (199) (*Nearer to Thee.*)

- 1 **N**EARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let my way appear,
Onward to heaven,
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise,
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

HYMNS.

426 (200) (*Beautiful World.*) P. M.

- 1 **W**E'RE going home, we've had visions bright,
Of that holy land, that world of light,
Where the long, dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last ;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy and peaceful home ;
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crown'd,
And waves of bliss are flowing around.
O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !
- 2 We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear and the soil is free,
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain,
And the seraph's anthems blend with its strain,
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good,
Where stars, once dimm'd at nature's doom,
Will ever shine o'er the new earth's bloom.
O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !
- 3 Where the tears and sighs that here were given,
Are 'exchang'd for the gladsome song of heaven ;
Where the beauteous forms which sing and shine,
Are guarded well by a hand divine ;
Pure love's banner and friendship's wand
Are waving above that princely band,
And the glory of God, like a boundless sea,
Will bathe that immortal company.
O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !
- 4 'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angel's cheer,
'Mid the flowers that never of winter wear ;
Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air ;
Through endless years we then shall prove
The depth of a Saviour's matchless love.
O, that beautiful world ! O, that beautiful world !

HYMNS.

427 (201) (*Heavenly Music.*) 11s.

- 1 **W**HAT seraph like music falls sweet on my ear
In strains so delightful? O! list that ye hear;
Those rich flowing numbers, so liquid and clear,
Breathe rapture untold, from some heav'nly sphere.
- 2 'Tis the sweet flowing music that steals o'er the
wave
Of Jordan's lone river, as its billows we brave;
'Tis the angels who sing of the raptures in store
For the ransomed of Jesus on that blessed shore.
- 3 A glimpse of bright glory now beams on my sight,
I sink in sweet visions of heaven's dawning light:
O, when shall I dwell in that city so fair,
The pride of the new earth: I long to be there.

428 (201) (*Heavenly Music.*) 11s.

- 1 **A** FOUNTAIN in Jesus which runs always free,
For washing and cleansing such sinners as we!
Our sins, tho' like crimson, made white as the wool,
No lack in the fountain, but always is full.
- 2 All things now are ready, he invites us to come,
The supper is made by the Father and Son;
Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may receive,
A home in the kingdom, if we but believe.
- 3 The guests who were bidden, refused the call:
For they were not ready, not willing at all [store,
To be stripped of their honor, and part with their
For a feast that was given and made for the poor.
- 4 If they are not ready, and wish to delay,
My house shall be filled, the Father doth say;
The highways and hedges, the halt and the blind,
Shall come and be welcome, the supper is mine.

H Y M N S .

429 (202) (*Jesus, Refuge of my Soul.*) 8s & 7s.

- 1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past !
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive me home at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone !
Still support and comfort me ;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
All in all in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art !
Freely let me take of thee :
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMNS.

430 (203) (*Missionary Hymn.*) 8s & 7s

- 1 THE glorious day is coming,
The hour is rolling on,
Its radiant light is beaming,
Resplendent as the sun ;
In yon bright clouds of heaven
The Saviour will appear,
And gather all his chosen,
To meet him in the air.
- 2 Then fire, from God descending,
Shall sweep this wide earth o'er ;
And nations, loud lamenting,
Shall sink to rise no more.
Though tears with groans are blended
Yet still in vain they cry,
The day of hope is ended :
The sinner now must die.
- 3 But saints shall be victorious,
And joy to meet the Lord ;
An earth more bright and glorious
Is promised in his word.
Our God himself, there reigning,
Shall wipe all tears away ;
No clouds or night remaining,
But one eternal day.
- 4 O, Christian, wake from sleeping,
And let your works abound ;
Be watching, praying, weeping,
For soon the trump will sound !
O, sinner, hear the warning ;
To Jesus quickly fly ;
Then you on that blest morning
May meet him in the sky !

HYMNS.

431 (204) (*O Christian, Press On!*)

O CHRISTIAN, press on, tho' the pathway appears
Oft rugged and painful, and hard to be trod;
Tho' the taunts of the world ever fall on your ears,
You yet shall o'ercome, thro' the mercy of God.

CHO.—Then on, Christian, on, for soon you shall rest,
Secure from all pain, in the land of the blest.

2 Tho' clouds gather 'round you as onward you go,
And burdened your life is with sorrow and care,
Remember that God never fails to bestow
Needed grace on his children, their trials to bear.

3 O, 'tis a stern warfare; and often it seems
That even the bravest the fight must give o'er;
Yet he who shall conquer has never had dreams
Of the glories that wait him on heaven's bright shore.

4 Shrink not from the cross, tho' its weight be severe,
Tho' friends may forsake you, tho' kindred may frown,
Tho' you weep for its sake while on earth, every tear
In heaven shall be a bright gem in your crown.

432 (205) (*My Brother, I Wish You Well!*)

1 **M**Y brother, I wish you well!
My brother, I wish you well!

CHO.—When my Lord calls I trust I shall
Be mentioned in the promised land,
Be mentioned in the promised land,
Be mentioned in the promised land.

When my Lord calls I trust I shall
Be mentioned in the promised land.

2 My sister, &c.

3 My father, &c.

4 My mother, &c.

5 My neighbor, &c.

6 My pastor &c.

7 Young convert, &c.

8 Poor sinner, &c.

9 My teacher, &c.

10 Dear children, &c.

11 Poor sailor, &c.

HYMNS.

433 (205) (Kentucky.) S. M.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
Who life and all its blessings gave,
My love for him to try.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm we with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

434 (206) (*O Haste! Take Me Home.*)

- O** GIVE me a home in the regions of bliss,
Where no sorrow shall ever invade,
Where the glory of Jesus eternally is,
And the pilgrim's deep woe is repaid.
- CHO. — Take me home to that land of eternal delight,
To Mount Zion, O haste, take me home, [white,
Where the pilgrim shall walk with the angels in
And from blessedness never shall roam.
- 2 I have jewels most dear journeying on to that land.
But they fade and they die at my side; [hand.
I would bear them, dear Lord, safely to thy right
E'er to live, since a Saviour hath died.
 - 3 I have flowers that bloom, but they fade at their
Their fragrance refresh me no more, [birth,—
I must lay them away in thy bosom, O Earth,
And go on till I gain the blest shore.

HYMNS.

4 I am weary and sad,—here death conquering
 Friends' presence can cheer me no more ; [reigns,
 Take me home, where their voices roll o'er the bright
 And all their deep sorrow is o'er. [plains.

435 (207) (*Long Time Ago.*) 8s & 4s.

1 JESUS died on Calv'ry's mountain,
 Long time ago ;
 And salvation's rolling fountain,
 Now freely flows !

2 Once his voice in tones of pity,
 Melted in wo ;
 And he wept o'er Judah's city,
 Long time ago.

3 Jesus died — yet lives forever,
 No more to die ;
 Bleeding Jesus, blessed Saviour,
 Now sits on high !

4 Now in heaven he's interceding
 For dying men ;
 Soon he'll finish all his pleading,
 And come again.

5 Budding fig-trees tell that summer
 Dawns o'er the land ;
 Signs portend that Jesus' coming
 Is near at hand.

6 When he comes, a voice from heaven
 Shall pierce the tomb :
 " Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 Children, come home."

436 (208) (*Bailey.*)

O HASTE with me to seek those happy scenes,
 The land, the land of endless light ;
 And rove with me through fadeless green,
 Where skies are ever bright.

HYMNS.

And as we view each brilliant ray,
That shines from every star,
We'll live and sing, in endless day,
In praise that sounds, that sounds afar.

2 O then we'll sing the depth of matchless love,
Why Christ, why Christ our king was slain ;
As onward ages ceaseless move,
Eternally we'll reign.
Come, Saviour, let thy reign begin,
Come, still each note of war ;
We sigh to sing an end of sin,
In praise that sounds, that sounds afar.

3 We pray and long to see the morning dawn,
The bright, the bright eternal day,
When tears are wiped and sorrows gone,
And darkness fled away.
May glowing love inspire our hearts,
And praise our tongues employ ;
We'll watch and pray, till time departs,
Then strike the harps, the harps of joy.

437 (209) (*Union Hymn.*) 8s.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love ?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 And when we shall see the bright day,
When Jesus descends from above,
And angels his glory display,
We then to his kingdom remove.

HYMNS.

- 4 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his rich glory shall see;
Then sing Hallelujah, Amen!
Amen, even so let it be!

438 (210) (*Rest for the Weary.*) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **I**N the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request;

CHO.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you—
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

HYMNS.

439 (211) (*The Voyage.*) H. M.

- 1 Through tribulation deep
The way to glory is ;
This stormy course I keep
O'er these tempestuous seas.
By waves and winds I'm tossed and driven,
Freighted with grace, and bound to heaven.
- 2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane ;
And high the waters flow,
And o'er the sides break in.
But still my little ship outbraves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.
- 3 When I in my distress
My anchor, hope, can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast :
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Mid stormy winds and swelling tides.
- 4 But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale ;
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.
- 5 The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know ;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show :
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

HYMNS.

- 6 When through the voyage I get,
 (Though rough, it is but short,)
 The pilot angels meet,
 To bring me into port :
 And when I land on that blest shore,
 I shall be safe for evermore.

440 (212) (*On the Cross.*) 7s, 6s & 8s.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, behold ! the Lamb of God,
 On the cross, on the cross.
 For you he shed his precious blood,
 On the cross, on the cross.
 Now hear his all important cry,
 "Eloi lama sabacthani,"
 Draw near and see your Saviour die,
 On the cross, on the cross.

- 2 Behold ! his arms extended wide,
 On the cross, on the cross.
 Behold ! his bleeding hands and side,
 On the cross, on the cross.
 The sun withholds its rays of light,
 The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
 While Jesus doth with devils fight,
 On the cross, on the cross.

- 3 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
 On the cross, on the cross.
 He drinks for you the bitter cup,
 On the cross, on the cross.
 To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
 "'Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,
 Then bows his sacred head and dies,
 On the cross, on the cross.

HYMNS.

4 'Tis done ! the mighty deed is done,
 On the cross, on the cross.
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 On the cross, on the cross.
 The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
 While Jesus doth atonement make,
 While Jesus suffers for your sake,
 On the cross, on the cross.

5 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
 Of the cross, of the cross.
 In nothing else my soul shall glory,
 Save the cross, save the cross.
 Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
 Through time and in eternity,
 That Jesus suffered death for me,
 On the cross, on the cross.

6 Let every mourner come and cling
 To the cross, to the cross.
 Let every Christian come and sing,
 Round the cross, round the cross.
 Here let the preacher take his stand,
 And with the Bible in his hand,
 Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,
 On the cross, on the cross.

441 (213) (*Sunny-side.*) 8s & 7s.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life and health and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
 Still in faith and hope abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

H Y M N S.

2 O how blessed is the station !
Low before the cross I'll lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in the Saviour's eye ;
Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go :
Prove each day his blood more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

442 (214) (*The Eden of Love.*) P. M.

1 We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love ;
Ye wand'ers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden of love ?
CHO.— Will you go, will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden of love ?

2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove ;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish ;
O say, will you go to the Eden of love ?
CHO.— Will you go, &c.

3 Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove ;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression ;
O say, will you go to the Eden of love ?
CHO.— Will you go, &c.

HYMNS.

4 No poverty there — no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of his glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;
O say, will you go to the Eden of love?

CHO. — Will you go, &c.

5 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord, in his arms we will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden of love.

CHO. — Will you go, &c.

443 (215) (*Blessed Bible.*) 8s & 7s.

1 **B**LESSED Bible, how I love it?
How it doth my bosom cheer!
What hath earth like this to covet?
O what stores of wealth are here!
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasures borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this!

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,
Precious word! I'll hide thee here!
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings;
Tell how far thy roving's led,
When this book brought back thy wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.

3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep, yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part!
Part in death! no, never, never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in brighter worlds, forever,
Sweeter far thy truths shall be.

H Y M N S.

444 (215) (*Meet Again.*) 7s.

1 **M**EET again when life is o'er,
Meet again to part no more ;
How it cheers the drooping heart,
When from friends we're called to part.

2 Meet again where endless joy
We shall taste without alloy ;
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old,
Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

3 Meet again, how passing sweet,
Friends long lost again to meet ;
Care-worn souls by tempest driven,
O how sweet to meet in heaven.

445 (216) (*Homeward Bound.*)

1 **O**UT on the ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Tossed on the waves of a rough restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Steady, O pilot ! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady ! we soon shall outweather the gale,
O, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last ;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.

HYMNS.

Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God, we shall shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

446 (216) (*Homeward Bound.*)

HARK, from the realms of the blest bursts a song,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain,
Thousands of angels the anthem prolong,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain,
Loud as the thunders that mightily roar ;
Loud as the billows that break on the shore ;
Sweet as the notes which heaven's harpers do pour,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

2 We here on earth would assist in the strain,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain :
We would take up the glad anthem again,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain ;
He hath redeemed us from sin and from woe,
Taught us his mercy and glory to know,
Ever his rapturous praise we would show ;
Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

3 Soon shall we shout by the side of our King,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain ;
Soon with the angels his praise we shall sing,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain ;
Soon in his glory and power he shall come,
Soon shall he gather his ransomed ones home ;
Then shall we shout as we sit on his throne,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

447 (217) (*Switzer.*) 8s & 7s.

1 **W**EAR Y pilgrim, why this sadness ?
Why 'mid sorrow's scenes decline ?
The " trial strange " brings joy and gladness
For all things shall yet be thine ;
O, yes, all things shall yet be thine !

HYMNS.

2. Earth anew, with robe of glory,
 Shall rejoice in hill and vale ;
 And sweetest harpings tell the story
 Of the love that could not fail ;
 O, yes, the love that could not fail !
- 3 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,
 Where joy's gushing songs arise ;
 Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure
 In the New Earth, Paradise ;
 Yes, in the New Earth, Paradise !
- 4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness,
 To Mount Zion thou art come ;
 Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness,
 And rejoice in thy blest home ;
 Thine own and Jesus' heavenly home !

448 (217) (Switzer.) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **H**ARK ! an awful voice is sounding :
 "Christ is nigh !" it seems to say ;
 "Cast away the dreams of darkness,
 O ye children of the day."
- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
 Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
 Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,
 Comes with pardon down from heaven ;
 Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
 One and all, to be forgiven.
- 4 So when next he comes in glory,
 Wrapping all the earth in fear,
 May he then as our Defender,
 On the clouds of heaven appear.

HYMNS.

449 (217) (Switzer.) 8s & 7s.

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears.
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us with thy blessing,
O refresh us with thy grace;
May thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for thy dwelling place.
- 2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

450 (218) (*I Love Thee!*) P. M.

- 1 I LOVE thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord;
I love thee, my Saviour; I love thee, my God;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know;
But how much I love thee, I never can show.
- 2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O, wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.
- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
- 4 O, who's like my Savior? He's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud
and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

HYMNS.

451 (218) (*I Love Thee!*) P. M.

- 1 I'M weary of straying — O when shall I rest
 In that promised land of the good and the blest,
 Where sin shall no longer her blandishments spread,
 And tears and temptations forever are fled.
- 2 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
 O'er joys' glowing visions that fade at their birth;
 O'er the pangs of the loved that we cannot assuage,
 O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness
 of age.
- 3 I'm weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
 As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;
 I long for that land whose blest promise alone
 Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.
- 4 I'm weary of loving, where all pass away,
 The brightest and fairest, alas! cannot stay;
 I long for that land where these partings are o'er,
 Where death and the tomb can divide us no more!

452 (219) (*Peace to Thee.*) 7s & 5s.

- 1 PEACE to thee, O favored one,
 Weeping thus before the throne,
 O'er the ills that thou hast done,
 With relenting sighs:
 While thy heart with grief is riven,
 All thy follies are forgiven:
 And beneath a smiling heaven,
 Light will soon arise.
- 2 Earthly joys to thee are dross,
 Earthly gain is heavenly loss,
 Look upon the bleeding cross,
 View the victim there:
 He that for thy sins hath died,
 Bids thee in his love confide;
 Trust in him and none beside,
 He will hear thy prayer.

HYMNS.

- 3 From the Saviour's smiling face,
Flows the plenitude of grace ;
Pardon, life, and heavenly peace,
Like the ocean's wave :
He the righteous law obeyed,
He hath full atonement made,
Let thy soul on him be stayed,
He is strong to save.

453 (220) (*The Christian Soldier.*) C. M.

- 1 YE valiant soldiers of the cross
Ye happy praying band,
Though in this world you suffer loss,
Press on to Canaan's land ;

CHO.—Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns
For we've all got the cross to bear ; [of the world,
It will only make the crown the brighter to shine,
When we have the crown to wear.

- 2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake,
To fight our passage through ;

CHO.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c.

- 3 O what a glorious shout there'll be
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done :"

CHO.—Let us never mind the scoffs, &c.

454 (221) (*Beulah.*) C. M.

- 1 BRIGHT flowing fountains now I see,
From Beulah's peaceful land,
Were I a wand'ring dove I'd fly,
And by those waters stand.

HYMNS.

- 2 O, angel-pinions, come to me !
 And bear me soon away,
 For I would dwell by Life's fair tree,
 Whence I shall never stray !
- 3 Fair Eden bowers glad I see —
 There sweetly I would rest ;
 I'm longing, longing there to be,
 With all the white-robed, blest !
- 4 My Saviour's love, I would explore
 That overflowing sea !
 O, I would dwell forevermore,
 Fast by Life's verdant tree !

455 (221) (Resolve.) 6s & 7s.

- 1 I'LL try to prove faithful,
 I'll try to prove faithful,
 I'll try to prove faithful, faithful, faithful,
 Till we all arrive at home.
- 2 O, let us prove faithful, &c.
 Till we all arrive at home.
- 3 We mean to be faithful, &c.
 Till we all arrive at home.
- 4 There'll be no more sinning, &c.
 When we all arrive at home.
- 5 There'll be no more sorrow, &c.
 When we all arrive at home.
- 6 Then we shall see Jesus, &c.
 When we all arrive at home.
- 7 There we shall sing praises, &c.
 When we all arrive at home.

H Y M N S.

456 (222) (*Mantua.*) 7s & 4s. PECULIAR.

1 CHILD of sin and sorrow,
 Filled with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow,
 Yield thee to-day.
 Heaven bids thee come,
 While yet there's room;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come, whilst thou canst borrow
 Help from on high.
 Grieve not that love,
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Lift up thine eye!
 Soon will dawn the morrow,
 Jesus is nigh!
 In that bright home,
 Graven thy name:
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Swift homeward fly.

4 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou be?
 In that long to-morrow,
 Eternity.
 Driven from home,
 Destruction will come;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou flee?

HYMNS.

457 (222) (Tranquillity.) L. M.

- 1 **A**WAY, my doubts, begone my fears,
The wonders of the Lord appear,
The wonders that my Saviour wrought ;
O how delightful is the thought !
The wonders of redeeming love,
When first my heart was drawn above ;
When first I saw my Saviour's face,
And triumphed in his pard'ning grace.
- 2 Pursue, my thoughts, this pleasing theme,
'T was not a fancy nor a dream ;
'T was grace descending from the skies,
And shall be marv'lous in my eyes ;
Long had I mourn'd like one forgot,
Long had my soul for comfort sought,
Jesus was witness to my tears,
And Jesus sweetly calmed my fears.
- 3 The world with all its pomp withdrew,
And was as nothing in my view ;
Redeeming grace was all my theme,
And life appeared an idle dream.
These are the wonders I record,
The marvellous goodness of the Lord ;
O for a tongue to speak his praise,
And tell the triumphs of his grace !

458 (224) (Sweet Home.) 11s.

MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints.
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints !
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home !
Home, home ! sweet, sweet home !
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

HYMNS.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace ;
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease ;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory, at home.

Home, home ! sweet, sweet home !
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee ;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

Home, home ! sweet, sweet home !
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day ;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Home, home ! sweet, sweet home !
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

459 (225) (Sweet Home.) 11s.

THE pleasures of earth I have seen fade away ;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay ;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and the kingdom of heaven.

Home, home ! sweet, sweet home !
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

2 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms ;
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms ;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room ;
O there may I feast with his children at home !

Home, home ! sweet, sweet home !
O Jesus, conduct me, I pray, to my home !

HYMNS.

3 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, his kingdom and glory I view ;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste divine of my heavenly home.

Home, home ! sweet, sweet home !
O when shall I share the fruition of home !

4 The days of my exile are passing away ;
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
“ Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at home.”

Home, home ! sweet, sweet home !
O there shall I rest with the Saviour at home.

5 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er ;
The saints shall unite to be parted no more ;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome ;
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.

Home, home ! sweet, sweet home !
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.

460 (225) (*Lovely Morning.*) 6s & 5s.

1 **T**HE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear ;
While the mighty, mighty, mighty tramp sounds
“ Come, come away ! ”
O ! let us be ready
To hail the glad day.

2 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone :
While the mighty, mighty, mighty tramp, &c.

HYMNS.

- 3 The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend ;
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend ;

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump, &c.

- 4 The graves will be opened,
The dead will arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies ;

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump, &c.

- 5 The saints then immortal,
In glory shall reign ;
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain ;

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump, &c.

461 (226) (*Lift Your Heads.*) 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 **L**IFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here ;
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of Lords, shall soon appear.
Mark the tokens,
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

- 2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom !
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come ;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.

- 3 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming Revelation !
See the universal blaze !
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.

H Y M N S .

- 4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into blackest night,
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.
- 5 See the stars from heaven falling !
Hark ! on earth the doleful cry !
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the awful Judge draws nigh ;
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye !
- 6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see !
By the monuments of his passion,
By the marks received for me !
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out — “ 'Tis He !
- 7 “ Lo ! 'tis He ! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below ;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow :
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow.”
- 8 Yes, the prize shall sure be given ;
We his open face shall see :
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be ;
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity.

HYMNS.

462 (226) (Ganges.) C. P. M.

1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' insure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

463 (227) (Ganges.) C. P. M.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through this wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel :
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Who suffer with our Master here,
Shall soon before his face appear,
And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

HYMNS.

- 8 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope,
 It lifts the fainting spirit up,
 It brings to life the dead ;
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 To meet our living Head.

464 (227) (Ganges.) C. P. M.

- 1 **T**ELL me no more of earthly toys,
 Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
 The things I loved before ;
 Let me but view my Saviour's face,
 And feel his animating grace,
 And I desire no more.
- 2 Tell me no more of fame and wealth,
 Of careless ease and blooming health,
 For they have all their snares ;
 Let me but know my sins forgiven,
 And see my name enrolled in heaven,
 And I am free from cares.
- 3 Give me a Bible in my hand,
 A heart to read and understand
 That sure, unerring word ;
 I'd urge no company to stay,
 But sit alone from day to day,
 And converse with the Lord.

465 (228) (Willoughby.) C. P. M.

- 1 **S**ALEM'S great King, Jesus by name,
 In ancient time to Jordan came,
 All righteousness to fill ;
 'T was there the ancient Baptist stood,
 Whose name was John, a man of God,
 To do his Master's will.

H Y M N S .

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize ;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased with what he'd done,
And owned him from the skies.

3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries ;
On him to rest the Spirit flies :
O children, hear ye him !
Hark ! 't is his voice ; behold, he cries :
Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And wash away your sin !

4 Come, children, come ; his voice obey ;
Salem's bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared ;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward !

466 (201) (*Solemn Inquiry.*) C. P. M.

1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To call thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand !
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all ;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call ?

HYMNS.

- 3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace !
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
 In that expected day :
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
 To still each unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray !
- 4 Among thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face ;
 Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

467 (229) (*Calvary.*) L. M.

- 1 'TIS finished !" so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bowed his head and died,
 "'Tis finished !" yes, the race is run,
 The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
- 2 "'Tis finished !" all that heaven foretold,
 By prophets in the days of old ;
 And truths are opened to our view,
 That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 "'Tis finished !" Son of God, thy power
 Hath triumphed in this awful hour ;
 And yet our eyes with sorrow see
 That life to us was death to thee.
- 4 "'Tis finished !" let the joyful sound
 Be heard through all the nations 'round ;
 "'Tis finished !" let the triumph rise,
 And swell the chorus of the skies.

H Y M N S.

468 (230) (*All is Well.*) 10s, 3s & 8s.

1 **M**Y Father, God ! I feel, I feel thy love,
 All is well—all is well.
 My heart is fixed, is fixed on things above,
 All is well—all is well.
 From henceforth all for Christ I give,
 Resolved in him to die or live,
 And he hath promised to receive,
 All is well—all is well.

2 This perfect love is perfect, perfect bliss,
 All is well—all is well.
 O what a joy, a heartfelt joy is this ;
 All is well—all is well.
 To hear him whisper, 'Thou art mine,
 And all in me, my child, is thine,
 O these are triumphs all divine,
 All is well—all is well.

3 Ah, what is earth, is earth, when I can sing
 All is well—all is well.
 Dark, dark, the joys that she can bring,
 All is well—all is well.
 There all is transport, light and rest,
 Then, then I am supremely blest,
 With Christ and all in him possest,
 All is well—all is well.

4 Hark ! duty calls, it calls, and I obey,
 All is well—all is well.
 What though the cross, the cross lies in the way ?
 All is well—all is well.
 Though fearful nature shrinking stand,
 Lord, I am thine, and, in thy hand,
 I'll follow on if thou command,
 All is well—all is well.

HYMNS.

- 5 Rise, rise, my soul, and onward, onward still,
 All is will—all is well.
 God shall with all, with all his fullness fill,
 All is well—all is well.
 Stronger than death, his love to thee,
 And thou to all eternity
 A monument of grace shalt be,
 All is well—all is well.

469 (231) (*Luther's Hymn.*) P. M.

- 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
 G The end of things created!
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before:
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding,
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet him.

- 3 But sinners filled with guilty fears,
 Behold his wrath prevailing;
 For they shall rise and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing:
 The day of grace is past and gone;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet him.

- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of man I see appear,
 On clouds of glory seated:

H Y M N S .

Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

470 (232) (*Praise.*) (*Lily Dale.*)

1 **I**N the rosy light of the morning bright,
Lift the voice of praise on high ;
From the lips of youth to the God of truth,
Let the joyful echoes fly.

CHO. — Sing praises, glad praises ;
Sing, children, sing ;
Let your songs arise to the lofty skies,
And exult in God our King.

2 As he looked in love from the world above,
Our distresses filled his eye ;
And, a world to save, his own Son he gave,
On the bloody tree to die.
Sing praises, &c.

3 Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled
To deliver us from woe ;
He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss ; —
Let his praises forever flow !
Sing praises, &c.

4 Now, exalted high, o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still ;
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praises, &c.

5 On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best ;
To his arm we'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure his promised rest.
Sing praises, &c.

HYMNS.

471 (233) (Praise.)

IO ! the time hastens on, soon the morning will dawn,
When the King shall in glory descend ;
We expect soon to join all the bright, holy throng,
In the kingdom that never shall end.

CHO. — O, Saviour ! dear Saviour ! O, Saviour come !
Here we mourn and we sigh, and we still ever cry,
Come and gather the faithful home.

2 All the Prophets of old saw a beautiful world,
And they looked for the same with delight ;
And Apostles have told of a city of gold,
Where the Lamb is its glorious light.
O, Saviour, &c.

3 O, we long to be there, where no sorrow or care
Can disturb that sweet, heavenly rest ;
And we hope soon to share in those beauties so rare,
In reserve for the good and the blest.
O, Saviour, &c.

4 Soon our friends we shall meet, and our lovely ones
Who so long have been slumb'ring in dust ; [greet,
'Twill be joyful and sweet, when salvation's complete,
To unite with the glad, ransomed host.
O, Saviour, &c.

5 Lo ! the Bridegroom is near, sweetly falls on the ear,
Rousing up all the virgins who sleep ;
He will shortly appear, and he'll wipe every tear
From his dear mourning children that weep.
O, Saviour, &c.

472 (233) (Praise.)

THERE'S a good time coming, it hasteth nigh,
When the pilgrim shall be blessed ;
When Christ shall reign o'er all the earth,
And give the promised rest.

HYMNS.

CHO. — Then hasten, Lord, hasten the glorious day,
When the saints shall possess thy kingdom, O Lord,
And thy will on earth be done.

2 There's a good time coming, when the curse shall
And the tree of life shall grow ; [cease,
When the earth shall smile in Eden bloom,
And the healing stream shall flow.
Then hasten, &c.

3 There's a good time coming; a glorious day,
When the righteous millions slain
Shall awake to immortality,
And with Christ forever reign.
Then hasten, &c.

4 There's a good time coming, when the tyrant shall
And the captive shall go free, [cease,
When Christ shall rule in righteousness,
And judge with equity.
Then hasten, &c.

5 There's a good time coming, when the meek shall
That the earth's dread night is o'er, [rejoice
And sickness and death, oppression and sin,
Shall be feared nor felt no more.
Then hasten, &c.

473 (234) (*Old Church Yard.*) P. M.

1 YOU will see your Lord a coming,
You will see your Lord a coming,
You will see your Lord a coming :
While the old church yards
Hear the band of music,
Hear the band of music
Hear the band of music
Which is sounding through the air

H Y M N S .

- 2 Gabriel sounds his mighty trumpet, &c.
Through the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 3 He'll awake all the nations, &c,
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 4 There will be a mighty wailing, &c.
At the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 5 O sinner, you will tremble, &c.
At the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 6 You will flee to rocks and mountains, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 7 You will see the saints arising, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 8 Angels bear them to the Saviour, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.
- 9 Then we'll shout, our sufferings over, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c,
Shall be sounding through the air.

HYMNS.

474 (235) (*Expostulation.*) 11s.

TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh,
Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive;
O, how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

475 (235) (*Greenville.*) 8s & 7s.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, — O, fix me on it! —
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be:
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!

HYMNS.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

476 (236) (*Loving Kindness.*) L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from me ;
 His loving-kindness, O, how free !
 His loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
 His loving-kindness, O, how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
 He saved me from my lost estate ;
 His loving-kindness, O, how great ! &c.
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell its way oppose ;
 He safely leads his church along :
 His loving-kindness, O, how strong ! &c.
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
 He near my soul has always stood ;
 His loving-kindness, O, how good ! &c.
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
 But though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not ; &c.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
 O, may my last, expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death ; &c.
- 7 And when earth's rightful King shall come,
 To take his ransomed people home,
 I'll sing upon that blissful shore,
 His loving-kindness evermore ; &c.

HYMNS.

478 (237) (*Voice of my Beloved.*) 11s & 8s.

- O** THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight ;
 On whom in affliction I call ;
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night ;
 My hope, my salvation, my all ;
- 2 O why should I wander, an alien from thee,
 Or cry in the desert for bread ?
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 3 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
 The star that on Israel shone ?
 Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
 And where with his flock he has gone ?
- 4 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
 His vestments shed odors around ;
 The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
 When autumn with plenty is crowned.
- 5 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the shadow of death ;
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
 The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 6 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 That waters the garden of grace ; [know,
 From which their salvation the Gentiles may
 And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 7 Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight
 Through all the bright mansions on high ;
 Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
 And praise him with fulness of joy.
- 8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word ;
 He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

HYMNS.

479 (238) (*Saviour's Call.*) 10s.

- 1 COME, at the Saviour's call ; hark ! hear him cry :
 "Turn, sinners, one and all, why will you die ?
 Why will you mercy spurn, heed not my call ?
 Sinners, turn ; sinners, turn ; I died for all."
- 2 Come, at the Spirit's call ; hasten away,
 Lest vengeance on you fall, no more delay.
 Come to the gospel stream ; drink and rejoice ;
 Sinners, turn ; sinners, turn ; make Christ your
 choice.
- 3 Hear God the Father tell what he has done !
 To save a world from death, he gave his Son !
 Jesus, to plead for us, now dwells on high ;
 Sinners, turn ; sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
- 4 Come, all ye weary souls — rest here is given, —
 Life to the dying now — then crowns in heaven ;
 Haste, then, without delay — to Jesus fly !
 Sinners, turn ; sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?

480 (238) (*Concord.*) S. M.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing .
 That never knew our God ;
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

HYMNS.

- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
Let shouts of gladness echo round,
For lo! the kingdom's nigh.

481 (239) (Concord.) S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

482 (239) (Concord.) S. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

HYMNS.

2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ,
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

483 (240) (*Victory.*) 10s.

1 **L**ONELY and weary, by sorrows opprest,
 Onward we hasten with longings for rest ;
 Bidding adieu to the world with its pride,
 Longing to dwell by Immanuel's side.
 But 'mid our pilgrimage, lo, on our eyes,
 Visions of beauty and glory arise ;
 Visions of crowns which we hope soon to wear,
 Visions of heaven !—O, we long to be there !

2 There is the city, in splendor sublime ;
 O, how its turrets and battlements shine !
 Pearls are its portals, surpassingly bright ;
 Jasper its walls, and the Lamb is its light.

HYMNS.

Pathways of gold that fair city adorn,
Glitt'ring with glory far brighter than morn;
Angels stand beck'ning us onward to share
Glory unfading — we long to be there!

- 3 Rivers are gliding 'mid unfading trees,
Songs of the blessed are borne on the breeze;
Glory-gilt mountains resplendent are seen,
Valleys and hills clad in Eden-like green:
There shall the glory of God ever be,
Filling the earth as the waves fill the sea;
There shall the ransomed, immortal, and fair,
Evermore dwell, — O, we long to be there!
- 4 There is the home of the pure and the blest:
There shall the weary be ever at rest;
There shall life's trials and sorrows be o'er;
There shall the gathered ones part nevermore;
There shall the blest be from death ever free;
There their Redeemer in beauty they'll see;
Crowns of bright glory forever they'll wear;
O, to be with them! — we long to be there!

484 (241) (Victory.) 10s.

- 1 **L**IST, ye who languish, 'mid sorrows and tears,
Voices from heaven are saluting your ears;
Voices of mercy that bid you to come,
Voices of greeting that welcome you home.
Come from your bondage, your darkness and chains,
Come from your dungeons where misery reigns,
Come from your "husks" to your Father's blest
Sad-hearted prodigal, hasten! O come! [home,
- 2 Come ye whom Satan in death doth enthrall,
Come, find in Jesus salvation for all;
Rest for the weary and hope for the lost,
Strength for the weak who by tempests are tost;

HYMNS.

Joy for the saddened and light in their gloom,
 Hope for the mourners who weep o'er the tomb,
 Balm for the wounded, for hungry souls, bread,
 Health for the dying and life for the dead.

- 3 Come to the home which by Christ is prepared,
 Come, and its glory by you shall be shared ;
 Come to life's waters, that gush now for thee,
 Come, find in Jesus salvation is free.
 O for the spirit of God from on high,
 Now in each heart, with the bride, may it cry,
 All o'er the earth, where the perishing roam,
 "Whoever will, let him come, let him come."

485 (241) (Victory.) 10s.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
 Bound for the land of bright glory and love ;
 Angelic choristers sing as I come,
 Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home !
 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
 Home to the land of the blessed I go ;
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.
- 2 Friends fondly cherished, who greet me no more,
 Soon shall I meet on the fair blissful shore,
 Chanting in triumph o'er death's chilling gloom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.
 Sounds of sweet music will fall on my ear ;
 Heavenly harpings I ever shall hear ;
 Ringing in harmony through the high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully, in my blest home.
- 3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low ;
 Strike, King of terrors, I fear not the blow ;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb :
 Joyfully, joyfully, I shall go home.

HYMNS.

Bright with the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
 Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

486 (241) (*Victory.*) 10s. (MINOR KEY.)

CHANT a dirge tearfully for our lost friend;
 C God takes so fearfully that he doth lend;
 In chaplets gracefully memories weave,
 She hath so peacefully left us to wreath.
 Mourn not her youthfulness perishing here,
 For love and truthfulness cast out her fear;
 Mourn not, thou mother, the early grave given,
 For she now rests in hope of the glories of heaven.

2 Death comes scarce welcomely to the young heart,
 He bears him so gloomily doing his part;
 He weaves such dark fearfulness round our dim sight,
 We shrink with tearfulness back to life's light.
 Bearing us carefully by life's frail way,
 O, may we prayfully watch out each day;
 And if our frames breathlessly to earth are given,
 At last with her deathlessly sit too in heaven.

487 (242) (*Mount Vernon.*) 8s & 7s.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
 S Gentle as the summer breeze,
 Pleasant as the air of evening,
 When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
 Peaceful in the grave so low;
 Thou no more wilt join our number,
 Here no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
 Here thy loss we deeply feel;
 But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
 He can all our sorrows heal.

HYMNS.

- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When mortality has fled,
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

488 (242) (*Benevento.*) 7s.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here :
 Fixed in an unchanging state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little — none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
 All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view :
 Bless thy word to young and old ;
 Send thy Spirit from above ;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 Rest securely in thy love.

489 (243) (*Benevento.*) 7s.

- 1 BLESSED Bible, precious word !
 Boon most sacred from the Lord ;
 Glory to his name be given,
 For the best rich gift from heaven.

HYMNS.

- 2 'Tis a ray of purest light,
Beaming through the depths of night;
Brighter than ten thousand gems
Of the costliest diadems.
- 3 'Tis an orb, more radiant far
Than the fairest evening star;
Yea, the sun outshining even
When it rides midway in heaven.
- 4 'Tis a fountain, pouring forth
Streams of life to gladden earth;
Whence eternal blessings flow,
Antidote for human woe.
- 5 'Tis an ocean, vast and clear,
In which rays divine appear,
Bearing freight, the choicest store
Ever borne the wide world o'er.
- 6 'Tis a mine, ay, deeper, too,
Than can mortal ever go;
Search we may for many years,
Still some new, rich gem appears.

490 (243) *(Benevento.)* 7s.

- 1 **F**AIN'T not, Christian! though the road
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous too:
Christ, thy Guide, will bear thee through.
- 2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan doth thy soul engage;
Take thee Faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle field.
- 3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin:

HYMNS.

Christ the Lord is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian ! though thy God
Smite thee with the chastening rod ;
Smite he must, with Father's care,
That he may his love declare.

6 Faint not, Christian ! Jesu's near ;
Soon in glory he'll appear,
And his love will then bestow
Victory o'er every foe.

491 (244) (*Deliverance.*)

OUR bondage it will end, by and by, when he comes ;
Our bondage it will end, when he comes ;
And from Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to glory we'll return, by and by, when he comes ;
And to glory we'll return, when he comes.

2 Our Deliv'rer he will come, by and by, by and by ;
Our Deliv'rer he will come, by and by ;
And our sorrows have an end,
When our Saviour shall descend,
And glory crown the day, by and by, when he comes ;
And glory crown the day, when he comes.

3 Tho' our enemies are strong, we'll go on, we'll go on ;
Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on ;
Though our hearts do sometimes fear,
Lo, Israel's God is near,
And the fiery pillar moves ; we'll go on, we'll go on ;
And the fiery pillar moves ; we'll go on.

4 And when to Jordan's flood we are come, we are
And when to Jordan's flood we are come, [come ;
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide, [are come !
And the ransomed hosts will shout, We are come, we
And the ransomed hosts will shout, We are come !

HYMNS.

5 There friends shall meet again, who have loved, who
have loved ;

There friends shall meet again, who have loved ;
And their union will be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet, [have loved ;
When we meet to part no more, who have loved, who
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

6 There with all thy happy throng, we'll rejoice, we'll
There with all thy happy throng, we'll rejoice, [rejoice;
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And to all eternity, we'll rejoice, we'll rejoice ;
And to all eternity, we'll rejoice.

492 (245) (*Saw ye my Saviour.*) 10s, 7s, & 9s.

1 **S**AW ye my Saviour? Saw ye my Saviour?
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
O ! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, He was extended,
Painfully nailed to the cross ;
Here he bowed his head and died ;
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Darkness prevailed, Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
And the sun refused to shine,
When his majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted and slain.

4 Hail, mighty Saviour, Hail, mighty Saviour,
Prince, and the author of peace ;
O ! he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

HYMNS.

- 5 There interceding — There interceding,
 Pleading that sinners may live,
 Crying, "Father, I have died;
 O, behold my hands and side;
 O, forgive them; I pray thee, forgive."
 6 "I will forgive them — I will forgive them,
 When they repent and believe;
 Let them now return to thee,
 And be reconciled to me,
 And salvation they all shall receive."

493 (246) (Longing.) C. M.

- 1 **O** HOW I long to see that day
 When the redeemed shall come
 To Zion, clad in white array —
 Their blissful, happy home.

CHO. — O carry me home, carry me home
 To Mount Zion!
 Then carry me home to that city of love,
 Where saints and angels dwell.

- 2 To hear the alleluias roll
 From the unnumbered throng;
 The kingdom spread from pole to pole,
 And join redemption's song.
 3 To see all Israel safe at home,
 Singing on Zion's height;
 And Jesus crowned upon his throne;
 Creation own his right.
 4 All hail! the morn of glory's nigh,
 The pilgrim longs to see;
 That dries the tear from every eye —
 Creation's jubilee!
 5 Jerusalem I long to see,
 Blest city of my King!
 And eat the fruit of Life's fair tree,
 And hear the blood-washed sing!

HYMNS.

6 My longing heart cries out, O, come !
 Creation groans for thee !
 The weary pilgrim sighs : O, come !
 Bring immortality.

494 (247) (The Chariot.) 12s.

THE chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll in fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire ;
 Lo, self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are
 bowed.

2 The glory ! the glory ! around him are poured
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord ;
 And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
 And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet ! the trumpet ! the dead have all heard ;
 Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred !
 From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the
 All the vast generations of man are come forth. [north,

4 The judgment ! the judgment ! the thrones are all set
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met ;
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word !

5 O, mercy ! O, mercy ! look down from above,
 Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love !
 When beneath to destruction the wicked are driven,
 May the kingdom of God to the righteous be given !

495 (248) (Oreb.) 7s & 4s.

1 HARK ! from yonder mount arise
 Notes of sadness — Jesus dies !
 On the cross, the Lord of lords
 Love for guilty man records ;
 Sinner, sinner !
 Hear your dying Saviour's words.

HYMNS.

2 "Mortal, for your guilt I die ;
 Guilt that dared your God defy ;
 Blood for you I freely give ;
 Death I taste that you may live ;
 Will you, sinner,
 Free salvation now receive ?

496 (248) (Harwell.) 8s, 7s & 7s.

- 1 **H**ARK, ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above :
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love.
 See, he sits on yonder throne ;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth ;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth.
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 3 King of glory, reign forever,
 Thine an everlasting crown ;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou shalt call thine own ;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away :
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Amen !

HYMNS.

497 (249) (*Harwell.*) 8s, 7s & 7s.

- 1 **H**ARK, ten thousand thousand voices
Sing the song of Jubilee ;
Earth through all her tribes rejoices,
 Broke her long captivity.
Hail, Messiah ! great Deliverer !
Hail, Messiah ! praise to thee !

- 2 Now the theme, in pealing thunders,
 Through the universe is rung ;
Now, in gentler tones, the wonders
 Of redeeming grace are sung.
Wider now, and louder rising,
Swells and soars th' enraptured strain.

- 3 While they sweep the golden lyre,
 More enchanting notes arise,
Till each anthem, wafted higher,
 Joins the chorus of the skies.
Earth's unnumbered tongues comprising,
Sound the Conqueror's praise again.

- 4 O, the rapturous, blissful story,
 Spoken to Immanuel's praise :
And the strains so full of glory,
 That immortal voices raise !
Now a sea of bliss unbounded
Spreads o'er earth from pole to pole.

- 5 While our crowns of glory casting
 At his feet, in rapture lost,
We, in anthems everlasting,
 Mingle with th' angelic host ;
Jesus reigns ! the shout is sounded,
And its joyous echoes roll.

HYMNS.

6 Yes, he reigns ; the great Messiah,
 In millennial glory crowned ;
 Israel's hope and earth's desire,
 Now triumphant and renowned.
 Hail, Messiah ! reign forever !
 Hail, Immanuel ! Lord of all !

498 (250) (*Dearest Tie.*) C. M.

1 **H**AIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
 Our glowing hearts in one,
 Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
 To harmony divine.
 It is the hope, the blissful hope
 Which Jesus' grace has given,
 The hope, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the Northern wintry blast
 Shall howl around my cot?
 What though beneath an Eastern sky
 Be cast our distant lot?
 Yet still we share the blissful hope
 Which Jesus' grace has given,
 The hope, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
 From India's burning plain,
 From Europe, from Columbia's land,
 We hope to meet again.
 It is the hope, the blissful hope
 Which Jesus' grace has given,
 The hope, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

H Y M N S.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh
 Our future meeting knows ;
 There friendship beams from every eye,
 And hope immortal glows.
 O sacred hope ! O blissful hope !
 Which Jesus' grace has given ;
 The hope, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

499 (251) (*Thou Knowest that I Love Thee.*) 7s, 6s & 4s.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, reign'st in this bosom,
 There, there hast thou thy throne,
 Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
 Am I not fondly thine own?
 O Lord, my God !
 Am I not surely thine own?

2 Speak, Lord, speak, I implore thee,
 Say, say I shall be thine ;
 Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
 Say but that thou wilt be mine.
 Jesus, my Lord !
 Say but that thou wilt be mine.

3 Faith, faith now has embraced thee,
 Hope, hope pierces the skies,
 Joy, joy now hath o'erwhelmed me,
 On wings of bright glory I rise.
 Glory, glory !
 I am forever thine own.

500 (251) (*Thou Knowest that I Love Thee.*) 7s, 6s & 4s.

1 **H**ARK ! hark ! hear the blest tidings ;
 Soon, soon, Jesus will come,
 Robed, robed in honor and glory,
 To gather his ransomed ones home :
 Yes, yes, O yes,
 To gather his ransomed ones home.

HYMNS.

- 2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly;
Sing, sing, glory to God;
Soon, soon, Jesus is coming;
Publish the tidings abroad.

- 3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending;
Shouts, shouts, filling the air;
Down, down, swiftly from heaven,
Jesus our Lord will appear.

- 4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,
Shine, shine, visions to come;
Soon, soon, we shall behold them,
Cloudless and bright in our home.

- 5 Long, long, we have been waiting,
Who, who, love his blest name;
Now, now, we are delighting,
Jesus is near to proclaim.

- 6 Still, still, rest on the promise;
Cling, cling, fast to his word;
Wait, wait, if he should tarry,
We'll patiently wait for the Lord.
Yes, yes, O yes,
We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

501 (252) (*Compassion.*) L. P. M.

- 1 **W**OULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, he prays for you and me:
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by me they live!"
O sinner, then thy Saviour see;
Remember him who died for thee.

HYMNS.

- 2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
 Thee — by thy painful agony,
 Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
 Thy cross and passion on the tree,
 Thy precious death and life — I pray,
 Take all, take all my sins away.
 O sinner, then thy Saviour see ;
 Remember him who died for thee.

502 (252) (*Angels Hovering Round!*)

- 1 **T**HERE are angels hov'ring round,
 There are angels hov'ring round,
 There are angels, angels hov'ring round, —
 2 To carry the tidings home,
 To carry the tidings home, —
 To carry, to carry the tidings home, —
 3 To the New Jerusalem,
 To the New Jerusalem,
 To the New, the New Jerusalem, —
 4 Poor sinners are coming home,
 Poor sinners are coming home,
 Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.

503 (253) (*Meekness.*) P. M.

- 1 **L**OW down in that beautiful valley,
 Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
 Where loud storms of envy and folly,
 May roll on their billows in vain ;
 СНО. — O there, there, the Lord will deliver,
 And saints drink of that beautiful river,
 Which flows peace forever and ever,
 Where love and joy will ever increase.
 2 This low vale is far from contention,
 Where no soul can dream of dissension,
 No dark wiles of evil invention,
 Can find out this region of peace.

HYMNS.

- 3 The low soul in humble subjection,
 Shall there find unshaken protection,
 The soft gales of cheering reflection
 The mind soothe in sorrow and pain.
- 4 We'll soon leave this beautiful valley,
 For joys far surpassing in glory,
 And dwell with the meek, pure and holy,
 Where sin, death, and raging storms cease.
- 5 O, there, with the King in his beauty,
 We'll drink wine, and eat hidden manna.
 And praise God forever in glory,
 While love and joy will always increase.

504 (254) (*Heavenly Home.*) 11s.

MY home is in Eden, my rest is not here ;
 Then why should I murmur when trials are near ?
 Be hushed, my dark spirit, soon Jesus will come,
 To shorten my journey and welcome me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
 And building my hopes in a region like this ;
 I look for a city which hands have not piled,
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow ;
 I would not recline upon roses below ;
 I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
 Till I find them forever in Jesus's breast.

505 (254) (*I'm Going Home.*) L. M.

1 **M**Y heavenly home is bright and fair,
 Nor pain, nor death can enter there :
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHO. — I'm going home, I'm going home,
 I'm going home to die no more ;
 To die no more, to die no more,
 I'm going home to die no more.

HYMNS.

- 2 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And, though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
I'm going home, &c.
- 3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.
- 4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
I'm going home, &c.

506 (255) (*Conference.*) C. M.

- 1 **W**HERE two or three together meet,
To seek the Lord by prayer,
The Lord is in the midst of these,
And he will surely hear.
- 2 Shine, Lord, on every soul that comes
By prayer to seek thy face,
Thou knowest our hope, our only hope,
Is grounded on thy grace.
- 3 Help us, O Lord, to ask in faith,
Take unbelief away,
And for the blessings that we need,
Give us a heart to pray.
- 4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
The contrite heart bestow,
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

HYMNS.

507 (256) (*Here is no Rest.*) 10s, 8s & 7s.

1 **H**ERE o'er the earth, as a stranger I roam;
 Here is no rest, here is no rest;
 Here, as a pilgrim, I wander alone,
 Yet I am blest, I am blest;
 For I look forward to that glorious day,
 When sin and sorrow shall vanish away;
 My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
 There, there is rest, there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around;
 Here is no rest, here is no rest;
 Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;
 Yet I am blest, I am blest;
 Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
 Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame;
 I will go forward, for this is my theme,
 There, there is rest, there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;
 Here is no rest, here is no rest;
 Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
 Yet I am blest, I am blest.
 Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
 Blessed are they who have died in the Lord,
 They shall be called to receive their reward;
 There, there is rest, there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,
 Here is no rest, here is no rest;
 Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
 Yet I am blest, I am blest;
 Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
 Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
 Soon shall I lean upon Jesus's breast,
 There, there is rest, there is rest.

HYMNS.

508 (257) (Disciple.) 8s & 7s.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art faithful, thou art true.
O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me!
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
If that love were hid from me!
- 3 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H Y M N S .

509 (258) (*Millennial Glory.*)

1

REJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom ;
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts all are blossoming.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.
The Gospel banner, wide unfurled,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
And every creature, bond or free,
Shall hail the glorious Jubilee.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

2

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing ;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear, from south to north.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing ;
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout for joy.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

3

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;
Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of peace" shall reign ;
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming ;
Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of peace" shall reign ;

HYMNS.

The sword and spear of needless worth,
 Shall prune the tree and plough the earth,
 For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
 And nations shall learn war no more.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of peace" shall reign.

510 (259) (*Come, let us Anew.*)

- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still, till the Master appear.
- 2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.
- 3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 5 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
 "I have fought my way through;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."
- 6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad
 "Well and faithfully done!" [word,
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

511 (260) (*I'm a Traveler.*) 7s & 4s.

- 1 I'M a lonely traveler here,
 Weary, opprest;
 But my journey's end is near
 Soon I shall rest.
 Dark and dreary is the way,
 Toiling I've come;
 Ask me not with you to stay;
 Yonder's my home.

H Y M N S .

2 I'm a weary traveler here,
I must go on ;
For my journey's end is near ;
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away ;
Pleasures that forever live ;
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a traveler to a land
Where all is fair ;
Where is seen no broken band ;
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad ;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I'm a traveler, and I go
Where all is fair ;
Farewell all I've loved below —
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
All I resign ;
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
If heaven be mine.

5 I'm a traveler — call me not —
Onward's my way ;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I cannot stay.
Farewell earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam ;
Hail me not — in vain you call,
Yonder's my home.

HYMNS.

512 (261) (*Canaan's Shore.*) C. M.

1 **H**O! Christian, to the rescue come;
Speed, speed the Gospel sound;
Our arduous toil will not be o'er
Till we receive the crown.

CHO.—Soon will our trials pass away,
Our sorrows all be o'er;
Our song of blest deliv'rance swell,
On Canaan's happy shore.

2 We're marching through a world of strife,
With hearts oft filled with grief;
And pray that some strong helping hand,
Will come to our relief.

3 We battle with the hosts of sin,
Our Leader bids us on;
We storm the fortress of the foe,
And vict'ry soon is won.

4 And when we reach the heavenly land,
A nobler strain we'll raise;
Redeeming love, a glorious theme,
Shall mingle in our praise.

513 (262) (*Christian Mariner.*) P. M.

1 **M**ARINER, haste! there's a threatening gale
In the darkness. List! there's a faint, sad wail.
Keep out the life-boat till day is o'er;
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.
Mariner, haste! for the tide waits not;
Tear from its mooring thy fragile bark:
Hoist every sail, for the breakers roar;
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.

2 Mariner, haste! for a witching song
Greets thine ear from the giddy throng:
Fame leaves a sting when her song is o'er;
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.

H Y M N S .

Mariner, haste from the shades of pride !
Gomorrhah and Sodom sleep side by side,
And earth's probation is almost o'er ;
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.

8 Mariner, haste ! from the love of gain,
Its votaries' wreath, and its golden chain,
And earth is mad with its shining ore,
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.
Mariner, haste ! thou art weary now,
Shadows of suffering are on thy brow ;
Fainting and weak, grasp the dipping oar —
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.

4 Seekest thou peace, where the storms come not ?
Home, where sorrows are all forgot ?
Friends that will love thee, and change no more ?
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.
Mariner, haste ! there's no time to sleep ;
Push out thy boat where the dark waters leap ;
Toil bravely on, though the wild breakers roar,
Anchor thy boat on the other shore.

514 (263) (Pisgah.) C. M.

1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven !
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my rest in heaven,
A country far from mortal sight ;
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me !

2 O, what a blessed hope is ours !
While on this earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers
And antedate that day ;

HYMNS.

We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O, would he all of heaven bestow !
Then like our Lord we'll rise ;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.
On him with rapture then I'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me ;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

515 (264) (Richland.) 11s.

DAUGHTER of Zion ! awake from thy sadness !
Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise ! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
Daughter of Zion ! &c.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far ;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them :
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
Daughter of Zion ! &c.

3 Daughter of Zion ! the power that hath sav'd thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be,
Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee.
'Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.
Daughter of Zion, &c.

516 (265) (Olney.) S. M

1 **T**HY mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind ;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

HYMNS.

- 2 His mercy and his truth,
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.
- 3 He those in justice guides,
Who his direction seek ;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.
- 4 Through all the ways of God,
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

517 (265) (Olney.) S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, Sinner, come !
The Bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, Come !
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come !
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life !
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come !
Lord, even so ; I wait thy hour :
Jesus, my Saviour, come !

518 (265) (Olney.) S. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Shepherd of the flock,
To whom the sheep belong,
Be thou our trust and confidence,
Our glory and our song.

HYMNS.

- 2 From every devious path
Our wandering feet restore ;
Be thou our constant guard and guide,
And let us stray no more.
- 3 With thirst and hunger pained,
When faint and near to die,
With living water, living bread,
Do thou our wants supply.
- 4 Here let us often taste
Of thy distinguished love,
Till we a full repast obtain
In mercies from above.

519 (265) (Olney.) S. M.

- 1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim ;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove ;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.
- 3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet ;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given ;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

520 (266) (Edinburg.) 11s.

G LAD tidings ! glad tidings ! the Kingdom is near ;
Our glorious Deliv'rer will soon, soon appear ;
In clouds of bright glory to our rescue he'll come,
And Angels will hail us to Heaven, our home.

HYMNS.

CHO.—Hallelujah, Amen,
Hallelujah, Amen,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen!

2 Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! the Kingdom is near ;
On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear ;
With harps tuned celestial, our voices we'll raise
To Jesus our Saviour, in accents of praise.

3 Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! the Kingdom is near ;
'Tis the voice of th' Archangel methinks that I hear,
Arousing the nations, awaking the dead, [laid.
From their cold, dusty pillows where long they have

4 Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! the Kingdom is near ;
Rejoice then, ye pilgrims, your redemption is near ;
The promised possession we soon shall receive,
And with Jesus in glory eternally live.

521 (267) (Zion.) 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease thy mourning :
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
He himself appears thy Friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs end ;
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.

HYMNS.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee ;
 All thy warfare now be past ;
 God thy Saviour will defend thee ;
 Victory is thine at last ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

522 (268) (Jerusalem.) C. M.

1 **L**O, what a glorious sight appears,
 To our believing eyes ;
 The earth and seas are passed away,
 And the old rolling skies !

CHO. — O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 O, that will be joyful,
 When we meet to part no more,
 When we meet to part no more,
 On Canaan's happy shore ;
 'Tis there we'll meet at Jesus' feet,
 When we meet to part no more.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
 That holy, happy place ;
 The New Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing,
 " Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King !

4 " The God of glory down to men
 Removes his blest abode ;
 Men are the objects of his love,
 And he their gracious God.

5 " His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye ;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
 And death itself shall die."

HYMNS.

- 6 How bright the vision ! O, how long
 Shall this glad hour delay ?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day !

523 (269) (*God Speed the Truth.*) 8s & 4s.

1 **N**OW to heaven our prayers ascending,
 God speed the truth !
 In a noble cause contending,
 God speed the truth !
 Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
 In the better land rewarded,
 God speed the truth !

2 Be that prayer again repeated,
 God speed the truth !
 Ne'er despairing, ne'er defeated,
 God speed the truth !
 With the good in sacred story,
 We shall reign in fadeless glory,
 God speed the truth !

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the truth !
 Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
 God speed the truth !
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heaven's own time succeeding,
 God speed the truth !

4 Still, our onward course pursuing,
 God speed the truth !
 Every foe at length subduing,
 God speed the truth !
 Truth thy cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it,
 God speed the truth !

HYMNS.

524 (270) (*Resurrection Morning.*)

- 1 **G**LORY to God! the night is almost o'er,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning,
Soon shall we meet on Eden's blissful shore,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning.

CHO.—In the morning, in the morning,
In the resurrection morning,
Sweetly we'll sing the praises of our King,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning.

- 2 Jesus is coming, soon he'll rend the sky,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning,
Lift up your heads, redemption draweth nigh,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning.
- 3 Soon we shall rest where living waters flow,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning,
Sickness and sorrow never more to know,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning.
- 4 Come, blessed Saviour, come, O quickly come,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning,
Take us, we pray, to glory's fadeless home,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning.

525 (271) (*Commuck.*) P. M.

- 1 **I**F I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake,
And shine a pure image of thee,
Then I shall be satisfied when I can break
The fetters of flesh and be free.
- 2 I know this stained tablet must first be washed
To let thy bright features be drawn; [white,
I know I must suffer the darkness of night,
To welcome the coming of dawn.
- 3 O! I shall be satisfied when I can cast
The shadow of nature all by, [passed,
When this cold, dreary world from my vision is
To dwell 'neath an unclouded sky.

HYMNS.

4 I now feel the blest morning begins to draw near,
When time's dreary fancy shall fade,
If then in thy likeness I may but appear,
In glory and beauty arrayed.

5 To see thee in glory, O Lord, as thou art,
Freed from mortal, perishing clay,
My spirit is longing to be where thou art,
And sighs for the dawn of that day.

6 And when on thine own image in me thou hast
Within thy blest mansion, and when [smiled,
The arms of my Father encircle his child,
O ! I shall be satisfied then.

526 (272) (*Come to Jesus.*) *Chorus.*

COME to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus !
Come to Jesus, come !

Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus !
Come to Jesus, come !

Come to Jesus, sinner, come !

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you !
Come to Jesus, come !

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you !
Come to Jesus, come !
Come to Jesus, sinner, come !

(*Just Now.*) *Chorus.*

COME to Jesus ! Come to Jesus ! Come to Jesus !
Just now ; just now !

Come to Jesus ! Come to Jesus !
Just now !

527 (273) (*Advent Call.*) 7s & 6s.

1 REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear ;
The evening is advancing,
The midnight now is near.

HYMNS.

The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh ;
Up, up, and watch, and wrestle ;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil ;
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain,
Proclaim the Bridegroom near ;
Go meet him as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in the songs of glory,
They meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The doors wide open stand ;
Be ready, then, to meet him,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Ye saints, who here in patience,
Your cross and suff'rings bore,
Shall live and reign forever,
When sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold ;
In triumph cast before him,
Your diadems of gold.

5 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus ! now appear ;
Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.

HYMNS.

With heart and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee !

528 (274) (Corydon.) 8s.

- 1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear ;
We soon shall recover our home ;
The city of saints shall appear ;
The day of eternity come.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the live-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord.
- 3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here ;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear.
- 4 The saints in God's presence receive
Their great and eternal reward ;
With Jesus forever they live,
And reign on the earth with their Lord.

529 (274) (Corydon.) 8s.

- 1 **H**OW sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near !
The soul that can trust thee is blest ;
Thy smiles bring me freedom from fear.
- 2 The Lord has in kindness declared
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.
- 3 This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.

HYMNS.

- 4 O Saviour, the promise fulfil ;
Its comforts impart to my mind ;
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resigned.

530 (275) (*Midnight Cry.*)

- 1 **T**HE midnight cry in mercy sounds,
The faithful watchman lifts his voice ;
Its thrilling tones re-echo round,
To bid the saints rejoice.
Then, virgins, rise, break forth and sing
The glorious advent of your King !
The midnight cry in mercy sounds,
Go forth to meet your Lord !
- 2 Blow ! watchman, blow a certain sound,
For dark and dangerous is the night,
And daring scoffers thicken round ;
The evil servants smite.
The faithful ones strict watch-care keep,
With lamps well-trimmed, nor can they sleep ;
The midnight cry in mercy sounds,
Go forth to meet your Lord !
- 3 Though midnight hour, God's word shed's light,
Its shining rays dispel the gloom ;
The path to glory now grows bright,
'The King is coming soon.
Then tune your harps once more, and sing
Your sweetest strains to Zion's King ;
The midnight cry in mercy sounds,
Go forth to meet your Lord !
- 4 Behold ! he comes, the mighty One ;
Ye virgins, rise ! go forth and meet ;
Dry up your tears, the Bridegroom comes,
His weeping bride to greet.

HYMNS.

The trumpet sounds, the day has broke,
The living changed, the dead awoke,
To blend their songs in gushing strains ;
All hail, Messiah reigns !

531 (276) (*The Eden Land.*) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **W**E seek a land all summer bright,
With fadeless beauty glowing,
Where earth is robed with endless light,
And crystal streams are flowing ;
Where perfumed zephyrs fan the hills,
And wave the star-eyed flowers,
Whose ever-breathing fragrance fills
Fair Eden's sunny bowers.

CHO. — Then on, press on, till the morning dawn ;
Our glorious home is nearing ;
We'll shout the crown and kingdom won,
At Jesus' bright appearing.

- 2 The heaven-built city there unbars
Her massive gem-set portals,
And, brighter than ten thousand stars,
Shine God's white-robed immortals
With palms of vict'ry waving high,
They sing Love's wondrous story ;
They wake the harps of sounding joy,
And reign in endless glory.

CHO. — Then on, press on, &c.

- 3 We're journeying to that Eden land,
Through Sorrow's swelling ocean,
But soon we'll gain the shining strand,
Beyond the waves' commotion.
Soon morn will flush the orient skies,
With golden radiance streaming ;
The Sun of Righteousness arise,
O'er earth and heaven beaming.

CHO. — Then on, press on, &c.

HYMNS.

532 (277) (*Jesus is Mine.*) 6s & 4s.

1 **P**ASS away, earthly joys,
 Jesus is mine !
 Break away, mortal ties,
 Jesus is mine !
 Dark is the wilderness,
 Absent the resting place ;
 Jesus alone can bless ;
 Jesus is mine !

2 Tempt not my soul away,
 Jesus is mine !
 Here would I ever stay,
 Jesus is mine !
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away,
 Jesus is mine !

3 Fare ye well, dreams of night,
 Jesus is mine !
 Mine is a dawning light,
 Jesus is mine !
 All that my soul has tried
 Left but an aching void ;
 Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine !

4 Farewell, mortality !
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome, eternity !
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome, ye scenes of rest !
 Welcome, ye mansions blest !
 Welcome, a Saviour's breast !
 Jesus is mine !

HYMNS.

533 (278) (*Zion's Pilgrim.*) 11s & 8s.

- I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2 His love from eternity fixed upon you,
Broke forth and discovered its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he drew,
And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O, had not he pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt ;
You all would have lived, would have died too, in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight ?
'Twas "Even so, Father," you ever must sing,
"Because it seemed good in thy sight."
- 5 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs ;
Be yours the high joy still to sound his great fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

534 (279) (*Home Altar.*) 8s.

- 1 **I**NSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian divine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.
- 2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 3 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand ;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

HYMNS.

- 4 He smiles, and his comforts abound,
His grace as the dew shall descend !
And walls of salvation surround,
The soul he delights to defend.

535 (280) (*World of Beauty.*)

- 1 I HAVE read of a world of beauty,
Where there is no gloomy night,
Where love is the mainspring of duty,
And God the fountain of light.

CHO. — And I long to be there,
In that Eden so fair ;
I long, O, I long to be there !

- 2 I have read of its flowing river,
That bursts from beneath the throne,
And the beautiful trees that ever,
Are found on its banks alone.

- 3 O to dwell in that land of glory,
And to breathe its balmy air,
While we sing Love's wondrous story,
And shout with the ransomed there !

536 (281) (*Adoration.*) P. M.

- 1 WORSHIP, and thanks, and blessing,
And strength ascribe to Jesus,
Jesus alone defends his own,
When earth and foes oppress us.
Jesus, with joy we witness,
Almighty to deliver ;
Our seals set, too, that God is true,
And reigns a King forever.

- 2 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation ;

HYMNS.

The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

3 Omnipotent Redeemer,
 Our ransomed souls adore thee ;
 Our Saviour thou, we find it now,
 And give thee all the glory ;
 We sing thine arm unshortened,
 Brought through our sore temptation ;
 With heart and voice in thee rejoice,
 The God of our salvation.

4 The world's and Satan's malice,
 Thou, Jesus, hast confounded ;
 And by thy grace with songs of praise
 Our happy souls resounded.
 Accepting our deliv'rance,
 We triumph in thy favor ;
 And for the love which now we prove,
 Shall praise thy name forever.

537 (282) (Evan.) 8s & 4s.

1 **T**HERE'S a friend above all others,
 O how he loves !
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 O, how he loves !
 Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
 This day kind, the next bereave us,
 But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
 O, how he loves !

2 Blessed Jesus ! would'st thou know him,
 O, how he loves !
 Give thyself e'en this day to him,
 O, how he loves !

H Y M N S .

Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
Unbelief and trials tease thee,
Jesus can from all release thee,
O, how he loves !

3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,
O, how he loves !
Dost thou love? He will not leave thee,
O, how he loves !
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
O, how he loves !

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
O, how he loves !
Backward all thy foes be driven,
O, how he loves !
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee,
O, how he loves !

5 Pause, my soul ! adore and wonder,
O, how he loves !
Nought can cleave this love asunder,
O, how he loves !
Neither trial nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation,
O, how he loves !

6 Let us still this love be viewing,
O, how he loves !
And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
O, how he loves !

HYMNS.

He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when passed o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song forever,
O, how he loves !

538 (283) (*Jesus' Love.*) 8s & 7s.

1 **G**LORY to Jesus for his love,
Flowing to every nation,
Bowels of sweet compassion move,
Offering free salvation.
Here may the poor, the lame, the blind,
Every needed blessing find ;
Justice and mercy here combine,
Offering free salvation.

2 Sinners, repair to Jesus' arms ;
Why will you slight his favor ?
Now he invites you to his charms,
Willing to be your Saviour.
O, that you would on him believe,
All your transgressions he'll forgive ;
Comfort and peace shall you receive,
Flowing from Christ forever.

3 Now is the time, no more delay,
Fly from the path of nature ;
Fear not what scoffing sinners say,
Yield to your great Creator.
So shall your dying souls obtain
Freedom from all your guilt and pain ;
So shall you soon in glory reign,
Praising your great Creator.

4 Then shall the starry welkin ring,
"Glory to God our Saviour !"
Angels and saints shall join to sing
Praises for all his favor.

HYMNS.

Then shall the theme of perfect love,
Flowing from the Great Source above,
Every tuneful passion move,
Praising the Lord forever.

539 (284) (*Just as I Am.*)

- 1 **J**UST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am — though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am — thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am — thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down,
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

540 (284) (*Sweet Story of Old.*) 11s & 9s.

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

H Y M N S .

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall smile when he comes from above.

4 That beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven, —
I hope with my playmates forever to share,
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

541 (286) (*Come, and Reign.*)

1 COME and reign ; come and reign,
O Jesus, on thy throne ;
And O, it fills my heart with joy
To know we're almost home.
Here I drop the falling tear,
As, pilgrim-like, I roam,
An exile from my Father's house ;
But soon he'll call me home.
CHO. — Come, and reign, &c.

2 Here I grieve the friends I love,
And they in turn grieve me ;
But O, my Father, grant me grace,
That I may not grieve thee.
Come, and reign, &c.

3 Here disease invades our frames,
We wither, droop, and die ;
But there eternal youth shall bloom,
And bright shall beam each eye.
Come, and reign, &c.

HYMNS.

- 4 Here we meet and part again,
 As round and round we roam;
 But there we'll meet and part no more,
 And sweetly rest at home.
 Come, and reign, &c.

542 (287) (*Remember me, my God.*) S. M.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER me, my God,
 Who all my needs can see;
 In every ill and every woe,
 I pray remember me.
- 2 Remember me, my God,
 By sin and woe opprest;
 O hold me up beneath my load,
 And give me peace and rest.
- 3 If sickness sore o'ertake,
 And pain my portion be,
 Then, Saviour, for thy mercy's sake,
 I pray remember me.
- 4 Remember me, my God
 When at thy great white throne
 The trembling world awaits thy nod,
 O claim me as thine own.
- 5 My God, remember me,
 To thee I lift my eyes,
 O grant that I at last may be
 With thee in Paradise.

543 (287) (*Deliverance.*) S. M.

- 1 **O** TO behold the day,
 When from earth's toil and strife,
 Our Lord shall call us hence away,
 To reign with him in life.
- 2 Here, Lord, 'mid tears and sighs,
 'Mid curse and death we roam,
 O come, dear Saviour, from on high,
 And take thy people home.

HYMNS.

- 3 Then shall we be at rest,
 Our doubts and dangers o'er,
 With endless peace and glory blest
 We ne'er shall wander more.
- 4 How sweet that glad repose,
 With all the pure and free,
 Where life's bright crystal river flows,
 Where spreads life's healing tree.

544 (287) (*God is Love.*) S. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, how shall I sing?
 The praise of love divine,
 The love that did salvation bring
 To dying souls like mine.
- 2 In guilt and blood I lay,
 Unpitied, stained, defiled;
 But Jesus washed my sins away,
 And on me kindly smiled.
- 3 While here 'mid countless foes,
 In deserts dark I roam,
 Thy love still guides me as I go,
 And shall conduct me home.
- 4 And when around the throne,
 With all the blest I sing,
 Thy love shall be of every joy
 The never failing spring.

545 (288) (*The Voice of Free Grace.*)

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain;

For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
 For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
 His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

CHO. — Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased
 our pardon;

We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

HYMNS.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given ;
 Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven ;
 Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.

3 O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious ;
 O'er sin, death, and hell, thou'lt make us victorious :
 Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
 And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.

4 As on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands, we'll praise evermore ;
 We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
 And sing of redemption forever and ever.

546 (290) (*Jesus is There.*)

1 **H**ASTE, my dull soul, arise,
 Shake off thy care ;
 Press for the promised prize,
 Mighty in prayer.
 Christ, he has gone before,
 Count all thy sufferings o'er ;
 He all thy burdens bore —
 Jesus is there.

2 Souls for the marriage feast,
 Robed and prepared ; —
 Holy must be such guests ;
 Jesus is there !
 Saints, wear your victory palms,
 Chant your celestial psalms ;
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms
 O ! let me wear.

3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure —
 Jesus is there !
 Heaven's bliss is ever sure —
 Thou art its heir.

HYMNS.

What makes its joys complete —
 What makes its hymns so sweet ;
 There we our friends will greet —
 Jesus is there.

547 (291) (*Lord's Prayer.*) C. M.

- 1 OUR Father who in heaven art,
 Hallowed be thy name ;
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
 In heaven and earth the same.
 Come, my Saviour, O, my Saviour,
 Come and bless thy people now,
 While at thy feet we humbly bow,
 O come and save us now.
 Then will we sing our sufferings o'er,
 And praise thee evermore.
- 2 Give us this day our daily bread ;
 Our trespasses forgive ;
 As we forgive our fellow-men,
 May we thy grace receive.
 Come, my Saviour, &c.
- 3 And in temptation leave us not ;
 From evil us defend ;
 For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is,
 For ever, without end.
 Come, my Saviour, &c.
- 4 Thine is the power, O Lord, to bring
 The kingdom down to men ;
 Thine is the glory evermore,
 And kingdom without end.
 Come, my Saviour, &c.
- 5 In that glad day shall all thy saints
 A joyful tribute bring,
 Of praise and power, of joy and song,
 To their exalted king.
 Come, my Saviour, &c.

HYMNS.

548 (292) (Pilgrim.) P. M.

- 1 I'M a pilgrim and I'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;
Do not detain me, for I am going,
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
- 2 There the glory is ever shining !
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there ;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary,
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 3 There's the city to which I journey ;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light !
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying !
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 4 Farewell, neighbors, with tears I've warned you,
I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone !
With this your portion, your heart's desire —
Why will you perish in raging fire ?
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 5 Father, mother and sister, brother !
If you will not journey with me I must go !
Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,
Should I too linger and with you perish ?
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, &c.
- 6 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed !
He who has formed thee, will soon restore thee !
And then thy dread curse shall never more be —
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger
Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.

HYMNS.

549 (293) (*Eden's Bowers.*)

1 **I**N Eden's bowers so lovely,
 Where oft we yet shall stray,
 Where glittering fountains gushing,
 Shines one eternal day,
 Shines one eternal day;
 And ne'er forget will I,
 And for Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
 I would lay me down and die.

2 There gentle breezes ever
 Will fan the victor's brow;
 There songs of heavenly concert
 Fill the ever present now,
 Fill the ever present now;
 To be there still I cry,
 And for Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
 I would lay me down and die.

3 There trees of life are growing,
 In the Paradise of God;
 There the stream of life is flowing,
 In the midst of that abode,
 In the midst of that abode;
 To be there I will try,
 And for Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
 I would lay me down and die.

4 There is pleasure never dying,
 At thy right hand, O Lord;
 There's Christ our living Saviour,
 His glory we'll behold;
 His glory we'll behold,
 Who sits enthroned on high;
 Yes, 'tis Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
 Who for us came down to die.

HYMNS.

550 (294) (*The Last Call.*)

1 'TIS the last call of mercy
That lingers for thee ;
O, sinner, receive it ;
To Jesus now flee !
He often has called thee,
But thou hast refused !
His offered salvation
And love is abused.

2 If thou slightest this warning,
Now offered at last,
Thine will be the sad mourning—
“ The harvest is past ;
Salvation I've slighted,
The summer is o'er,
And now there is pardon,
Sweet pardon, no more.”

3 'Tis the last call of mercy,
O, turn not away ;
For now swiftly hasteth
The dread vengeance day !
The Spirit invites you,
And pleads with you, come !
O, come to Life's waters,
Nor thirstingly roam.

4 'Tis the last call of mercy,
O, steel not thy heart ;
For now she is rising
From earth to depart !
The Bride is now calling—
“ Ye thirsty souls, come ! ”
O, come with the ransomed ;
In heaven there's room !

HYMNS.

5 'T is the last call of mercy
 That lingers for thee ;
 Break away from thy bondage,
 O, sinner, be free !
 Be not a sad mourner —
 “ The harvest is past,
 The summer is ended ” —
 And perish at last !

551 (295) (*Beautiful Zion.*)

- 1 BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
 Beautiful city that I love,
 Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 Beautiful temple—God its light ;
 He who was slain on Calvary,
 Opens those pearly gates to me.

- 2 Beautiful heaven where all is light,
 Beautiful angels clothed in white,
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir ;
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

- 3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there ;
 Thither I press with eager feet,
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.

- 4 Beautiful throne of Christ, our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing,
 Beautiful rest, all wand'rings cease,
 Beautiful home in perfect peace ;
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
 Haste to this heavenly home with me.

HYMNS.

552 (296) (*Way to Canaan.*) C. M

- 1 I'M on my way to Canaan,
I bid this world farewell;
Come on, my fellow travelers,
In spite of earth and hell.
Though Satan's army rages hard,
And all his hosts combine,
Yet Scripture doth engage the sword,
And strength of love divine.
- 2 I'll blow the gospel trumpet loud,
And on the nations call;
For Christ hath me commissioned
To say he died for all.
Come try his grace, come prove him now,
You shall the gift obtain;
He will not send you empty 'way,
Nor let you come in vain.
- 3 My soul looks up and sees him smile,
While he the blessing sends;
And I am thinking all the while —
“When will this journey end?”
I contemplate it can't be long
Till he will come again;
Then I shall join the heavenly throng,
And in his kingdom reign.
- 4 “But stop,” says Patience, “wait awhile,
The crown's for those who fight;
The prize for those who run the race
By faith and not by sight.”
Then Faith doth take a pleasing view,
Hope waits, Love sits and sings;
Desire flutters to be gone,
But Patience clips her wings.

HYMNS.

553 (297) (*O, Come to Reign.*) P. M.

1 MARK that pilgrim — lowly bending
At the shrine of prayer ascending,
Praise and sighs together blending
From his lips in mournful strain ;
Glowing with sincere contrition,
And with childlike, blest submission,
Ever riseth this petition —
“Jesus, come — O, come to reign.”

2 List again ! — the low earth sigheth,
And the blood of martyrs crieth
From its bosom where there lieth
Millions upon millions slain :
“Lord, how long, ere thy word given,
All the wicked shall be driven
From the earth by bolts of Heaven?
Jesus, come — O, come to reign.”

3 Kingdoms now are reeling, falling,
Nations lie in woe appalling,
On their sages vainly calling
All these wonders to explain ;
While the slain around are lying,
God’s own little flock are sighing,
And in secret places crying,
Jesus, come — O, come to reign.”

4 Here the wicked live securely,
Of to-morrow boasting surely,
While from those who’re walking purely
They extort dishonest gain ;
Yea, the meek are burdened, driven ;
Want and care to them are given,
But they lift the cry to heaven,
“Jesus come — O, come to reign.”

HYMNS.

- 5 Christian, CHEER THEE — land is nearing ;
 Still be hopeful — nothing fearing ;
 Soon, in majesty appearing,
 You'll behold the Lamb once slain ;
 O how joyful then to hear him,
 While all nations shall revere him,
 Saying to his flock who fear him,
“ I have come — on earth to reign.”

554 (298) (*I Long to be There.*) 11s.

IN the midst of temptation, and sorrow, and strife,
 And evils unnumbered, of this bitter life,
 I look to a blessed earth, free from all care,
 The kingdom of Jesus, and long to be there,
 Long to be there, long to be there, long to be there,
 The kingdom of Jesus, and long to be there !

2 When poverty presses, and foes do surround,
 And clouds of thick darkness do hover around
 The pathway to glory which Christ did prepare,
 I look for his coming, and long to be there !

3 When the wicked are scoffing, — because I believe
 The Saviour is coming, my pains to relieve, —
 I weep for their folly, and bow in deep prayer
 For Christ's coming kingdom, and long to be there !

4 I long to be there ! and the thought that 't is near
 Makes me almost impatient for Christ to appear,
 And fit up that dwelling of glories so rare,
 The earth robed in beauty, I long to be there !

555 (299) (*Paradise.*) 6s.

- 1 O EXILED Paradise,
 O, how we long for thee !
 When wilt thou robe the earth ?
 When plant Life's “ healing ” tree ?

H Y M N S.

Thou hast fresh blooming vales,
Where glitt'ring fountains play,
And sweet sequestered dales,
Hid in thy groves away !
O, for thy smiling hills,
With gush of clear cascade !
Forever flowing rills,
By living waters made !

2 O, for thy fragrant flowers
That bloom through all the year ;
O, for thy rosy bowers,
The " wilderness " to cheer !
To thee we shall " return,
And to Mount Zion come ! "
With songs sing joyfully,
" And shout the harvest home ! "
Awake the harp and lute,
In praises to the King
Who reigns on David's throne ;
To him hosannas bring !

3 Jesus shall ever reign !
When his bright kingdom comes
The sun shall be ashamed
Before his dazzling thrones !
The moon confounded then,
Shall hide her silver ray,
And saints of every age
Rejoice in glorious day !
O, exiled Paradise,
O, how we long for thee !
Robe thou anew the earth,
Bring back Life's healing tree !

HYMNS.

556 (300) (*Glorious Treasure.*) 10s & 8s.

1 RELIGION is a glorious treasure,
 The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
 It fills the mind with consolation,
 It lifts the heart to things above ;
 It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows,
 It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea,
 'T is mixed with goodness, meek, humble, patient ;
 This heavenly portion mine shall be.

2 How vain, how fleeting, how transitory !
 This world, with all its pomp and show,
 Its vain delights and delusive pleasures,
 I gladly leave them all below ;
 But grace and glory shall be my story,
 While I in Jesus such beauties see ;
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion mine shall be.

3 This earthly house shall be dissolved,
 And mortal life shall soon be o'er —
 All earthly cares and earthly sorrows
 Shall pain my heart and eyes no more ;
 Yet "pure religion" remains forever,
 And strengthened my glad heart shall be ;
 While endless ages are onward rolling,
 This heavenly portion mine shall be.

557 (301) (*The Shining Shore.*) 8s & 7s.

1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger ;
 For O ! we stand on Jordan's strand,
 And soon we'll all pass over,
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

HYMNS.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant homes discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning —
For, O ! we stand, &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For, O ! we stand, &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says Come, and there's our home,
Forever, O forever !
For, O ! we stand, &c.

558 (302) (*The Great Physician.*) 7s & 6s.

1 **H**OW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole ;
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul :
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin ;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within :
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined ;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

HYMNS.

3 From men great skill professing,
 I sought a cure to gain ;
 But this proved more distressing,
 And added to my pain ;
 Some said that nothing ailed me,
 Some gave me up for lost ;
 Thus every refuge failed me,
 And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length this great Physician,
 (How matchless is his grace !)
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had sealed ;
 Then bade me look unto him ;
 I looked, and I was healed !

5 A dying, risen Jesus
 Seen by an eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death.
 Come, then, to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition —
 'Tis only look and live.

559 (303) (*Gospel Freedom.*) 8s & 7s

1 YE who know your sins forgiven,
 And are happy in the Lord,
 Have you read that gracious promise,
 Which is left upon record?
 I will sprinkle you with water,
 I will cleanse you from all sin ;
 Sanctify and make you holy,
 I will dwell and reign within.

HYMNS.

2 Though you have much peace and comfort,
 Greater things you yet may find,
 Freedom from unholy tempers,
 Freedom from the carnal mind.
 To procure your perfect freedom,
 Jesus suffered, groaned and died ;
 On the cross, the healing fountain
 Gushed from his wounded side.

3 Be as holy and as happy,
 And as useful here below,
 As it is your Father's pleasure ;
 Jesus, only Jesus know.
 None but holy ones can enter
 To the pure celestial sphere ;
 Let me ask the solemn question,
 Has the Lord a witness here?

560 (304) (*O, When Shall I See Jesus?*) 7s & 6s.

1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And in his kingdom dwell ;
 Partake its rest eternal,
 Its songs triumphant swell?
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And, with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier ;
 My Captain's gone before ;
 He's given me my orders,
 And bids me not give o'er :
 If I continue faithful,
 A righteous crown he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

HYMNS.

- 3 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
 The Saviour's face behold ;
 Our feet, no more diverted,
 Shall walk the streets of gold ;
 Our ears shall hear with transport
 The hosts celestial sing ;
 Our tongues shall chant the glory
 Of our immortal King.

561 (305) (*Lament.*) C. M.

- 1 **O** BLISSFUL day of promise blest,
 We long to share thy peace,
 When pain and every ill shall end,
 And pleasures never cease, —
 When rapt'rous joy, like holy fire,
 Shall swell our song of praise,
 And every wond'ring, grateful heart,
 Extol thy work of grace.
- 2 Redeemed beyond the reach of sin,
 Victorious o'er the grave,
 The ransomed shall with angel tongues
 Adore thy power to save.
 Thy wond'rous love shall keep each heart
 In sweetest union bound,
 And naught shall ever cause a tear,
 For grief will ne'er be found.
- 3 There crowns of glory, gemmed with light,
 The gifts from Christ's own hand,
 Shall every princely saint adorn
 Within the promised land, —
 To golden lyres each voice shall tune
 An anthem sweet and long, —
 "To Christ, who saved us by his blood,
 All glory shall belong."

HYMNS.

- 4 O, glorious day, with haste draw near,
 For we would share thy rest ;
 We long, from every evil freed,
 To be supremely blest.
 O, shed thy beams of glory forth,
 Dispel this gloomy night,
 And let the earth renewed rejoice
 To see thy welcome light.

562 (306) (*Millennial Dawn.*) 7s & 6s.

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, our Saviour,
 Wilt thou remain away?
 Our hearts are growing weary
 Of thy so long delay ;
 O, when shall come the moment
 When, brighter far than morn,
 The sunshine of thy glory
 Shall on thy people dawn?
- 2 How long, O gracious Master,
 Wilt thou thy household leave?
 So long hast thou now tarried,
 Few thy return believe.
 Immersed in sloth and folly,
 Thy servants, Lord, we see ;
 And few of us stand ready
 With joy to welcome thee.
- 3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom !
 How long wilt thou delay?
 And yet how few are grieving
 That thou dost absent stay !
 The very bride her portion
 And calling hath forgot,
 And seeks for ease and glory
 Where thou, her Lord, art not.

HYMNS.

4 O, wake thy slumb'ring virgins !
 Send forth the solemn cry,
 Let all thy saints repeat it,
 "The Bridegroom draweth nigh !"
 May all our lamps be burning,
 Our loins well girded be,
 Each longing heart preparing
 With joy thy face to see.

563 (307) (*Alarm.*)

- 1 WE are living, we are dwelling,
 In a grand and awful time ;
 In an age on ages telling,
 To be living is sublime.
 Hark ! the waking up of nations,
 Gog and Magog to the fray ;
 Hark ! what soundeth ? is creation
 Groaning for its latter day ?
- 2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
 With your music and your wine ?
 Up ! it is Jehovah's rally !
 God's own arm hath need of thine.
 Hark ! the onset ! will ye fold your
 Faith-clad arms in lazy lock ?
 Up ! O up, thou drowsy soldier ;
 Worlds are charging to the shock.
- 3 Worlds are charging — heaven beholding ;
 Thou hast but an hour to fight ;
 Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On — right onward, for the right.
 O, let all the soul within you
 For the truth's sake go abroad !
 Strike ! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages — tell for God !

HYMNS.

564 (308) (*Bower of Prayer.*) 11s.

TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
And go from my home, affects not my heart,
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day,
From that blest retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have
spread,

And woven their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.

3 The early shrill notes of a loved nightingale
That dwelt in the bower, I observed as a bell
To call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sang anthems of praises while I went to prayer.

565 (309) (*My Mother's Last Gift.*) C. M.

1 **T**HIS book is all that's left me now!

Tears will unbidden start;
With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart;
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

2 Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

3 My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear—
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear.

HYMNS.

Her angel face—I see it yet!
 What thronging memories come!
 Again that little group is met
 Within the walls of home.

- 4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 When all were false I've found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasure give,
 That could this volume buy—
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

566 (310) (*Warning.*) 11s & 5s.

AH! guilty sinner, ruined by transgression,
 What shall thy doom be, when, array'd in terror,
 God shall command thee, covered with pollution,
 Up to the judgment?

2 Oft has he called thee, but thou wouldst not hear him;
 Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted;
 Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded
 Waits to embrace thee.

3 Come, then, poor sinner; come away this moment,
 Just as you are; come, filthy and polluted;
 Come to the fountain open for uncleanness;
 Jesus invites you.

4 But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
 Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
 Mercy, grown weary, shall, in righteous judgment,
 Quit you for ever.

5 Then you shall call, but he will not regard you;
 Seek for his favor, yet shall never find it;
 Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence,
 Deep in their caverns.

HYMNS.

6 O, guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;
So shall you fearless meet, with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment!

567 (311) (*Christian Band.*) P. M.

1 COME, Christian soldiers,
Join in our band,
March for the kingdom,
Our promised land:
Fearless of danger,
Onward we roam;
Jesus our leader is,
Soon we'll be home.

CHO. — We're a Christian Pilgrim band,
Guided by a Saviour's hand;
Soon we'll reach our Father-land,
No more to roam.

2 Hark to the voices,
Bidding us come!
Angels rejoicing,
Beckon us home:
No more shall sadness
Or sorrow oppress;
Come, Christian Pilgrim band,
There shall we rest.

3 Soon we shall never
Know sorrow more,
But blest forever,
God's love shall share;
Soon shall we see him
In his blest home,
Ever still praising him
Ages to come.

HYMNS.

568 (312)

(*Rapture.*)

6s & 9s.

1 **H**OW happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above !
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the **Lamb** ;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name !

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing **more**
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song ;
O that all his salvation might see !
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

HYMNS.

569 (313) (*Risen Saviour.*) C. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the opening tomb ;
Where once the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom.
O weep no more the Saviour slain !
The Lord is risen — he lives again.
- 2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
“ Behold the place — he is not here,”
The tomb is all unbarred :
The gates of death were closed in vain ;
The Lord is risen — he lives again.
- 3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend :
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

570 (314) (*Bible Leads to Glory.*)

- 1 **M**Y Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

CHO.—Sing on, pray on, ye followers of Immanuel ;
Sing on, pray on, ye followers of the Lamb.

- 2 I'm on my way to glory, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.
- 3 I'm fighting for a kingdom, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.
- 4 We'll have a shout in glory, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.
- 5 There we shall live forever, &c.
Sing on, pray on, &c.

HYMNS.

571 (315) (Gethsemane.) 11s.

WHILE nature was sinking in silence to rest,
And the last beams of daylight were dim in the
I strayed in the twilight unconscious away, [west,
In deep meditation where'er my path lay.

2 I passed near a garden ; there fell on my ear
A voice of deep anguish from One that was there ;
The tones of his agony melted my heart,
While earnestly pleading the lost sinner's part.

3 In offering to heaven his strong, matchless prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner must bear ;
His life as a ransom he offered to give,
That sinners, redeemed, in glory might live.

4 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,
'That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and
I wept to behold him, and asked his name ; [tears !
He answered, "'Tis Jesus — from heaven I came.

5 " I am thy Redeemer — for thee I must die ;
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by ;
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee ! "

6 I heard with attention the tale of his woe,
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow ;
The cause of his sorrow to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

7 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
Lord, save, or I perish ! O save, or I die ! "
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me, " Live !
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive. "

8 How sweet was that language ! it made me rejoice !
His smile, O, how pleasant ! how cheering his voice !
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad ;
I shouted, " Salvation ! O, glory to God ! "

HYMNS.

9 I'm now on my journey to mansions so bright,
My soul full of glory, of peace, love and light !
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the tears,
And that loving stranger who banished my fears.

10 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall sound ;
My soul then in raptures of glory will rise,
To gaze on that stranger with unclouded eyes.

572 (316) (*Antioch.*) C. M.

1 **J** OY to the world ! the Lord will come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world ! the Lord shall reign !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more shall sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He'll rule the world with truth and grace,
And make the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

573 (317) (*Antioch.*) C. M.

1 **H** OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

HYMNS.

3 Jesus, our Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring.

4 Weak is the effort of each heart,
And cold our warmest thought,
But when we see thee as thou art,
We'll praise thee as we ought.

574 (317) (*Star of Bethlehem.*) L. M.

1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze ;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
It bade my dark foreboding cease ;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored — my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forever more,
The Star ! the Star of Bethlehem !

HYMNS.

575 (318) (*Sacrifice.*) C. M.

1 THE blest memorials of thy grief,
Thy suff'rings and thy death,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;
But would receive with faith.

CHO. — O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb on Calvary !
The Lamb that was slain, yet liveth again,
To intercede for me.

2 The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;
But would receive with hope.

3 The pledges thou wast pleased to leave
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive ;
But would receive with love.

4 Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine ;
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love ;
Lord, give us every good ;
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

576 (319) (*Are We Almost There?*) P. M.

ARE we almost there? are we almost there?"
A Says the weary saint, as he sighs for home ;
"Are those the verdant trees that rear
Their stately forms 'mid heaven's bright dome?"

2 Then he talks of the flowers, the unsullied stream
That flows through the Paradise of God ;
And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream,
To walk those golden streets abroad.

HYMNS.

- 3 He is weary and sick of this world's rude strife,
And pants for a holy, peaceful clime ;
To glow with the vigor of endless life,
And be compassed no more by the bounds of time.
- 4 His eye is fixed on the world to come,
He walks by faith through this vale of care,
And oft inquires, as he draws near home,
With anxious heart — "Are we almost there?"
- 5 They bid him look at the charms of earth,
At the boasted trophies man doth rear ;
To enter the giddy halls of mirth —
But ah ! how vain do they all appear.
- 6 For he's had an earnest of those joys
Which the righteous alone can ever share ;
He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,
And fervently asks — "Are we almost there?"
- 7 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,
And to meet his Saviour in the air ;
The day-star dawns — soon with joyous bound,
He can say indeed — "We are almost there!"

577 (320) (*Hail to the Brightness.*) 11s & 10s.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning !
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain !
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning ;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold !
Hail to the millions from bondage returning !
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing ,
Streams ever copious are gliding along ;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing ;
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

HYMNS.

4 See the dead risen from land and from ocean ;
 Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;
 Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion ;
 Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

578 (320) (*The Captives' Lament.*) C. M.

- 1 **O** NO, we cannot sing our songs,
 Our glad and cheerful lays ;
 Our saddened harps refuse their strings
 To Zion's joyful strains.
 They bid us be in mirthful mood,
 And dry these tears so sad ;
 But Judah's hearths are desolate,
 And how can we be glad ?
- 2 Our silent harps o'er Babel's streams
 Are hung on willows lone ;
 We'll mourn until our absent Lord
 Returns to claim his own.
 When, 'neath the curse, the groaning earth
 Moans forth her plaintive prayer,
 How can we sing with joy and mirth ?
 O, no, her grief we'll share !
- 3 How can we sing when martyrs mourn,
 "How long, O Lord, how long ?"
 How can our souls gush forth in joy,
 And swell with raptured song ?
 Then bid us not refrain from grief,
 For we must still be sad ;
 Until the "Morning Star" arise,
 We will no more be glad.

579 (321) (*The Captives' Lament.*) C. M.

- 1 **O**N time's tempestuous ocean wide,
 A gallant ship set sail ;
 And out into the raging deep
 She stood before the gale ;

H Y M N S .

Well fitted to abide the storm,
And angry waters' foam,
And bring the captives that she bore,
Unto her haven home.

2 Long was to be her voyage — the time,
Six thousand years almost —
Ere she would make the highland height,
Along the heavenly coast ;
Yet with her sails expanded wide,
On, on she swiftly flew ;
Bearing with ardent hope and love
Her passengers and crew.

2 Oft tempests have assailed her round,
And stormy winds rose high ;
And dark have been the mountain waves,
That bore her to the sky ;
But o'er them all, with steady helm,
She onward pressed her way ;
Her compass, true unto the pole,
Guides her to endless day.

4 Long, long she has been out, and now
She nears her haven home ;
A beacon light hangs o'er her bow,
And bids her thither come ;
And voices joyful oft are heard,
And music swelling high ;
The land ! the land ! the land ahead !
With rapture now they cry.

5 Now soon will she be safely moored,
And anchored in the bay ;
And all her passengers, on shore,
Will keep a festal day ;
And long their songs of joy will rise,
Beneath high heaven's dome —
They've passed the stormy sea of time,
They've reached their haven home.

HYMNS.

580 (322) (Will You Go?)

- 1 WE'RE going to see the bleeding Lamb, —
Will you go? Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name, —
Will you go? Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palm our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share, —
Will you go? Will you go?
- 2 We're going to join the Heavenly Choir, —
Will you go? Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre, —
Will you go? Will you go?
There saints and angels loud shall sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring, —
Will you go? Will you go?
- 3 Ye weary, heavy-laden come, —
Will you go? Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room, —
Will you go? Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease, —
Come, believe! Come, believe!
- 4 The way to Heaven is free for all, —
Will you go? Will you go?
For Jew and Gentile — great and small, —
Will you go? Will you go?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory, make a start, —
Come away! Come away!

HYMNS.

- 5 The way to Heaven is strait and plain, —
 Will you go? Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again, —
 Will you go? Will you go?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,"
 And thou shalt my salvation see, —
 Come to me! Come to me!
- 6 O, could I hear some sinner say, —
 I will go! I will go!
 I'll start this moment, clear the way, —
 Let me go! Let me go!
 My old companions, fare you well,
 I'll not my hope of glory sell,
 I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell, —
 Let me go! Fare you well.
- 581 (323) (Kershaw.) 8s, 7s & 4s.
- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.
 Lord, revive us; Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance;
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourished,
 Every plant looked gay and green;
 Then thy word our spirits nourished:
 Happy seasons we have seen!
- 4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again;
 O, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain!

HYMNS.

- 5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;
 Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh,
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.

582 (324) (*I Do Believe.*) C. M.

- 1 **L**ET vain pursuits and vain desires
 Be banished from the heart,
 The Saviour's love fill every breast,
 And life and light impart.

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe,
 I can hold out no more ;
 I sink by dying love compelled,
 And own thee conqueror.

- 2 He knew how frail our nature is,
 Our souls how apt to stray,
 How much we need his gracious help
 To keep us in the way.
- 3 These faithful pledges of his love
 His mercy did ordain
 To bring refreshment to our souls,
 And faith and hope sustain.
- 4 Since such his condescending grace,
 Let us, with hearts sincere,
 Obedient to his holy will,
 His table now draw near.
- 5 And while we join to celebrate
 The suff'rings of our Lord,
 May we receive new grace and power
 T' obey his holy word.

HYMNS.

583 (325) (Carmarthen.) H. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise !
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead ;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of **grace.**
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me ;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One ;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son ;
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I'm a child of God.
- 5 To God I'm reconciled ;
His pardoning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child ;
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

H Y M N S.

584 (325) (*Carmarthen.*)

H. M

- 1 **B**EHOLD, how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace;
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness!
When brethren all in one agree,
How great the joys of unity!
- 2 When all are sweetly joined,
True followers of the Lamb,
The same in heart and mind,
In thought and speech the same,
And all in love together dwell,
The comfort is unspeakable.
- 3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove;
This is the gospel grace,
The unction from above,
The Spirit on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our Head.
- 4 In him when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless:
He fills them with his choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

585 (326) (*Better Land.*)

WE have heard from the bright, the better land
We have heard, and our hearts are glad;
For we were a lonely pilgrim band,
And weary, and worn, and sad.
They tell us the pilgrims ever dwell there,
No longer are homeless ones;
We know that the goodly land is fair;
Life's river of water there runs.

HYMNS.

- 2 They say green fields are waving there,
 And they never a blight shall know ;
 That desert wilds are blooming fair,
 And roses of Sharon grow ;
 And lovely birds in bowers green
 Their melody ever repeat ;
 Their warblings mingle, in every scene,
 With harpings of seraphs so sweet.
- 3 We have heard of the robe, the palm, the crown,
 And the silvery band in white ;
 The city of gems in a high renown,
 Illumined with heavenly light ;
 The King is seen in his beauty fair,
 The joy and the light of the land ;
 A little while, and we hope to be there,
 To join with that glorious band.

586 (327) (Hope.) 6s.

- 1 SING praise ! the tomb is void
 Where the Redeemer lay ;
 Sing of our bonds destroyed,
 Our darkness turned to-day.
- 2 Weep for your dead no more ;
 Friends, be of joyful cheer !
 Our star moves on before,
 Our narrow path shines clear.
- 3 He who, so patiently,
 The crown of thorns did wear, —
 He hath gone up on high ;
 Our hope is with him there.
- 4 Now is his truth revealed,
 His majesty and might :
 The grave has been unsealed ;
 Christ is our life and light.

H Y M N S.

5 He who for men did weep ;
Suffer, and bleed, and die, —
First fruits of them that sleep, —
Christ has gone up on high.

6 His vict'ry hath destroyed
The shafts that once could slay :
Sing praise ! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay.

587 (328) (*I am Bound for the Land of Canaan.*)

1 **T**OGETHER let us sweetly live ;
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
Together let us sweetly die ;
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
O Canaan, it is my happy home ;
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 Together let us watch and pray ;
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
And hail redemption's joyous day ;
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

3 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies ;
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
While higher still our joys shall rise ;
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

4 Then come with me, beloved friend ;
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
The joys of heaven shall never end ;
I am bound for the land of Canaan ;
O Canaan, bright Canaan, &c.

HYMNS.

588 (329) (*Time's Farewell.*)

- 1 IT is the hour of Time's Farewell,
And soon with Jesus we shall dwell;
The speeding moments hasten on,
And quickly they will all be gone!

CHO.—I'm going, I'm going, I'm on my journey home;
I'm traveling to a city just in sight!
Yes, I'm going, I'm going, I'm on my journey home;
I'm traveling to the new Jerusalem.

- 2 Then will the sleeping martyrs rise,
To meet the Saviour in the skies!
No more will cry, "How long, O Lord?"
But be avenged and have reward.

- 3 Then will the sleeping saints come forth,
Who lie entombed in sea and earth,
And, robed in immortality,
Their Jesus, "face to face," will see.

- 4 The living saints—they too will be
Remembered in the Jubilee.
"Caught up together" in the air,
Their Saviour's triumph they will share.

589 (330) (*The Faithful Sentinel.*) 11s & 12s.

A WAY from his home and the friends of his youth,
He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth;
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost;
Soon, alas! was his fall, but he died at his post.

- 2 The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb:
For in ardor he led in the van of his host,
And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post.

- 3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done:
The battle was fought, and the victory won; [most,
But he whispered to those whom his heart lov'd the
"Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post.

HYMNS.

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse ;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse ;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious his fall — for he'll rise where he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell ;
He will pass o'er the sea, he will reach the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr — he died at his post.

6 And can we the words of our brother forget ?
O, no ! they are fresh in our memory yet :
An example so sacred shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work — we will die at our post.

590 (331) (Warren.) 7s.

1 **H**EAV'NLY Father, sov'reign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored.
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail !

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 Then, with angel harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain ;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

591 (332) (*Soldiers of the Cross.*)

1 **I** LOVE this pure religion,
Soldiers of the Jubilee ;
I love this pure religion,
Soldiers of the Cross.

Chor. — Remember me while toiling here,
Soldiers of the Jubilee ;
Remember me while toiling here,
Soldiers of the Cross.

HYMNS.

- 2 We'll preach a full salvation,
Soldiers of the Jubilee ;
We'll preach a full salvation,
Soldiers of the Cross.
- 3 We'll soon be in the Kingdom,
Soldiers of the Jubilee ;
We'll soon be in the Kingdom,
Soldiers of the cross.
- 4 There are no tears in heaven,
Soldiers of the Jubilee ;
There are no tears in heaven,
Soldiers of the Cross.
- 5 We'll have a shout in glory,
Soldiers of the Jubilee ;
We'll have a shout in glory,
Soldiers of the cross

592 (332) (*On Jordan's Stormy Banks.*)

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight ;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 2 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.
O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

HYMNS.

593 (333) (*Family Circle.*) C. M.

- 1 **N**OW condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen, while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.
- 2 We come to own thy power divine,
That watches o'er our days;
For this our grateful voices join,
In hymns of cheerful praise.
- 3 Before thy sacred footstool, see,
We bend in humble prayer,
A happy, lovely family,
'To ask thy tender care.
- 4 May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
Because the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.
- 5 And when the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad,
Then shall our morning hymns of praise
Declare thy goodness, Lord.
- 6 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
Then smile upon this cheerful band,
And join our hearts in love.

594 (334) (*The Pearl.*) 7s, 6s, 8s.

- 1 **T**HE pearl that worldlings covet,
Is not the pearl for me;
Its beauty fades as quickly
As sunshine on the sea.
But there's a pearl sought by the wise;
'Tis called the "pearl of greatest price,"
Though few its value see;
O, that's the pearl for me!
O, that's the pearl for me!
O, that's the pearl for me!

HYMNS.

2 The crown that decks the monarch,
 Is not the crown for me ;
 It dazzles but a moment,
 Its brightness soon will flee.
 But there's a crown prepared above,
 For all who walk in humble love,
 Forever bright 't will be ;
 O, that's the crown for me ! &c.

3 The road that many travel,
 Is not the road for me ;
 It leads to death and sorrow ;
 In it I would not be.
 But there's a road that leads to God ;
 'Tis marked by Christ's most precious blood ;
 The way for all is free ;
 O, that's the road for me ! &c.

4 The hope that sinners cherish,
 Is not the hope for me ;
 Most surely will they perish,
 Unless from sin made free.
 But there's a hope which rests in God,
 And leads the soul to keep his word,
 And sinful pleasures flee ;
 O, that's the hope for me ! &c.

595 (335) (*The Pearl.*) 7s, 6s, 8s.

1 **M**UST Simon bear his cross alone,
 And all the world go free ?
 No ; there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.
 Yes, there's a cross on Calvary,
 Through which by faith the crown I see ;
 To me 'tis pardon bringing ;
 O, that's the cross for me !
 O, that's the cross for me !
 O, that's the cross for me !

HYMNS.

2 How faithful does the Saviour prove
 To those who serve him here !
 They now may taste his perfect love,
 And joy to hail him near.
 Yes, perfect love will dry the tear,
 And cast out all tormenting fear,
 Which round my heart is clinging ;
 O, that's the love for me ! &c.

3 We'll bear the consecrated cross,
 Till from the cross we're free,
 And then go home to wear the crown,
 For there's a crown for me.
 Yes, there's a crown in heaven above,
 The purchase of my Saviour's love,
 For me at his appearing ;
 O, that's the crown for me ! &c.

596 (335) (*Evening Hymn.*) S. M.

1 THE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear ;
 O may we all remember well
 The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest ;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears ;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
 And view the unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.

HYMNS.

- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

597 (336) (*Amazing Grace.*) C. M.

- 1 **A**MAZING grace ! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

- 2 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

- 3 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
This earth will soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who called me here below
Will be forever mine.

598 (337) (*Voice of Mercy.*) 7s.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord !
'T is thy Saviour ; hear his word !
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee, —
“ Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me ?

HYMNS.

- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 4 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be, —
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 5 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

599 (337) (*Voice of Mercy.*) 7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, accept our feeble song!
Power and praise to thee belong;
We would all thy grace record,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 2 Rich in glory, thou didst stoop,
Thence is all thy people's hope;
Thou wast poor, that we might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee.
- 3 When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess;
Joy, that thou couldst pity thus,
Shame, for such returns from us.
- 4 Yet we hope the day to see,
When we shall from sin be free;
When to thee in glory brought,
We shall serve thee as we ought.

HYMNS.

600 (338) (Contrast.) 8s.

1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers,
 Have lost all their sweetness to me ;
 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice ;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned ;
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind ;
 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear ;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

601 (339) (Contrast.) 8s.

1 **T**HE church in her militant state
 Is weary, and cannot forbear ;
 The saints with desire still wait,
 To see him again in the air
 The Spirit invites, in the bride,
 Her heavenly Lord to descend ;
 And place her, enthroned at his side,
 In glory that never shall end.

HYMNS.

- 2 The news of his coming I hear,
 And gladly I join in the cry ;
 O Jesus, in triumph appear !
 Appear in the clouds of the sky.
 Come, Lord, to the bride of thy love,
 In fulness of majesty come ;
 And give me the mansion above,
 Prepared in thy heavenly home.

602 (339) (*The Good Shepherd.*) 8s & 7s.

- 1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
 Come, and bid our jarring cease ;
 Come, O come, and reign forever,
 God of love, and Prince of Peace ;
 Visit now thy precious Zion,
 See thy people mourn and weep ;
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Many follow men's inventions,
 And submit to human laws ;
 Hence divisions and contentions
 Sully the Redeemer's cause ;
 Hence we suffer persecution,
 While the foolish virgins sleep ;
 All is uproar and confusion ;
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Some of Paul, some of Apollos,
 Some of Cephas, few agree ;
 Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
 Help us, Lord, to follow thee ;
 Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
 Every hindrance overleap,
 Fearing not their force or numbers ;
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

HYMNS.

- 4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us ;
 Persecution we'll not fear ;
 Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
 While our loving Shepherd's near ;
 Glory ! glory ! give him glory ;
 Strong is he, and he will keep ;
 He will clear our way before us ;
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

603 (340) (Come Away.) P. M.

O COME, come away ! for time's career is closing ;
 Let worldly care henceforth forbear,
 O come, come away !
 Come, come ! our holy joys renew,
 Where love and heavenly friendship grew ;
 The Spirit welcomes you ! O come, come away !

2 Awake, ye ! awake ! no time now for reposing ;
 "The Lord is near !" breaks on the ear,
 O come, come away !
 Come, come, where Jesus' love will be,
 Who says, "I meet with two or three :"
 Sweet promise made to thee ! O come, come away !

3 Come where sacred song the pilgrim's heart is
 Come, and learn there the power of prayer, [cheering ;
 O come, come away !
 In sweetest notes of sympathy
 We praise and pray in harmony ;
 Love makes our unity ! O come, come away !

4 Night soon will be o'er, and endless day appearing ;
 Away from home no more we'll roam ;
 O come, come away !
 And when the trump of God shall sound,
 The saints no more by Death are bound :
 He owns our Jesus crowned. O come, come away !

H Y M N S.

5 O come, come away, my Saviour, in thy glory !
"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,"

O, come, come away !

O, come, my Lord, thy right maintain,
And take thy throne and on it reign ;
Then earth shall bloom again ! O, come, come away !

604 (341) (Come Away.) P. M.

O HAIL, happy day, that speaks our trials ended,
Our Lord has come to take us home ;

O hail, happy day !

No more by doubts or fears distressed,
We now shall gain our promised rest,
And be forever blest ! O hail, happy day !

2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is over ;
The Jubilee proclaims us free ;

O hail, happy day !

The day that brings a sweet release,
That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace,
And bids our sorrows cease ! O hail, happy day !

3 O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sorrows,
That brings us joy without alloy,

O hail, happy day !

There peace shall wave her sceptre high,
And love's fair banner greet the eye,
Proclaiming victory ! O hail, happy day !

4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory ;
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight,

O hail, happy day !

Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,
And sweetly burst upon our eyes
The joys of Paradise ! O hail, happy day !

HYMNS.

5 Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall smile in
 And Eden bloom o'er nature's tomb, [gladness,
 O hail, happy day !
 Where life's pellucid waters glide,
 Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,
 Forever we'll abide ! O hail, happy day !

605 (341) (*Brethren, Pray.*) L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to the mercy-seat ;
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
 But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
 Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright ;
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have we no words ? ah ! think again ;
 Words flow apace when we complain,
 And fill our fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all our care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful song would oftener be,
 " Hear what the Lord hath done for me ! "

606 (342) (*Happy Home.*) C. M

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my glorious home,
 Name ever dear to me ;
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee !

HYMNS.

CHO.— I'm going home, I'm going home,
 I'm on my journey home :
 Soon I my Saviour's face shall see,
 And rest in heaven, my home.

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
 Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day !

4 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee :
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

606 $\frac{1}{2}$ (342) (*Happy Home.*) C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 O, how I long for thee !
 When will my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
 Most glorious to behold ;
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks
 My study long have been ;
 Such dazzling views by human sight
 Have never yet been seen.

4 If such thy holy city, Lord,
 Why should we linger here,
 Still cleaving to this vile abode,
 Nor wish thee to appear !

H Y M N S.

5 Lord, help us by thy mighty grace
 To keep in view the prize,
 Till thou dost come to take us home
 To that blest paradise.

6 When we 've been there ten thousand years,
 Bright shining as the sun,
 We've no less days to sing God's praise
 Than when we first begun.

607 (343) (Abila.) 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
 Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
 Bid thy restless fears be gone:
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
 Vex and grieve thee, day by day;
 And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay?
 Thou shalt conquer—
 Through the Lamb's Redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
 From without and from within;
 Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from hell and sin:
 He is faithful
 To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road;
 His right hand shall still defend thee;
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
 Therefore praise him—
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

H Y M N S .

5 O, that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love !
Happy songsters !
When shall I your chorus join?

608 (344) (*How Precious is the Name.*)

1 HOW precious is the name,
Brethren, sing, brethren, sing,
How precious is the name, brethren, sing ;
How precious is the name,
Of Christ our Paschal Lamb,
Who bore our sin and shame,
On the tree, on the tree,
Who bore our sin and shame, on the tree.

2 I've given all for Christ,
He's my all, he's my all,
I've given all for Christ, he's my all ;
I've given all for Christ,
And my spirit cannot rest,
Unless he's in my breast,
Reigning there, reigning there,
Unless he's in my breast, reigning there.

3 His easy yoke I'll bear,
With delight, with delight,
His easy yoke I'll bear, with delight ;
His easy yoke I'll bear,
And his cross I will not fear ;
His name I will declare,
Evermore, evermore,
His name I will declare, evermore.

HYMNS.

609 (344) (*Experience.*) 8s, 5s, 7s, 4s.

1 I HAVE sought round the verdant earth
 For unfading joy ;
 I have tried every source of mirth,
 But all, all will cloy ;
 Lord, bestow on me,
 Grace to set the spirit free !
 Thine the praise shall be,
 Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered in mazes dark,
 Of doubt and distress ;
 I have not had a kindling spark,
 My spirit to bless ;
 Cheerless unbelief,
 Filled my laboring soul with grief ;
 What shall give relief ?
 What shall give peace ?

3 I then turned to thy Gospel, Lord,
 From folly away ;
 I then trusted thy Holy Word,
 That taught me to pray ;
 Here I found release,
 Weary spirit here found rest,
 Hope of endless bliss,
 Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
 I'll praise and adore ;
 The heart's richest tribute bring
 To thee, God of power ;
 In my home from above,
 Saved by thy redeeming love,
 Loud the strains shall move,
 Forevermore.

H Y M N S .

610 (345) (Intercession.) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **N**OW the Saviour stands a pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart ;
Now, in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.
Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behaviour,
Now he calls you to his arms.
- 2 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,
Hear his gracious voice to-day ;
Turn from all your vain behaviour,
O repent, return, and pray.
Sinners, can you hate this Saviour, &c.
- 3 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee ;
See, what kindness, love and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
Sinners, can you hate this Saviour, &c.
- 4 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour welcome in ;
Now receive — and O, adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.
Sinners, can you hate this Saviour, &c.
- 5 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more ;
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.
Sinners, can you hate this Saviour, &c.

611 (346) (*Hoist Every Sail.*) C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT vessel are you sailing in?
Declare to us the same.
Our vessel is the Ark of God,
And Christ our Captain's name.

HYMNS.

- CHO. — Hoist every sail to catch the gale,
 Each sailor ply his oar;
 The night begins to wear away,
 We soon shall reach the shore.
- 2 Pray, what's the port to which you sail?
 Declare to us straightway.
 The New Jerusalem's our port,
 The realms of endless day.
- 3 And are you not afraid some storm
 Your bark will overwhelm?
 We cannot fear: the Lord is near;
 Our Father's at the helm.
- 4 Our compass is the sacred Word;
 Our anchor, blooming hope;
 The love of God, our main top-sail;
 And faith, our cable rope.
- 5 We've looked astern, and many toils
 The Lord has brought us through;
 We're looking now ahead, and lo,
 The "land" appears in view.
- 6 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
 The heavens above are clear;
 The city bright appears in sight,
 We're getting round the pier.
- 7 And when we all are landed safe
 On the celestial plain,
 Our song shall be, "Worthy's the Lamb,
 For rebel sinners slain!"

612 (347) (*Penitence.*) 7s & 6s

- 1 JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep,
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep.

HYMNS.

Let me be by grace restored ;
 On me be all long-suffering shown ;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart ;
 Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy grief unknown ;
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
 The gracious wonder show ;
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow.
 If thy bowels now are stirred,
 If now I do myself bemoan,
 Turn and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

613 (348) (*What Sound is This?*) 8s & 6s.

1 **W**HAT sound is this salutes my ear?
 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear ;
 Th' expected day has come.
 Behold the heavens, the earth, the sea,
 Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
 Return, ye exiles, home.

2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,
 Illuminated by the Lamb,
 In glory doth appear.
 Fair Zion rising from the tombs,
 To meet the Bridegroom, lo ! he comes,
 And hails the festive year.

HYMNS.

- 3 My soul is striving to be there ;
 I long to rise and cleave the air,
 And trace the upward road.
 Adieu, adieu, ye glittering toys,
 I sigh to taste eternal joys,
 And see my Saviour God.
- 4 Fly, ling'ring moments, fly, O fly ;
 I thirst, I pant, I long to try,
 Angelic joys to prove.
 Soon shall be changed this mortal clay ;
 I'll clap my hands and soar away,
 And shout redeeming love.

614 (349) (*Worthy is the Lamb.*)

- 1 **W**ORTHY, worthy is the Lamb ;
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb ;
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb
 That was slain ;
 Glory ! Hallelujah !
 Praise him ! Hallelujah !
 Glory ! Hallelujah
 To the Lamb !
- 2 Sons of morning, sing his praise,
 In the noblest strains you raise,
 Man's redemption claims your lays,
 Praise the Lamb !
 Glory ! Hallelujah ! &c.
- 3 See, in sad Gethsemane,
 See, on tragic Calvary,
 Sinner, see his love to thee,
 Praise the Lamb !
 Glory ! Hallelujah ! &c.

HYMNS.

- 4 Penitents, dry up your tears ;
 God hath heard believing prayers ;
 He forgives you when he hears
 His dear Lamb !
 Glory ! Hallelujah ! &c.
- 5 Thus may we each moment feel,
 Love him, serve him, praise him still,
 Till we all, on Zion's hill,
 See the Lamb !
 Glory ! Hallelujah ! &c.

615 (350) (*Happy Day.*) L. M.

- 1 **P**RESERVED by thine almighty power,
 O Lord, our Maker, Saviour, King,
 And brought to see this happy hour,
 We come thy praises here to sing.
 CHO.—Happy day ! happy day !
 Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay,
 And at thy footstool humbly pray,
 That thou wouldst take our sins away.
- 2 We praise thee for thy constant care,
 For life preserved, for mercies given ;
 O, may we still those mercies share,
 And taste the joys of sins forgiven.
 Happy day ! &c.
- 3 We praise thee for the joyful news,
 Of pardon through a Saviour's blood.
 O Lord, incline our hearts to choose
 The road to happiness and God.
 Happy day ! &c.
- 4 And when our pilgrim days are done,
 Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
 In rapturous numbers round thy throne,
 The song of Moses and the Lamb.
 Happy day ! &c.

HYMNS.

616 (350) (Happy Day.) L. M.

1 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.
Happy day! &c.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to thy sacred shrine I move.
Happy day! &c.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Happy day! &c.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possessed.
Happy day! &c.

617 (351) (Sonnet.) 8s & 4s.

1 WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
O then for joy we'll shout and sing,
Loud praise to Zion's glorious King,
We'll soon be there,
We'll soon be there,
Loud praise to Zion's glorious King,
We'll soon be there.

HYMNS.

2 With cheerful hope our eyes explore
 Each landmark on the distant shore :
 The tree of life, the pastures green,
 The golden streets, the crystal stream.
 O, then for joy we'll shout and sing,
 Loud praise to Zion's glorious King,
 We'll soon be there.

3 When nearer still we draw to land,
 More eager, all our powers expand ;
 With steady helm and free-bent sail,
 Our anchor drops within the veil !
 O, then for joy we'll shout and sing
 Loud praise to Zion's glorious King,
 We'll soon be there.

618 (351) (*Sonnet.*) 8s & 4s.

1 **W**HEN shall the saints forever rest
 With all the ransomed and the blest ?
 When will their journeyings all be o'er ?
 When will they meet to part no more ?
 When shall their toils and trials cease ?
 When shall they rest and be at peace ?
 When Jesus comes.

2 When shall the pilgrim's longing sight
 Be gladdened by the glorious light,
 That shall be shed in golden flood
 Upon the paradise of God,
 Where sin and sorrow ne'er can come,
 But where the blest shall find a home ?
 When Jesus comes.

3 When shall this war and strife be done ?
 When shall the hard-fought fight be won ?
 When shall the ransomed victors be
 Enrobed in immortality ?

HYMNS.

When shall the bonds of death be riven?
When shall the crown of Life be given?
When Jesus comes.

- 4 Then, while as pilgrims here we roam,
We'll cry, Lord Jesus, quickly come!
Come, end our faith, our hopes, our fears,
Our griefs and sorrows, sighs and tears!
Restore the kingdom! wear the crown!
O rend the heavens! appear! come down!
Lord Jesus, come!

619 (352) (*Poor Way-faring Man.*) L. M.

- 1 **A** POOR way-faring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay;
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.
- 2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed and brake,
And ate, but gave me part again,
Mine was an angel's portion then,
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.
- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from a rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on;

HYMNS.

I ran and raised the suff'rer up ;
 Thrice from the stream he drained my cup ;
 Dipped, and returned it running o'er ;
 I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 'T was night ; the floods were out ; it blew
 A wintry hurricane aloof ;
 I heard his voice abroad, and flew
 To bid him welcome, to my roof.
 I warmed, and clothed, and cheered my guest,
 Laid him on mine own couch to rest ;
 Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
 In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5 Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
 I found him by the highway side ;
 I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
 Revived his spirit, and supplied
 Wine, oil, refreshment — he was healed ;
 I had myself a wound concealed,
 But from that hour forgot the smart,
 And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In prison I saw him next, condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die ?
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
 But the free spirit cried, "I will !"

7 Then, in a moment, to my view
 The stranger started from disguise ;
 The tokens in his hands I knew, —
 My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes !
 He spake, and my poor name he named —
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
 These deeds shall thy memorial be :
 Fear not, thou didst it unto me."

HYMNS.

620 (353) (*Morning Bells.*) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **H**ARK! the morning bells are ringing!
Children, haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.
Come, children, come! the bells are ringing,
To the school with haste repair;
Let us all unite in singing,
All unite in solemn prayer.
- 2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,
Children meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting,
Let us then be early there.
- 3 Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.
- 4 Children, haste! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair,
Thousands now unite in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

621 (354) (*The Watchers.*) 7s & 6s.

- 1 **A**S Time's last sands seemed wasting,
The world at large was stirred!
Man saw his doom was hastening,
The warning all had heard.
But now the world is sleeping,
In slumber most profound;
But few the watch are keeping,
Though fast to judgment bound.
- 2 The few that still are heeding
That awful judgment call,
And, while they wait, are pleading,
Like Lot at Sodom's fall,—

H Y M N S.

They seem, like Lot, but mocking,
To all the worldly throng ;
Reproach and curses shocking
They now have suffered long.

3 They hear the scoffer railing,
In triumph and in pride ;
With blasphemies unfailing,
God's promise is denied ;
But mercy's long endurance
With that vain infidel
Gives them a strong assurance,
By which the day they tell.

4 Magicians, too, are scheming,
As in old Pharaoh's land ;
With counterfeits are teeming,
And thus the truth withstand ;
Christ and the restitution
By them are done away ;
But this, to their confusion,
Must usher in that day.

5 Earth's wisdom sees advancing
The fabled golden dawn ;
And genius, brightly glancing,
Her children urges on.
But when they wield the lightning,
And fly o'er land and sea,
Our better prospects bright'ning,
Now near at hand must be !

6 The Christian steward, slothful,
Puts off the evil day ;
Disturbed in scenes unlawful,
He says, " It must delay."

HYMNS.

But still, though by his smiting,
The faithful sigh in pain,
While he the truth is spiting,
The Master comes again !

7 See, fashion gay is blending
With mirth in yonder hall ;
Its charm rich music lending,
And plenty spread for all.
But folly so untimely, .
Such heedless revelry,
The watchful tells, sublimely,
Their joys they soon shall see.

8 The thrones of earth are reeling,
In sad perplexity ;
Their retribution sealing
By pride and cruelty.
As ruler, warrior, banker,
Attest their hast'ning doom,
More steadfast is our anchor ;
God's kingdom soon will come.

9 Thus earth's mad children seeming,
Are found in that dread day ;
Some scoffing, feasting, dreaming,
To judgment called away !
Their triumphs now are ended ;
Probation, hope, are gone !
Their fruitless cries are blended,
As vengeance rushes on !

10 But see that remnant humble,
Who held the faithful word,
So fearful they should stumble, —
While hope was long deferred.
The sons of earth are leaving
Their honor, mirth, and gold ;
But these shall end their grieving,
In joys that can't be told !

HYMNS.

622 (355) (Perkinsville.) 8s & 6s.

- 1 FAREWELL, vain world, I bid adieu !
Your glories I despise,
Your friendship I no more pursue,
Your flatteries are but lies.
- 2 You promise happiness in vain,
Nor can you satisfy ;
Your brightest pleasures turn to pain,
And all your treasures die.
- 3 Then let my soul rise far above,
By faith I'll take my wing,
To the eternal realms of love,
Where saints and angels sing.
- 4 There's love and joy that will not waste ;
And treasures that endure —
There's pleasure that will always last,
When time shall be no more.

623 (356) (Sabbath School.)

- 1 SWEET Sabbath school, place dear to me,
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.
Within thy courts of Him I've heard,
Whose birth the angels sung,
When o'er the shepherds, filled with fear,
The star of glory hung.
- 2 O holy place ! where first we shed
The penitential tear ;
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.
When all our wanderings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place
May we our anthems blend.

HYMNS.

624 (356) (*Heavenly Union.*)

- 1 **A**TTEND, ye saints, and hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who kindly helped me when I fell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And feel this blessed union.
- 2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he passed by :
“With God you have no union.”
- 3 Then I began to weep and cry,
And looked this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die ;
I strove salvation for to buy :
But still I had no union.
- 4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he washed me clean ;
And O ! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.
- 5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray ;
And if I met one on the way,
I always had something to say
About this heavenly union.

625 (357) (*The Happy Land.*)

- 1 **T**HERE is a happy land,
Not far away,
Where saints will glorious stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye !

HYMNS.

2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away !
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay ?
 O, we shall happy be,
 When from sin and sorrow free !
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye !

3 When in that happy land,
 Beams every eye ;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 O, then, to glory run !
 Be a crown and kingdom won !
 And, brighter than the sun,
 We reign for aye !

626 (358) (*Garden Hymn.*) C. P. M.

1 **T**HE Lord into his garden comes ;
 The spices yield a rich perfume,
 The lilies grow and thrive ;
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,
 From Jesus flow to every vine,
 Which makes the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
 In springs of water may abound,
 A fruitful soil become !
 The desert blossoms as the rose,
 When Jesus conquers all his foes,
 And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
 The gracious work is now begun,
 My soul a witness is ;
 I taste and see the pardon free,
 For all mankind as well as me,
 Who come to Christ may live.

HYMNS.

4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive ;
None are too late who will repent ;
Out of one sinner legions went ;
Jesus did him relieve.

5 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound for realms of Paradise,
To claim my mansion there ;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

627 (359) (*The Sinner's Invitation.*) 6s & 7s.

1 SINNER, go, will you go,
To the highlands of Eden?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given ;
Where the bright blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting ;
And the leaves of the bowers
In the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the saints robed in white —
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright —
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

HYMNS.

- 3 He's prepared thee a home —
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come,
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 O come, sinner, come,
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon
 And forever cease pleading.

628 (360) (*Narrow Way.*) C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT poor despised company
 Of travelers are these,
 Who walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along the rugged maze?
- 2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
 All children of a King,
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
 And lo, for joy they sing!
- 3 Why do they, then, appear so mean?
 And why so much despised?
 Because, of their rich robes unseen
 The world is not apprized.
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distressed,
 And lacking daily bread.
 Ah! they're of boundless wealth possessed,
 With hidden manna fed.
- 5 But why keep they that narrow road,
 That rugged, thorny maze?
 Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
 They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why must they shun the pleasant path
 That worldlings love so well?
 Because that is the road to death,
 The open road to hell.

HYMNS.

- 7 What! is there, then, no other road
 To Salem's happy ground?
 Christ is the only way to God:
 None other can be found.

629 (360) (*Narrow Way.*) C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way;
 In whom I now believe,
 As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
 Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
 As by the powers above,
 Who always see thee on thy throne,
 And glory in thy love.
- 3 I ask in confidence the grace,
 That I may do thy will,
 As angels, who behold thy face,
 And all thy words fulfil.
- 4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
 Shall serve thee without fear,
 If thou my nature sanctify
 In answer to my prayer.

630 (361) (*Come, my Brethren.*) 7s & 6s.

- 1 COME, my brethren, let us try,
 For a little season,
 Every burden to lay by,
 Come, and let us reason.
 What is this that casts you down?
 What is this that grieves you?
 Speak and let the worst be known,
 Speaking may relieve you.
- 2 Think on what your Saviour bore,
 In the gloomy garden;
 Sweating blood at every pore,
 To procure thy pardon.

HYMNS.

See him nailed upon the tree,
 Bleeding, groaning, dying!
 See, he suffered this for thee;
 Therefore be believing.

3 Think of all your Saviour's grace;
 Think how much he loves you;
 If he seems to hide his face,
 It is thus he proves you.
 Spread your wants before his throne;
 Tell him each temptation;
 Trust him while you are cast down;
 Wait his sure salvation.

4 Brethren, don't you feel the flame?
 Sisters, don't you love him?
 Let us join to praise his name;
 Let us never grieve him.
 Soon we'll meet to part no more,
 For our home is nearing;
 Soon our sorrows will be o'er,
 At his bright appearing.

631 (361) (*Come, my Brethren.*) 7s & 6s.

1 **O** HOW beautiful their feet,
 Standing on the mountains,
 Publishing the tidings sweet
 Of Life's flowing fountains.
 Mercy, truth, and plenteous grace,
 Sweet as heavenly manna,
 Now revealed unto our race —
 Shout, and sing hosanna!

2 Jesus once on earth appeared,
 To relieve our blindness;
 And the stricken heart he cheered,
 Showing wondrous kindness.

H Y M N S .

Wiped he then the weeping eyes
With God-like compassion ;
Life's pure waters did arise
From wells of salvation.

- 3 Now, glad tidings we have heard,
And with hearts o'erflowing,
Praise Jehovah for his word,
Our condition showing.
Soon his foes he will subdue
By his mighty power ;
Make the earth and all things new,
Like fair Eden's bower.

632 (362) (*We are Passing Away.*) L. M.

- 1 **T**O-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice ;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?

CHO. — We are passing away,
We are passing away,
We are passing away
To the great Judgment Day.

- 2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest ?
Will you be saved from death and sin,
And crowns of fadeless glory win ?
We are passing away, &c.

- 3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the Gospel's joyful sound ;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
We are passing away, &c.

HYMNS.

4 Leave all your sports and glittering toys,
Come, share with us eternal joys ;
Or will you shun the narrow way,
And dare the awful Judgment Day?
We are passing away, &c.

5 Once more we ask you, in his name,
For yet his love remains the same,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
We are passing away, &c.

633 (363) (*Millennium.*) C. M.

1 **O** THOU, who, when we did complain,
Didst all our griefs remove ;
O Saviour, do not now disdain
Our humble praise and love.
Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And hear us when we prayed,
We'll call upon thee while we live,
And never doubt thy aid.

2 Pale death, with all his ghastly train,
Our souls encompassed round ;
Anguish, and fear, and dread, and pain,
On every side we found.
To thee, O Lord of life, we prayed,
And did for succor flee :
O save, — in our distress we said, —
The souls that trust in thee.

3 How good thou art ! how large thy grace !
How ready to forgive !
Thy mercies crown our fleeting days ;
And by thy love we live.
Our eyes no longer drowned in tears,
Our feet from falling free ;
Redeemed from death and guilty fears,
O Lord, we'll live to thee.

HYMNS.

634 (364) (Bath.) H. M.

- 1 **T**O your Creator, God,
Your great Preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise ;
Let every voice proclaim his power,
His name adore, and loud rejoice.
- 2 Let every creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various powers
Assist th' exalted theme ;
Let nature raise, from every tongue,
A general song of grateful praise.
- 3 But O ! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow ;
And every thankful heart
With warm devotion glow ;
Your voices raise above the rest ;
Ye highly blest ! declare his praise.
- 4 Assist me, gracious God !
My heart, my voice inspire ;
Then shall I grateful join
The universal choir ;
Thy grace can raise my heart, my tongue,
And tune my song to lively praise.

635 (365) (Bath.) H. M.

- 1 **T**HE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke :
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke :
They stand secure and steadfast still :
Nor Zion's hill abides so sure.

HYMNS.

2 The mountains melt away,
 When once the Judge appears ;
 And sun and moon decay
 That measure mortal years ;
 But still the same, in radiant lines,
 The promise shines through all the flame.

3 There harmony shall sound
 Through my attentive ears,
 When thunders cleave the ground
 And dissipate the spheres ;
 'Mid all the shock of that dread scene,
 I stand serene — thy word my rock.

636 (365) (*Bath.*) H. M.

1 REJOICE — the Lord is King ;
 Your God and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore ;
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy ;
 And every bosom swell,
 With pure seraphic joy ;
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come —
 The pearly gates shall ope
 To take the ransomed home.
 We soon shall hear the archangel's voice :
 The trump of God shall sound — rejoice !

H Y M N S.

637 (365) (*Infant Praises.*) 6s & 5s.

1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a list'ning ear;
When we bow before thee,
Infant praises hear.

2 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

3 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love thee,
Take our sins away.

4 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our Eden home,
We will answer gladly,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

638 (366) (*The Gospel Train.*) 7s & 6s.

1 The Gospel train is coming,
I hear it just at hand;
I hear the car wheels moving,
And rumbling through the land;
I hear the bell and whistle,
The're coming round the curve;
She's plying all her steam and power,
And straining ev'ry nerve.

CHO.—Get on board, get on board,
For there's room for many more.

2 O see the Gospel engine,
She's heaving now in sight;
Her steam valves they are groaning
The pressure is so great;

H Y M N S.

- No signal for another train
To follow on the line ;
O sinner, you're forever lost,
If once you're left behind.
- 3 O see the engine banner,
She's fluttering in the breeze ;
She's spangled in the Savior's blood,
But still she floats with ease.
This is the Gospel banner,
The motto's new and old ;
Salvation and Repentance
Are burnished there in gold.
- 4 She's nearing now the station ;
O sinner, don't be vain,
But come and get your ticket,
And be ready for the train.
The fare is cheap, and all can go,
The rich, the poor are there ;
No second class on board the train,
No difference in the fare.
- 5 I think she'll make a little halt
To wood up on the line,
And give you all a chance to go,
But yet she'll make her time.
She's coming round the mountain,
By the rivers and the lake ;
The Saviour, he's on board the train,
Controlling steam and brake.
- 6 We soon shall reach the station,
O how we then shall sing !
With all the heavenly army,
We'll make the welkin ring.
We'll shout o'er all our sorrows,
And sing forevermore,
With Christ and all his army
On that celestial shore.

HYMNS.

639 (367) (*Bannockburn.*) 7s & 5s.

- 1 **Y**E who rose to meet the Lord,
Ventured on his faithful word;
Faint not now, for your reward
Will be quickly given.
Faint not! always watch and pray;
Jesus will no more delay;
Even now 't is dawn of day;
Day-star beams from heaven.
- 2 Would ye to the end endure?
Keep the wedding garment pure;
Claim ye still the promise sure,
Faithful is the Lord.
Let your lamps be burning bright;
In God's word is beaming light;
Live by faith, and not by sight;
Crowns are your reward.
- 3 'Mid the darts of angry foe,
Onward, fearless, onward go;
The good soldier's courage show,
On, to victory!
"Let thine eyes be turned to me,"
Jesus says, "I'll rescue thee;
Overcome, and faithful be;
Thou shalt glory see."
- 4 Tones of thunder through the sky,
Angel voices sounding high,
Echo still the mighty cry,
Jesus, quickly come!
Quickly he'll return again,
With his saints will come to reign,
While all heaven will shout, Amen!
Welcome to thy throne!

HYMNS.

5 Marriage supper, now prepared,
 By the guests will then be shared,
 In fair righteous robes arrayed,
 Like the bridegroom King.
 Glory to Jehovah's name!
 Sound aloud the glad acclaim;
 To the Lamb that once was slain,
 Alleluias bring!

640 (368) (*Triumph.*) 10s & 5s.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high;
 Shout, for the day of redemption is nigh;
 Sing, for the Lord will appear in his glory,
 Mountains and valleys repeat the glad story;
 Tune every lyre,
 Lift the strain higher;
 Far o'er the ocean the tidings shall fly.
 Hallelujah again,
 Hallelujah, amen,
 Shout, for the work of redemption is done.

2 Lift your glad voices, ye nations, and sing;
 Let the high anthem re-echo and ring,
 Sing, for the bright one that slept in the manger
 Comes; and the earth that once pillowed the stranger,
 In rich adorning,
 Hails the glad morning,
 Blossoms to Eden, and welcomes her King.

3 Lift your glad voices, he conquered the grave,
 Jesus, Immanuel, Almighty to save;
 Shout to the tyrant, "Thy chains are all broken;"
 Sing, for the voice of Jehovah hath spoken.
 Open the portal,
 Ransomed immortal;
 Life shall endure with Eternity's wave.

HYMNS.

4 Lift your glad voices, your banners unfurl,
Sin, Death, and Hell shall to ruin be hurled;
Christ shall come down in his chariot of fire,
Bethlehem's beauty, and Israel's Messiah;

Prince ever glorious,
Strong and victorious,
Lion of Judah and King of the world.

5 Lift your glad voices, he cometh again;
Sound out the tidings o'er earth and o'er main!
Sing, for the dark days of evil are ending;
Shout, to the Bridegroom with angels descending,
Bride of Jehovah,
Welcome thy lover!

Sing, for he cometh, he cometh to reign.

6 Lift your glad voices wide under the sun;
Sing of his power who the vict'ry has won;
Strong is the arm that the strengthless defended,
Saved us from hell, and the warfare hath ended.

Hallelujah again,
Hallelujah, amen!
Shout! for the work of redemption is done.

641 (370) (*Warning Voice.*) C. P. M.

1 **T**HAT warning voice, O sinner, hear!
And while salvation lingers near,
The heav'nly call obey;
Flee from destruction's downward path
Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath,
That rises o'er thy way.

2 Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade,
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour,
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise,
What terrors fill the hour!

HYMNS.

- 3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear !
 Whose accents linger on thine ear ;
 Thy footsteps now retrace ;
 Renounce thy sins and be forgiven,
 Believe, become an heir of heaven,
 And sing redeeming grace.
- 4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
 The storm is hushed, the morning breaks,
 The heavens are all serene.
 Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
 Joy echoes on the distant hills,
 New wonders fill the scene.

642 (371) (*Look Away.*) 7s & 6s. PECULIAR.

- 1 **L**ITTLE children, pilgrim band,
 Look away, yes, look away !
 Yonder nears the promised land,
 Look away, look away !
 Jesus bids his pilgrims, " Come,"
 There you'll find a happy home ;
 Look away, yes, look away !
 Look for the promised land.
- 2 If the way seems dark and drear,
 Look away, yes, look away !
 Jesus calls, so never fear,
 Look away, look away !
 By the eye of faith you'll view,
 Mansions there prepared for you ;
 Look away, yes, look away !
 Look for the promised land.

643 (372) (*Invocation.*)

- 1 **H**EAR us now, O our Father,
 Bless this social meeting ;
 In this propitious hour,
 O may we feel thy power,
 In this social meeting.

HYMNS.

2 Remember us, dear Jesus,
In this social meeting ;
O may we find thy favor,
Thou ever blessed Saviour,
In this social meeting.

3 Come down, O Holy Spirit,
In this social meeting ;
Fill thou each soul with pleasure,
Pour blessings without measure,
On this social meeting.

644 (373) (*Jesus Paid it All.*)

1 **N**OTHING either great or small
Remains for me to do ;
Jesus died and paid it all,
All that I was due.

CHO. — Jesus paid it all,
All that I was due ;
And nothing either great or small,
Remains for me to do.

2 When he from his lofty throne,
Stooped to do and die,
Everything was fully done ;
'Tis finished," was his cry.

3 Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so ?
Cease your doing, all was done,
Long, long ago.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death.

HYMNS.

- 5 Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
Gloriously complete.

645 (374) (*Little Christian Soldier.*)

- 1 I'M going to be a soldier,
Gird on my armor bright;
And with my little comrades,
I'll take the field and fight;
I'll never mind the hardships,
Or dangers of the way;
I'll watch, and toil, and wrestle,
By night as well as day.

CHO. — Life's battle, O life's battle —
'Tis fought with self and sin;
But Jesus is my Captain,
And I'm sure to win.

- 2 The foes that will assail me,
Are subtle, fierce and strong;
But the war that they are waging,
Will not be very long;
And I've a well-tried helmet,
A sword and trusty shield,
To quench the fiery arrows,
That Satan's hand may wield.

- 3 I know I'm small and feeble,
But Jesus is my head;
He's wise, and strong and able,
To triumph he will lead;
And when beneath his banner
I've gained the victor's crown,
I'll shout a glad hosanna,
And lay my armor down.

HYMNS.

646 (400)

6s & 5s.

1 **W**HY that look of sadness?
 Why that downcast eye?
 Can no thought of gladness
 Lift thy soul on high?
 O, thou heir of heaven,
 Think of Jesus' love,
 While to thee is given
 All his grace to prove.

2 Is thy burdened spirit
 Anguished for thy sin?
 Think of Jesus' merit:
 He can make thee clean;
 Think of Calvary's mountain,
 Where his blood was spilt;
 In that precious fountain
 Wash away thy guilt.

3 Is thy spirit drooping?
 Is the tempter near?
 Still on Jesus hoping,
 What hast thou to fear?
 See the prize before thee;
 Gird thy armor on;
 Heir of grace and glory,
 Struggle for thy crown.

647 (400)

P. M.

1 **C**OME, all ye sons of Zion,
 Who are waiting for salvation,
 Have your lamps trimmed and burning,
 For behold the proclamation,
 Saying, All things now are ready
 For the poor and for the needy;
 All my fatlings now are killed,
 And prepared on the table.

HYMNS.

- 2 O what a happy meeting,
When salvation is completed,
And tribulation's ended,
And the spotless robe prepared,
For the Bride to be adorned,
In the jasper wall be crowned,
Saying, Worthy is the Lamb,
In the New Jerusalem !
- 3 O sinners, don't be doubting,
While the sons of God are shouting ;
Come and join the happy army
And there's nothing that will harm you.
If you follow Christ, the Saviour,
And break off your bad behaviour,
And repent and be converted,
You may sing his praises too.

648 (400)

7s & 6s.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things
Toward thy destined place ;
Sun and moon, and stars decay,
The Lord will soon this earth renew ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared for you.
- 2 Fly me, riches ; fly me, cares,
While I that coast explore ;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims, fix not here your home,
Strangers tarry but a night ;
When the last great morn shall come,
We'll rise to joyful light !

HYMNS.

- 3 Come, my brethren, face the storm,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies ;
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth renewed and heaven.

649 (401)

6s & 4s.

- 1 **O** CARELESS sinners, come,
 Pray now attend ;
 This world is not your home,
 It soon will end.
 Jehovah calls aloud,
 Forsake the thoughtless crowd,
 Pursue the road to God,
 And happy be.

- 2 Nor do I call alone :
 The Saviour, too,
 E'en with his dying groans,
 Cries, Bid adieu
 To all your loves now,
 And to his sceptre bow,
 And he will tell you how,
 To live anew.

- 3 I bid you all farewell,
 With aching heart,
 And in deep sorrow tell,
 That we must part.
 To meet the Lord we go,
 And you are bound to woe ;
 Alas, it must be so
 If you rebel.

HYMNS.

4 I look on you again,
And hoping say,
Why wont you leave your sin,
And come away
From Satan's cruel power,
And live forevermore,
And bless the joyful hour
That life began?

5 All hail ! we welcome then
Your happy flight
From Kedar's tents of sin,
To glory bright ;
We'll travel on with you,
And bid this world adieu,
And endless joys pursue,
Till all is ours.

6 There we will range around
The blissful plains,
Where pleasure has no bound,
And glory reigns ;
We'll fall at Jesus' feet
Where joys are all complete,
And blissful raptures meet
Forevermore.

650 (491)

P. M.

1 COME and reign ; come and reign,
Jesus, on thy throne ;
And, O, it fills my heart with joy
To know we're almost home.
Here I drop the falling tear,
As, pilgrim-like, I roam,
An exile from my Father's house ;
But soon he'll call me home.
Come and reign, &c.

HYMNS.

- 2 Here, amid life's changing scenes,
 My cup of grief runs o'er ;
 But there I'll share unmingled bliss
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 Come and reign, &c.

- 3 Here I grieve the friends I love,
 And they in turn grieve me ;
 But O, my Father, grant me grace,
 That I may not grieve thee.
 Come and reign, &c.

- 4 Here disease invades our frames,
 We wither, droop, and die ;
 But there eternal youth shall bloom,
 And bright shall beam each eye.
 Come and reign, &c.

- 5 Here we meet and part again,
 As round and round we roam ;
 But there we'll meet and part no more,
 And sweetly rest at home.
 Come and reign, &c.

651 (401)

P. M.

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliath fought,
 And laid the Gittite low ?
 No sword or spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.

- 2 'T was Israel's God and King
 Who sent him to the fight ;
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.

HYMNS.

- 3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
 To storm th' invader's camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp?
 The trumpet made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 O, we have seen the day,
 When with a single word,
 (God helping us to say,)
 Our trust is in the Lord,)
 Our souls have quelled a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
 Self-righteousness and pride,
 How often do they steal
 Our weapons from our side!
 Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
 Will help his servants to the end.

652 (402)

- 1 **L**ONG time, my Saviour, I've been waiting,
 Long time have watched by night and day;
 Feared lest, my faith and hope abating,
 I should lose courage by the way.

CHO. — Jesus soon is coming:
 This is my song —
 Cheers the heart when joys depart,
 And foes are pressing strong.

- 2 Here in this vale of sin and sorrow
 I have been wand'ring many years;
 Still looking for that happy morrow,
 When God would wipe away my tears.
- 3 Oft times the tempter comes in power,
 Fain then would lead my steps astray;
 But when the clouds begin to lower,
 Hope turns the darkness into day.

HYMNS.

4 Dear to my heart is that blest treasure,
 God's own eternal, heavenly word;
 Opes up a fountain of true pleasure,
 Gives us an ever-conquering sword.

5 O, 't will be but a little longer,
 I must these many woes endure;
 Then let my faith and hope be stronger,
 My Father's promise still is sure.

653 (402)

8s & 6s.

1 **T**HE judgment day is rolling on,
 The glass of life will soon be run,
 Creation with her fiery doom,
 The Lord will soon appear!
 O, there'll be glory, glory, glory,
 When saints shall view him near.

2 Now hark! the trumpet rends the skies!
 See slumbering millions wake and rise!
 What joy, what terror and surprise!
 The last great day has come!
 O, there'll be glory, &c.,
 Around the judgment throne.

3 See nations throng his awful bar,
 Both saints and sinners from afar,
 All tribes and kindreds now appear,
 And wait to hear their doom!
 O, there'll be glory, &c.,
 When Christ, the Lord, shall come.

4 Jehovah now the book unseals!
 The clearest light each heart reveals!
 The pointed truth each conscience feels!
 The amazing throng divide!
 O, there'll be mourning, &c.,
 When justice shall decide.

HYMNS.

5 See parents and their children part !
 See husbands and their wives must part !
 See brothers and their sisters part !
 To meet again no more.
 O, there'll be mourning, &c.
 The day of mercy's o'er.

6 See Jesus and his saints unite,
 And move to realms of endless light ;
 With him his bride shall walk in white,
 In innocence and love.
 O, there'll be glory, &c.,
 And sweetest songs of love !

654 (402) (*Longing.*) C. M.

1 **W**HILE toiling thro' earth's howling waste,
 Through trials dark and drear,
 We oft-times sigh to be at rest,
 And drop the falling tear.
 The sick-bed scenes' last, lingering look,
 Friends in the grave so dark,
 While some are spared, we sometimes fear
 We too with them must part.

CHO. — Then hasten, Lord, the Pilgrim's rest,
 That day we long to see,
 That day we long to see ;
 Were toiling here, by cares opprest,
 But soon we shall be free.

2 O joyful day, when God's own hand
 Shall wipe our tears away,
 And change our sorrows, griefs, and fears,
 To joys in endless day.

H Y M N S .

- The beauties of that glorious rest,
Ten thousand times, and more,
Repay for all we suffer here,
On that immortal shore.
- 3 That glorious kingdom, promised long,
So soon to be revealed,
The seers desired to understand,
But lo ! the time was sealed.
But now, within a little space,
The signs have been fulfilled
That should precede that glorious rest,
The earth with glory filled.
- 4 The splendor of that earth so bright,
No language can describe,
The broad-spread fields of living green,
Where gentle waters glide.
Rich groves, with trees of golden fruit,
And flowers with sweet perfume,
The towering pine, the box, the fir,
With deserts all in bloom.
- 5 Zion, great city of our King,
Filled with his glory bright,
'Tis fifteen hundred miles four square,
No ear hath heard the like.
The splendid walls of precious stone
With streets of purest gold,
The gates of solid pearls are hung,
Most beauteous to behold.
- 6 With such a glorious hope as this,
Though waves like mountains rise,
O, pilgrims, let us strive to gain
The everlasting prize.
Our trials here, though dark they seem,
Like nothing, sink away,
When we compare them with the joys
Of that eternal day.

HYMNS.

655 (403)

8s & 7s.

- 1 **O** BEHOLD the holy city,
Coming down from God, on high;
As a bride, all dressed completely,
Now descending from the sky.
She's adorned with grace and glory;
Beautified with costly stone;
Lovely is her form before me;
Bright as the meridian sun.
- 2 Ancient prophets of her speak well,
Revelation does declare,
Length and breadth and height are equal,
And her platform lies four square.
Fifteen hundred miles extended —
North, and South, and East, and West, —
Fifteen hundred miles most splendid,
See her buildings rise abreast.
- 3 See her pearly gates all spreading
To receive the righteous there;
Whom the gracious Saviour's aiding
To her holy mansions fair.
See her golden streets all paved,
As the righteous march along,
Where the nations of the saved
Join in one eternal song.
- 4 See the heavenly host advancing,
Near the throne of God, Supreme;
Where each saint receives a mansion,
And eternal love's their theme.
On their Saviour's beauty gazing,
In sweet raptures round the throne;
With celestial voices praising
God's eternal, holy Son.

HYMNS.

656 (403)

8s & 7s.

- 1 **I** LOVE the holy Son of God,
Who once this vale of sorrow trod,
Who bore my sins, a dreadful load,
Up Calvary's gloomy mountain;
There on the cross the Saviour hung,
The sport of many an impious tongue,
While pain extreme his nature wrung,
And flowed life's crimson fountain.
- 2 The sun would not behold the scene,
But round him threw night's sable screen;
Nature was robed in mourning mien,
And sighed when Jesus suffered.
But ah! his persecutors stood,
Reviling Christ, the Son of God,
Unmoved to see his gushing blood,
And shocking insults offered.
- 3 O! why did not his fury burn,
And floods of vengeance on them turn?
Amazing! see his bowels yearn
In soft compassion, on them.
No fury kindles in his eyes,
They beam with love — and when he dies,
"Father, forgive," the sufferer cries,
"They know not" — O forgive them!
- 4 How ardent ought my love to be
To him who's done so much for me;
My constant service, faithful, free —
And all my powers employing.
I should my cross with pleasure bear,
And place my all of glory there,
In his reproach most gladly share
In tribulation joying.

HYMNS.

- 5 And never shall it be concealed,
 He hath to me his love revealed,
 Of all my sins a pardon sealed —
 I feel his blessed favor :
 In him I do and will rejoice ;
 I'll praise him with a cheerful voice,
 Until the theme my tongue employs
 In realms of bliss forever.

657 (404) (Home Altar.) 8s.

- 1 **W**E speak of the realms of the blest ;
 Of that country so bright and so fair ;
 And oft are its glories confest ;
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold ;
 Of its walls decked with jewels so rare ;
 Of its wonders and pleasures untold ;
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation and care,
 From trials without and within ;
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 4 We speak of its service of love ;
 Of the robes which the glorified wear ;
 Of the raptures which every heart move ;
 But what must it be to be there ?
- 5 May we, then, midst pleasure or woe,
 For that kingdom our hearts now prepare ;
 And shortly we also shall know,
 And feel what it is to be there.

658 (404) 8s & 9s.

- 1 **T**HE great, tremendous day's approaching,
 That awful scene is drawing nigh ;
 Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
 Decreed from all eternity.

HYMNS.

But O, my soul, reflect and wonder ;
That awful scene is drawing near,
When you shall see the great transaction,
When Christ, in judgment, shall appear.

2 See nature stand all in amazement,
To hear the last loud trumpet sound ;
Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment,
Ye nations of the world around !
Loud thunders rumbling through the concave,
Bright, forked lightnings part the skies ;
The heavens are shaking, the earth is quaking,
The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.

3 Green, turfy grave-yards and tombs of marble,
Give up their dead, both small and great ;
See ! the whole world, both saints and sinners,
Are coming to the judgment-seat.
See Jesus on the throne of justice,
Comes thundering down the parted skies,
And countless armies of shining angels,
With hallelujahs shout for joy.

4 Bright shining streams from his awful presence,
His face ten thousand suns outshine ;
Behold him coming in power and glory,
To meet him, all his saints combine.
Go forth, ye heralds, with speed like lightning,
Call in my saints from distant lands ;
Those that my blood from sin has ransomed,
Whose names in life's fair book do stand.

5 O come, ye blessed of my Father,
The purchase of my dying love ;
Receive the crowns of life and glory,
Which are laid up for you above.
For you, my saints, which have continued
With me, and my temptations bore,
I have provided for you a kingdom,
To reign with me forevermore.

HYMNS.

6 There's flowing fountains of living water ;
 No sickness, pain, nor death to fear ;
 No sorrow, sighing, no tears nor weeping
 Shall ever have admittance there.
 But how will sinners stand and tremble,
 When justice calls them to the bar !
 Those that reject his offered mercy,
 Their everlasting doom to hear.

659 (404) (*Prairie Flower.*)

ONWARD time is rolling, fast the moments fly,
 Swiftly is probation passing by,
 Hours of pain and sorrow soon will all be gone,
 Christian, soon will come the morn.
 Soon the voice of weeping will no more be heard;
 Nor the narrow charnel house be stirred ;
 Friends that now are sleeping soon will leave the
 And in endless beauty bloom. [tomb,

CHO. — We now are going, soon we shall be
 Where all the Pilgrim band is free,
 There with angel harpers we shall all unite
 In that blissful land of light..

2 In that world of glory, o'er the blissful plains,
 Roll the welcome tidings — Jesus reigns !
 He hath been victorious, and hath conquered death
 To secure the promised rest.
 There in regal splendor, clothed in robes of light,
 With his holy angels shining bright,
 While the heavenly arches loud with praises ring,
 To the everlasting King.

3 Hail ! thou glorious morning ! break upon our
 Chase away the darkness of the night ; [sight ;
 Bring the welcome tidings that our work is done,
 And a victor's crown we've won.

HYMNS.

Cheer thee ! lonely Pilgrim, still the firmer be ;
 Soon a world of glory thou shalt see ;
 There, amid the ransomed, rest thy weary soul
 While eternal ages roll.

660 (405)

L. M.

- 1 **Y**OUNG people all, attention give,
 While I address you in God's name,
 Ye, who in sin and folly live,
 Come hear the counsels of a friend.
- 2 I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
 And ranged the luring scenes of vice,
 But never knew substantial joys,
 Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 3 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
 And took my load of guilt away,
 He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
 And thus I found the heavenly way.
- 4 And now, with trembling sense I view
 The billows roll beneath, dear youth ;
 For death eternal waits for you,
 Who slight the force of Gospel truth.
- 5 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
 By fleeting time, or conquering death,
 Your morning sun may set at noon,
 And God demand your mortal breath.
- 6 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
 Must wither like the blasted rose,
 The coffin muffler, winding sheet,
 Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 7 Ye heedless ones, that wildly stroll,
 The grave will soon become your bed,
 Where silence reigns and vapors roll
 In solemn darkness round your head.

HYMNS.

- 8 There sunk in shades of gloomy night,
 You'll sleep until the judgment day,
 And never more behold the light,
 Until the heavens pass away.

661 (405)

- 1 **'ROUND** the world alarm is ringing,
 In a solemn sound,
 While old time in haste is winging
 The moments swift around.
 Hark ! in mournful tones now pealing
 Notes of pensive song,
 Full of faith and love now mingling,
 Sweetly it floats along :
 Soon will the trumpet
 Peal the glorious sound !
 All the saints will then awaken
 From beneath the cold, cold ground !
- 2 Now the harvest fast is ripening,
 Love is growing cold —
 See the fields already whitening,
 And scoffers growing bold.
 All the signs that mark the coming
 Of the end of time ;
 See, the fig-tree is a blooming,
 Next, the last great sign.
 Soon will the trumpet, &c.
- 3 Haste thee, sinner, Christ is calling
 In a voice of love ;
 And the sands of time are falling, —
 Come, then, no longer rove.
 Now the men of might are waking,
 And their doom is near ;
 Soon the heavens will be shaking,
 And then will the Judge appear.
 Then will the trumpet, &c.

HYMNS.

- 4 There the tree of life is blooming
 On that happy shore,
 And the crystal streams are flowing,
 Where grief and sufferings are o'er ;
 There the saints of God, immortal,
 Praise their glorious King,
 'Neath Jerusalem's bright portal,
 Happy, forever sing.
 Come, then, dear Saviour,
 Let the trumpet sound !
 All the saints will then awaken
 From beneath the cold, cold ground.

662 (405)

- 1 SKEPTIC, spare that book,
 Touch not a single leaf,
 Nor on its pages look
 With eye of unbelief :
 'Twas my forefathers' stay,
 In the hour of agony ;
 Skeptic, go thy way,
 And let that old book be.
- 2 That good old book of life
 For centuries has stood,
 Unharm'd amid the strife,
 When earth was drunk with blood ;
 And would'st thou harm it now,
 And have its truths forgot ?
 Skeptic, forbear the blow,
 Thy hand shall harm it not.
- 3 Its very name recalls
 The happy hours of youth,
 When in my grandsire's halls
 I heard its tales of truth.

HYMNS.

I've seen his white hair flow
 O'er that volume as he read ;
 But that was long ago,
 And the good old man is dead.

4 My dear grandmother, too,
 When I was but a boy,
 I've seen her eyes of blue
 Weep o'er it tears of joy.
 Their traces linger still,
 And dear they are to me ;
 Skeptic, forego thy will —
 Go — let that old book be.

663 (406)

1 **O** LORD ! hasten the time
 Of freedom from woe and sin,
 Let David's Son on his royal throne
 His reign of mercy begin.
 Pilgrims here we roam,
 Oppressed by many a care ;
 We long to be from trouble free,
 And the joys of angels share.

CHO. — O Lord ! hasten the time,
 Speed on the joyous day !
 Jesus, we cry, descend from on high,
 Thus we daily pray.

2 All over the land
 There's sorrow, sickness, and death ;
 Man's plaintive cries each hour arise,
 And thus he yields his breath.
 A curse is on the ground,
 And a poison in the air,
 O, well may we long to be free,
 And long for a world that's fair.
 O Lord ! hasten the time, &c.

H Y M N S .

3 Yes, we long for the day
When Satan's reign shall be o'er,
And peace and joy, without alloy,
Be scattered from shore to shore.
Then deserts shall rejoice,
And blossom as Eden fair,
While vine-clad hills and leaping rills
Shall praise to Immanuel bear.
O Lord ! hasten the time, &c.

664 (406)

WE shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
When the sorrows of life shall be o'er,
Our loved ones, we hope soon to meet them,
On Eden's fair, beautiful shore ;
The glorious thought, how consoling,
To know that the time is so nigh,
When Jesus, the world, shall, controlling,
Permit us to join them on high.

2 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
Though now they are hid from our sight,
We think of the time we shall meet them,
And it oft fills our hearts with delight,
We have laid them away in deep sadness,
Yet not without hope in our breast,
For again they will join us with gladness,
And enter the heavenly rest.

3 We shall greet them at home, we shall greet them,
Where nothing can ever divide,
Where sickness, or death, cannot harm them,
Nor tear them again from our side ;
There we 'll range beside life's cooling river,
'Neath the tree of life's shade we shall roam,
With the glory of God shining ever,
We 'll greet them, we 'll greet them at home

HYMNS.

665 (406) (*Old Church-Yard.*) P. M.

- 1 **H**EAR the glorious proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Hear the glorious proclamation
Of the Saviour near.

CHO.—While the choir of angels,
While the choir of angels,
While the choir of angels,
Shall be sounding through the air.

- 2 Hark! the tidings onward rolling,
Jesus comes, the world controlling!
Hark! the tidings onward rolling,
Jesus comes to reign.
While the choir of angels, &c.

- 3 See the “sign” in heaven appearing,
And the blazing chariot nearing,
See the “sign” in heaven appearing,
And the Saviour there.
While the choir of angels, &c.

- 4 See the earth in terror shaking,
And the dead to life awaking,
See the earth in terror shaking,
And the dead arise.
While the choir of angels, &c.

- 5 Now on wings of light ascending,
With a shining host attending,
Now on wings of light ascending,
Mount up to the skies.
While the choir of angels, &c.

- 6 See the banner waves in glory,
While ten thousand tell the story,
See the banner waves in glory,
And the saints all there.
While the choir of angels, &c.

HYMNS.

7 They are saved from death forever,
 Praise to him who did deliver,
 They are saved from death forever,
 And die no more.
 While the choir of angels, &c.

666 (407)

10s.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving the house of prayer?
 I have prized it long as a holy place,
 Where my gracious Lord shows his smiling face.
 Do you ask me why I linger here?
 Why the place to me is so sweet and dear?—
 Here my soul was saved from the fowler's snare,
 And a sacred place is the house of prayer.

2 'Tis a place of peace and a place of rest,
 And of all the earth this place is the best;
 Here we feast on love and abound in joy—
 Our hearts beat with hope and our tongues we employ
 In the praise of Him who came to save
 From the guilt of sin, and the power of the grave—
 His love and truth we here declare,
 And we love to pray in the house of prayer.

3 Here the meek and lowly in heart agree
 To raise the voice while they bend the knee.
 And gentle showers of grace distil,
 Our hearts to cheer, our souls to fill.
 Let the vain and proud this place pass by—
 Let them scorn the thought to linger nigh;
 But I love it, I love it, and will declare
 That there is no place like the house of prayer.

4 No place like this beneath the sun;
 But there'll be a place in the world to come,
 Where the wicked will not trouble the blest,
 Where the weary soul will forever rest.

H Y M N S .

Where the prayer of faith finds its great reward,
And the faithful ones will be with the Lord ;
But until my soul shall enter there,
Let me still delight in the house of prayer.

667 (407)

1 **T**HE midnight cry in mercy sounds ;
The faithful watchman lifts his voice ;
Its thrilling tones re-echo round,
To bid the saints rejoice.

Then, virgins, rise, break forth, and sing
The glorious Advent of your King !
The Midnight cry in mercy sounds,
Go forth to meet your Lord !

2 Blow ! Watchman — blow a certain sound !
For dark and dangerous is the night,
And daring scoffers thicken round —
The evil servants smite ;
The faithful ones strict watch-care keep,
With lamps well trimmed — nor can they sleep.
The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
Go forth to meet your Lord !

3 Though midnight hour, God's word sheds light,
Its brilliant rays dispel the gloom ;
The Pilgrim's pathway now grows bright —
The King is coming soon.
Then tune your harps once more, and sing
Your sweetest strains to Zion's King.
The Midnight Cry in mercy sounds,
Go forth to meet your Lord !

4 Behold ! he comes — the mighty One —
Ye virgins, rise ! go forth and meet !
Dry up your tears ! the Bridegroom comes,
His weeping bride to greet.

HYMNS.

The trumpet sounds — the day has broke —
 The living changed — the dead awoke,
 To blend their songs in gushing strains
 All hail ! Messiah reigns !

668 (408)

1 **W**HEN Christ, the Lord, was doomed to die,
 And bow to heaven's stern decree,
 He plainly saw the hour was nigh
 When many sighed with grief, while he,
 The victim, came serene and mild,
 The back laid bare, the scourge he took,
 And bleeding on the cross was nailed,
 While Nature feels the pond'rous stroke.
 And now each weeping saint their grief,
 Their grief partook,
 And now each weeping saint their grief,
 Their grief partook,
 In anguish sighed — while he died —
 In anguish sighed — while he died —
 O, wondrous deed ! O, wondrous deed !
 The Man of Sorrows dies !

2 O, list ! what sighs of deep despair —
 What mournful thoughts pervade each breast —
 When, suddenly, bright forms appear —
 Earth shakes, the soldiers stand aghast —
 And lo ! the Son of God comes forth —
 A mighty conqueror o'er the grave !
 Go, Mary, tell the joyous truth —
 I live again, with power to save !
 And now each joyful saint their joy,
 Their joy partake,
 And now each joyful saint their joy,
 Their joy partake,
 Hearts once sad, now made glad ;
 Hearts once sad, now made glad ;
 Jesus lives again ! Jesus lives again !
 The conqueror of the grave.

HYMNS.

3 O, glory be to God on high !
 He thus fulfils his faithful word ;
 From North to South, from East to West,
 At home, abroad, all things proclaim ;
 Now signs reveal his kingdom nigh,
 Faith says it cannot be deferred ;
 Behold, at hand the promised rest !
 All things restored, Messiah's reign !
 And now each waiting saint their joy,
 Their joy bespeaks,
 And now each waiting saint their joy,
 Their joy bespeaks,
 While they sing, heavens ring ;
 While they sing, heavens ring ;
 Come—glorious King ! Come—glorious King !
 The Lord, our Righteousness !

669 (408)

LIST to the joyful news sounding so clear,
 O'er the hills, through the dales, Jesus is near ;
 Hark how it wafts along through earth's domain,
 Quick prepare soon to share Heaven's bright reign.

CHO.—Pilgrims and strangers here we'll ever roam
 Till our Lord shall reward and bring us home.

2 Swiftly the tidings roll onward with speed,
 To the believer's soul joyful indeed ;
 Soon will the reaping time fully have come,
 Saints will all, great and small, be gathered home.
 Pilgrims and strangers, &c.

3 Lord, let thy kingdom come, we'll ever pray ;
 Soon take thy children, O hasten the day.
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, banish all fear,
 Signs proclaim, Jesus' name, Judgment is near.
 Pilgrims and strangers, &c.

HYMNS.

670 (409) (*Christ our Pilot.*) 11s.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land or the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!
I now am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

671 (409) 11s.

THE Bridegroom is coming, O hark, hear the cry!
He's coming in glory — his Kingdom is nigh;
Myriads of angels await his command,
To gather the faithful from every land.

HYMNS.

CHO. — O Pilgrim, haste ! the day rolls on,
Quickly will the night of thy sorrow be gone,
O Pilgrim, haste ! awake and arise,
To go and meet your Saviour in the skies.

2 The storm-cloud of vengeance is gathering fast,
The harvest is ripening and soon will be past ;
The last final struggle of earth has begun,
Soon all will be ended, and strife will be done.

3 Then gird on thine armor, O Christian, with care ;
The time of great peril prevails everywhere ;
Be watchful, be prayerful, forgiving and kind,
The Enemy watches each unguarded mind.

4 O hail the glad morning when Jesus shall reign !
No more of our loved ones by Death will be slain ;
He'll awake all his people who sleep in the tomb,
And make them immortal, forever to bloom.

5 The earth robed in beauty will soon be our home—
The pure golden city with high tow'ring dome ;
The songs of the ransomed will roll o'er the plain,
In glory unending with Jesus we'll reign !

672 (410) 11s.

THE people called Christians how many things they
tell,
About the land of Canaan, where the saints with
Christ shall dwell ;
But sin, that dreadful ocean, encloses them around,
While its tide still divides them from Canaan's happy
ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient to find a passage
through,
And with united wisdom have tried what they could
do ;
But vessels built by human skill have never sailed far,
Ti'l we have found them aground on some dreadful
sandy bar.

H Y M N S.

3 The everlasting Gospel has launched the deep at
last,

Behold her sails extended around the towering masts ;
Along the deck in order the joyful sailors stand,
Crying, ho ! here we go ! to Immanuel's happy land.

4 To those who stand spectators what anguish must
ensue,

To see their old companions bid them a last adieu ;
The pleasures of your paradise no longer can invite,
Here we sail, you may rail, but we'll soon be out of
sight.

5 We are now on the wide ocean, we bid this world
farewell,

And where we shall cast anchor, the Scriptures show
full well,

About our future destiny there need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide with our Captain and his
Mate.

6 The passengers united in order, peace and love,
The wind's all in our favor, how sweetly we do move,
Let tempests now assail us and raging billows roar,
We shall sweep through the deep till we reach that
happy shore.

7 This peaceful port we'll enter, though towering
billows roar,

And join with saints and angels our Saviour to adore ;
The Captain of salvation will bring us safe to land,
In the Gospel ship, O glory ! to join the heavenly
band.

673 (410)

W E'll meet ere long in our happy Eden home,
Where summer is smiling and fair,
The birds sing sweet, and the flowers are in bloom,
And the river of life shall be there.

HYMNS.

The saints all meet, of every age and clime,
 All joyous, all happy and bright ;
 There snow-white robes in immortal beauty shine,
 With the glory of the Lamb, their light.

CHO. — Then weep no more, lone pilgrim,
 O weep no more to-day,
 For we'll meet ere long in our happy Eden home,
 In our happy Eden home ever stay.

2 In that bright world, with our loved ones by our
 All blooming, all beauteous and fair, [side;
 We'll sing one song, as eternal ages glide,
 While the winds waft music through the air.
 Our King shall reign in the city of delight,
 Where apostles and prophets shall dwell,
 The ransomed hosts with the angels all unite
 And the glad, happy chorus swell.
 Then weep no more, &c.

3 Though here we sigh, while we travel on the way,
 Though lonely and sadly we roam,
 We'll still hope on for the coming of the day,
 When the weary shall rest in their home.
 Though here we toil through trials dark and drear,
 Through sorrow, and sickness, and pain,
 We still will wait for the Saviour to appear,
 When we in our Eden home shall reign.
 Then weep no more, &c.

674 (411)

10s & 11s.

THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,
 Though friends all shall fail, and foes all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

2 'The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
 From them let us learn to trust in our Head ;
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as it's written the Lord will provide.

HYMNS.

3 We all may like ships by tempests be tost,
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost ;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we'll obey like Abraham of old,
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold
For though we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own or goodness we claim ;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name ;
In this, our strong Tower, for safety we hide, —
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 Whentime sinks away and the land heaves in view,
The word of his grace shall guide us safe through ;
Nor fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our side,
We then shall rise shouting, the Lord will provide.

675 (411)

I'M sighing for home, where the King in his glory
Shall banish all sorrow and scatter all gloom ;
I sigh for the land, where the youth and the hoary
Shall dwell in bright Eden, forever at home.

Sweet home, sweet home,
Shall dwell in bright Eder, forever at home.

HYMNS.

- 2 I'm sighing for home, where the songs of the
ransomed
Shall echo their strains throughout heaven's high
dome !
- I sigh for the day when all hearts shall be gladdened ;
The pilgrims' sweet rest and the saints' happy
Sweet home, sweet home, [home,
The pilgrims' sweet rest and the saints' happy home.
- 3 I'm sighing for home, where joy's bright gushing
fountain,
Pours forth its glad waters, where grief cannot
come ;
- I sigh for Christ's coming, when valley and mountain
Become the bright plains of my glorious home.
Sweet home, sweet home,
Become the bright plains of my glorious home.
- 4 I'm sighing for home, where no ties shall be broken,
Where death cannot enter and cause us to mourn ;
- I sigh for the rest of which prophets have spoken,
The blest restitution, — I long to go home.
Sweet home, sweet home,
The blest restitution, — I long to go home.
- 5 I'm sighing for home, and the thought that 't is
nearing,
Makes me cry the more earnest for Jesus to come ;
- I'll sigh for the kingdom till Christ shall, appearing,
Permit me to enter my long-looked-for home.
Sweet home, sweet home,
Permit me to enter my long-looked-for home.

676 (412) (*Faithful Sentinel.*) 11s & 12s.

THE King in his beauty, by angels attended,
Soon treading the pathway of heaven shall say,
The conflict is over, the warfare is ended,
Arise, my beloved, from earth come away.

H Y M N S .

CHO. — Fierce lightnings may flash and the loud
thunders rattle,

They heed not, they fear not, they're free from all
pain,

They've shed their last tear they've fought their
last battle,

The warfare is ended, in glory they reign.

2 The graves are seen bursting, the dark caverns open,
The rocks and the mountains down by him are
thrown,

The captives are rescued, death's chains, they are
broken,

While saints of all ages arise from the tomb.

Fierce lightnings may flash, &c.

3 The toil-worn and weary, who long have been
waiting

The coming of Christ to receive their reward,
Rejoicing and shouting, while nature is shaking,
Together mount up at the voice of the Lord.

Fierce lightnings may flash, &c.

4 Fierce lightnings are flashing, loud thunders are
roaring,

Hark, hear the foundations of earth, how they
move !

While nations are angry, their fate are deploring,*

The saints are all safe in the city above.

Fierce lightnings may flash, &c.

5 There fathers and mothers, there sisters and
brothers,

There parents and children together unite,

Apostles and Prophets, and millions of others,

All swell the glad anthems in blissful delight.

Fierce lightnings may flash, &c.

6 May we, on that morning, by glory surrounded,
Receive the blest plaudit, when Jesus shall come,

The conflict is over, the warfare is ended,

Come, enter the kingdom prepared for thy home.

HYMNS.

CHO. — Fierce lightnings may flash, and the loud
thunders rattle,
We'll heed not, we'll fear not, we're free from all
pain,
We've shed our last tear, we've fought our last battle,
The warfare is ended, in glory we reign.

677 (412) (*Longing.*)

- 1 **W**E'RE waiting still, dear Lord, for thee
Thy promise to fulfil,
When thou shalt come in majesty
To reign on Zion's hill ;
We're waiting still, dear Lord, for thee
To gather Abraham's seed,
When from all pain and cruelty,
Thy followers shall be freed.
- 2 We're waiting still, dear Lord, for thee
To rend the vaulted skies,
To give us immortality,
And bid us to thee rise :
We're waiting still, dear Lord, for thee
To wake the sleeping dead,
When thy dear saints no more shall be
Through death's dark portals led.
- 3 Help us to wait, dear Lord, for thee,
With patience and with hope,
And may thy Spirit ever be
Our comfort and support ;
Lord, grant us power to watch and pray,
The waiting spirit give,
That we may meet in endless day,
And endless joys receive.
- 4 We've waited long, we're waiting still,
Yet we expect to wait
Till thou thy promise shalt fulfil,
And earth anew create ;

H Y M N S.

Then we expect to reign with thee,
When earth shall own thy sway,
When we, from all our sorrows free,
Shall dwell in endless day.

678 (413)

5s & 6s.

1 **W**HEN shall I see the day
That ends my woes?
When shall I vict'ry gain
O'er all my foes?
When will the trumpet sound
That calls an exile home;
The grand, sabbatic year,
When will it come?

2 A crown of glory bright,
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light,
Prepared for me.
O, may I faithful prove,
And keep the prize in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue!

3 Jesus, be now my guide;
My steps attend;
O, keep me near thy side!
Be thou my friend;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And, when my work is done,
My great reward.

4 O, how I long to see
That happy day,
When sorrow, sin and pain,
Shall flee away,

HYMNS.

When all the heavenly tribes
Shall find their long-sought home.
The Jubilee of heaven,
When will it come?

679 (413)

P. M.

- 1 **L**IST, ye mortals, hear the sound
That calls you to prepare ;
Hear creation groaning round,
In sighs of deep despair !
See the nations in distress, —
Monarchs look with anxious eye,
Of their hopes they're now bereft ;
O haste ! the judgment's nigh !

- 2 Mark ! the signs are passing by
That speak the Conqueror near ;
Soon you'll see with your own eye
The Lord of lords appear,
In a cloud of glory bright,
Seated on his dazzling throne ;
Myriads, clad in spotless white,
Surround the Mighty One.

- 3 Say, poor sinner, can you stand
Before him in that day ?
Can you raise your puny hand
Or lift your voice and say,
I was not warned of danger by
God's faithful watchmen and his word ?
Ah, you heeded not their cry ! —
God's warning was deferred.

- 4 Then you'll stand in black despair ;
Remorse will shroud your heart ;
Sins forgotten will appear
And poignant grief impart.

HYMNS.

Come, then, lay your scoffing by,
Ere the day of mercy's past,
And you in horror stand and cry,
I'm doomed to die at last !

680 (413) (*Exhortation.*)

- 1 **I** WALK a lonely pilgrim here,
O'er life's uneven way ;
My aching heart keeps hoping for
A bright and better day ;
A glorious home, a goodly land,
The blessed heavenly rest ;
And well I know that land is near,
The home of all who're blest.

- 2 I walk alone, and oft am sad,
And fall the briny tears ;
My heart is grieved with trials sore,
And pressed with many cares.
The better land no sorrow knows —
There, hushed is every sigh ;
The Saviour's hand in kindness wipes
The tear-drop from each eye.

- 3 I walk alone, and yet am glad,
The blessed promise given,
To cheer the heart — the lonely one,
Towards that promised heaven.
The humble path my Saviour walked,
I scorn it not to tread ;
The frowns and scoffs my Saviour bore
May fall upon my head.

- 4 I stand upon his precious Word,
My soul rejoiceth free,
The glorious light the Gospel gives,
Is light that shines for me.

H Y M N S.

I'll suffer now, I'll triumph then ;
I'll die for Jesus here ;
In that bright world I'll live again,
A conquerer's crown to wear.

681 (414) (*Jeannette and Jeannott.*)

1 WE'RE going to the land
To the land of pure delight,
Where the sky is ever clear,
And the sun is ever bright.
Where the gentle zephyrs play,
All laden with perfume,
Where the grass is ever green,
And the flowers are in bloom.
When we reach that blessed land,
Our happy Eden home,
The restituted earth,
And throughout creation roam,
We will join the heavenly host,
And make the kingdom ring,
With all the blood-washed throng,
To praise our God and King.

2 We're going to the land,
To the land of sacred rest,
To greet the loved of earth,
The holy and the blest.
Where all hearts shall thrill with joy,
All tears be wiped away,
Where glory ever beams
In those bright realms of day.
We're going to our home,
The New Jerusalem,
With gates so richly set
With brilliant diadems ;

HYMNS.

With streets of purest gold,
Behold fair Salem stand,
Built by the God of love,
In Beulah's peaceful land.

- 3 We're going to the land,
The land of sacred song,
Where the enraptured host
The choral strains prolong ;
Where immortal breezes blow
Across fair Eden's plains,
Where the river of life flows,
And the King in beauty reigns.
Hark, hark ! from distant lands
The booming cannons roar,
The day begins to break,
The dark night's almost o'er ;
The everlasting heights
Of Canaan's happy land,
By faith are in full view,
With the immortal band.

682 (414) *(Boylston.)* S. M.

- 1 **H**AD I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.
- 2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
Each myst'ry to explain ;
Without a heart to do thy will
My knowledge would be vain.
- 3 Had I such faith in God
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good
That did not work by love.

HYMNS.

- 4 Grant, then, this one request—
Whatever be denied—
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

683 (414) (*Missionary Hymn.*)

- 1 **T**HE angels soon are coming,
To gather all the just,
Who are in death reposing,
Unconscious in the dust ;
They hear the trumpet sounding—
It penetrates the graves ;
Now into life they're bounding,
No more to death are slaves.
- 2 The resurrection morning,
With all its dazzling light,
Is now upon us dawning
In rays of glory bright ;
The saints are made immortal—
The living and the dead ;
Their bodies are celestial,
Like Christ their living head.
- 3 The Saviour is descending,
In clouds of glory bright ;
The angels are attending—
How swift their downward flight :
The saints now upward rising,
The holy angels greet,—
An army vast comprising,
In holiness complete.
- 4 A city, too, in splendor,
Shall to the earth descend ;
Earth's kingdoms shall surrender,
And wickedness shall end ;

HYMNS.

Messiah's kingdom holy
 Upon the earth shall bloom,—
 There all the meek and lowly
 Will find an endless home.

684 (415)

P. M.

- 1 **T**HE old Israelites knew what it was they must do
 If fair Canaan they would possess,
 They must still keep in sight of the pillar of light,
 Which led on to the promised rest.
- 2 The camps on the road could not be their abode,
 But as oft as the trumpet should blow,
 They all, glad of a chance of a further advance,
 Must then take up their baggage and go.
- 3 Now the cross-bearing throng are advancing along,
 And a closer communion doth flow ;
 Now all who would stand on the promised land,
 Let them leave all their baggage and go.
- 4 What though some in the rear preach up terror and
 And complain of the trials they meet ; [fear,
 Though the giants before with great fury do roar,
 I'm resolved I will never retreat.
- 5 We are little, 'tis true, and our numbers are few,
 And the sons of old Anak are tall ;
 But while I see a track, I will never go back,
 But go on at the risk of my all.
- 6 Now the morning doth dawn for the camps to move
 And the priests with the trumpets do blow ; [on,
 As the priests give the sound and the trumpets re-
 All my soul is exulting to go. [sound,
- 7 But on Jordan's near side I can never abide,
 For no place of refuge I see,
 Till I come to the spot and inherit the lot,
 Which the Lord will then give unto me.

HYMNS.

685 (415)

P. M.

- 1 **I**N the world we shall have tribulation,
 Here trials and sorrows abound ;
 Whatever our lot or our station,
 No permanent rest can be found.
 But he who has loved us has promised
 A country where peace shall remain,
 And also that all his disciples
 That heavenly country shall gain.

- 2 On the earth we are pilgrims and strangers,
 We are seeking the city of God,
 Our way is encompassed with dangers,
 The way that all Christians have trod.
 But Jesus our Lord will attend us,
 As saints have all proved in the past —
 His power and truth will defend us,
 And give us the kingdom at last.

- 3 While here, we shall meet with temptations,
 The world will present all its charms,
 And he who deceiveth the nations,
 Would gladly throw round us his arms.
 Yes ; Satan will ever annoy us,
 His darts he will hurl at the just ;
 But surely he ne'er can destroy us,
 So long as in Jesus we trust.

- 4 Our days of affliction and sadness
 Will soon be all numbered and past ;
 Our mourning succeeded by gladness,
 Thank God, we shall triumph at last !
 The day of redemption is dawning,
 Its signs in the heavens appear,
 Most speedily cometh the morning,
 Christ's glorious kingdom is near.

HYMNS.

686 (415) (Greenville.) 8s & 7s.

1 **H**OLY Spirit ! Fount of blessing,
 Ever watchful, ever kind ;
 Thy celestial aid possessing,
 Prisoned souls deliv'rance find,
 Seal of truth, and bond of union,
 Source of light, and flame of love,
 Symbol of divine communion,
 In the olive-bearing dove.

2 Heavenly guide from paths of error,
 Comforter of minds distressed ;
 When the billows fill with terror,
 Pointing to an ark of rest ; —
 Promised pledge ! eternal Spirit !
 Greater than all gifts below, —
 May our hearts thy grace inherit ;
 May our lips thy glories show.

687 (415) (Norwich.) 7s.

1 **I**N the sun, and moon, and stars,
 Signs and wonders there shall be ;
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,
 Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
 Tossed with stronger tempests, rise ;
 Darker storms the mountains sweep,
 Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.

3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
 Racking doubt and restless fear ;
 And, amid the thunder-cloud,
 Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But, though from that awful face
 Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
 Fear not ye, his chosen race ;
 Your redemption draweth nigh.

HYMNS.

688 (416) (*A Light in the Window.*)

THERE'S a crown and a kingdom for thee, brother,
 There's a crown and a kingdom for thee ;
 Our Saviour will come, and will gather us home,
 Then our home in the kingdom shall be.

CHO. — "The King in his beauty" we'll see,
 And with him we ever shall be ;
 In the year of the great Jubilee,
 Then, our home in the kingdom shall be.

2 There's a harp, and a palm, and a crown, brother ;
 An inheritance blessed for thee ;
 Where Jesus shall reign, in fair Eden's domain,
 There our home in the kingdom shall be.

3 There's a "river of water of life," brother ;
 There's a pure flowing river for thee,
 That water so pure, shall forever endure,
 There the "tree of life" ever shall be.

4 There's a mansion in glory for thee, brother ;
 And thy home in that mansion shall be ;
 The kingdom will come, and this is our home,
 With patriarchs and prophets we'll be.

689 (416) (*John Brown Song.*)

1 GLAD is the hour, and propitious the sky,
 Haste, for the moment of sailing is nigh,
 Run up the banner as loudly we cry,
 Jesus our King evermore.

CHO. — Glory, Glory, Hallelujah !
 Glory, Glory, Hallelujah !
 Glory, Glory, Hallelujah !
 Jesus our King evermore.

2 Bright shines the day-star of hope from above,
 Swift from the quicksands of sorrow we move,
 O ! how we sail o'er the ocean of love,
 Bound for the haven beyond.

HYMNS.

- 3 Sweet are the joys of the years we have passed,
Sweeter the rest we are nearing so fast,
Loud will we sing while duration shall last,
Jesus our King evermore.
- 4 Hark! now the music of seraphs we hear,
Soon we must part from the friends we hold dear,
See, where the shores of the blessed appear,
O, how we long to be there!
- 5 Tempests and thunders may howl thro' the skies,
Sun, moon and stars be concealed from our eyes,
Still shall the chorus of triumph arise, —
Jesus our King evermore.

690 (416) (Corydon.) 8s.

- 1 THE groaning creation doth wait,
Together they travail in pain;
The Watchmen, who stand in the gate,
Are longing the morning to gain.
O! when will the Bridegroom appear,
His long-waiting Bride to receive?
We know that his coming is near;
He will not his people deceive?
- 2 He waits for his bride to appear
In righteousness fully arrayed;
While lacking he cannot draw near —
“Make ready,” and be not afraid.
The scoffers who mock at his word,
Must also stand “fully revealed,”
Ere they can “receive their reward,”
Or their judgment be finally sealed.

691 (416) (Saviour Haste.) 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
“Take thy cross and follow me;”
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from thy burden flee?
Lord, I'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

H Y M N S .

- 2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No ! I'll enter ;
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.
- 3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me ;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee ;
O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be !
- 4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

692 (417)

P. M.

- 1 **T**HE groaning earth is too dark and drear
For the saints' eternal home ;
But the city from heaven will soon be here ;
We know that the moment is drawing near
When she in her glory shall come.
Her gates of pearl we soon shall see,
And her music we soon shall hear ;
Joyous and bright our home shall be,
And we'll walk in the shadow of life's fair tree,
With our Saviour forever near.
- 2 We'll gladly exchange a world like this,
Where death triumphant reigns,
For a beautiful home in that land of bliss
Where all is happiness, joy and peace,
And nothing can enter that pains.

HYMNS.

There is no more sorrow and no more night,
 For the darkness shall pass away,
 The crucified Lamb is its glorious light,
 And the saints shall walk with him in white
 In that happy, unending day.

- 3 O there the loved of earth shall meet,
 Whom death has sundered here ;
 The prophets and patriarchs there will greet
 All that worship at Jesus' feet,
 No more separation to fear.
 Though trials and griefs await us here,
 The conflict will soon be o'er ;
 This glorious hope our hearts shall cheer.
 For we know that the Saviour will soon appear,
 And then we shall grieve no more.

693 (417)

8s & 7s.

- 1 **H**AIL the day so long expected ;
 Hail the year of full release ;
 Zion's walls are now erected,
 And her watchmen publish peace.
 Through the Shiloh's wide dominion,
 Hear the trumpet loudly roar,

CHO. — Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
 Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.

- 2 Hark, and hear the people crying,
 See the city disappear ;
 Trade and traffic all are dying,
 Lo ! they sink to rise no more !
 Merchants who have bought her traffic,
 Crying from a distant shore :

- 3 All her merchants cry with wonder,
 What is this that comes to pass ?
 Murm'ring like some distant thunder ;
 Crying, O ! alas ! alas !
 Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
 Priests and people, rich and poor :

HYMNS.

- 4 Sing aloud, ye heavenly choir,
 Shout, ye followers of the Lamb,
 See the city all on fire,
 How it sinks beneath the flame !
 Now's the day of compensation,
 On the mystic, drunk with gore ;
- 5 Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion,
 Christ has come a second time,
 Ruling with a rod of iron,
 All who now as foes combine.
 Babel's garments we've rejected,
 And the wedge of golden ore :
 Babylon is fallen, &c.

694 (417) (*Russia.*) L. M.

- 1 **O** GRACE divine ! the Saviour shed
 His life-blood on the cursed tree,
 Bowed on the cross his blessed head,
 And died to make his brethren free.
- 2 Through suff'ring there, beneath his feet
 He trod the fierce avenger down ;
 There power itself and weakness meet —
 Emblem of each, yon thorny crown.
- 3 Fruit of the curse, the tangled thorn
 Showed that he bore its deadly sting ;
 The crown, 'mid Israel's cruel scorn,
 Marked him as earth's anointed King.
- 4 O blessed hour, when all the earth
 Its rightful Heir shall yet receive ;
 When every tongue shall own his worth,
 And all creation cease to grieve !
- 5 Thou, dearest Saviour, thou alone
 Canst give thy weary people rest ;
 And, Lord, till thou art on the throne,
 This groaning earth can ne'er be blest.

HYMNS.

695 (417) (*Rockingham.*) L. M.

- 1 **W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise, —
- 2 There, says the Saviour, will I be,
Amid this little company ;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word ;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

696 (418) (*Come, Let us Anew.*)

- 1 **G**LAD tidings of grace, revealed to our race,
With gracious intent,
To you is the word of salvation now sent ;
The message receive, its author believe,
With one mind agree, —
The Master is coming and calleth for thee.
- 2 To-day hear his voice, and make the wise choice ;
O, flee to the mount !
For mercy has opened a life-giving fount ;
Behold the true Light, in splendor so bright ;
Come, weary one, — see !
The Master is coming and calleth for thee.
- 3 Come hasten away — make no more delay ;
Hear Jesus, your friend,
Invite you to pleasures that never will end :
How precious his name ! forever the same,
His mercy is free ;
The Master is coming and calleth for thee.

HYMNS.

- 4 In mercy's glad hour, of goodness and power,
 Come all ye who thirst,
 The fountain is open for even the worst ;
 Hear ye the good news, and no more refuse.
 In the Jubilee
 The Master is coming and calleth for thee.
- 5 The trumpet will sound, where will you be found
 In that coming day ?
 O ! sinner, the judgment will no more delay ;
 " Arise from the dead," thy Saviour hath said,
 From destruction flee :
 The Master is coming and calleth for me.

697 (418) (*Penitence.*) 7s & 6s.

- 1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all your creature good ;
 Only Jêsus we pursue,
 Who bought us with his blood !
 All thy pleasures we forego,
 We trample on thy wealth and pride ;
 Only Jesus will we know,
 And Jesus crucified !
- 2 Here will we set up our rest ;
 Each fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart.
 Whither should a sinner go ?
 His wounds for me stand open wide ;
 Only Jesus will we know,
 And Jesus crucified.
- 3 O that we could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove ;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love !

HYMNS.

Fain we would to sinners show,
 The blood by faith alone applied ;
 Only Jesus will we know
 And Jesus crucified !

698 (418) (*Dearest Mae.*)

1 **W**E'RE looking for a city
 When Eden is restored,
 A city of foundations
 Whose builder is the Lord ;
 Whose glories are unfading,
 Whose beauties are untold,
 Whose walls are built of jasper,
 With streets of finest gold.

CHO.—O ! happy day,
 We'll never from thee stray,
 O ! glorious sight, 't will be delight,
 Within thy walls to stay.

2 The length and breadth are equal,
 Twelve thousand furlongs square,
 And naught unclean or hateful
 Shall ever enter there ;
 The kings of earth their glory
 And honors well may bring,
 Within thy massy portals,
 Great city of our King.

3 No need of any Temple,
 Or sun or moon to shine,
 The Lord thee will enlighten,
 His glories are sublime.
 The nations of the saved
 Shall walk in glory bright,
 With Christ the son of David,
 Thine everlasting light.

HYMNS.

4 The splendid arches glisten,
 Within thy sacred dome,
 With waters clear as crystal
 Proceeding from the Throne.
 The tree of life so healing,
 On either side the stream,
 Whose branches gently waving,
 Add grandeur to the scene.

5 Come all ye thirsty, fainting—
 Drink from life's cooling stream,
 Which when you once have tasted,
 You ne'er will thirst again,
 O! be constrained to enter,
 Through Christ the living way,
 Then you can live for ever,
 In realms of endless day.

699 (419)

P. M.

EARTH is groaning; earth is groaning,
 For her Lord and King is longing, longing, longing,
 Earth is groaning, Lord, deliverance bring; [longing;
 Remove the curse, in triumph reign.

How long wilt thou remain away?
 How long wilt thou remain away?
 Why doth thy lingering chariot stay?
 How long wilt thou remain away?

Come, come,
 To Israel, bring the promised day.

2 Jesus is coming, Jesus is coming,
 Lo! the day star bright, is rising, rising, rising, ris-
 Jesus is coming with the blazing crowns [ing!
 For those who walk with him in white.

HYMNS.

O there is glory, glory now,
 O there is glory, glory now,
 For lo! the heavens seem to bow;
 O there is glory, glory now.

Lo, lo,

The shaking heavens begin to bow!

3 O the glory, O the glory,
 Of the King of armies coming, coming, coming,
 O the glory of the King of kings [coming,
 In triumph coming down to reign.

Seraphic legions marshalled now,
 Seraphic legions marshalled now,
 Behold the shaking heavens bow,
 Seraphic legions marshalled now.

Lo, lo,

The brilliant glory of his train!

4 Hear the voices! hear the voices!
 That proclaim the Saviour coming, coming, coming,
 Hear the voices, — sweet angelic strains, [coming.
 In heaven th' echo loud resounds;

Angelic harpings now in heaven,
 Angelic harpings now in heaven,
 In sweeping melody are driven,
 Angelic harpings now in heaven,

Sound, sound,

“Behold the King of glory comes!”

5 Heaven rejoices — heaven rejoices,
 For the King of kings is coming, coming, coming,
 Heaven rejoices, for the King of kings [coming.
 In radiant glory comes to reign!

O earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
 O earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
 He comes to reign, thy rightful King!
 O earth be glad, rejoice and sing!

Shout, shout,

Glad tidings all the angels bring!

H Y M N S .

700 (419) (*Nelly Grey.*)

WE are voyagers on an ocean, and our destiny we
know,
For our chart it has pointed out the way ;
And our leaders they are cheering us, as o'er the
waves we go,
Saying, Courage, sailors, soon we'll gain the day.

CHO. — Then we'll watch and we'll pray, as our
vessel bears away,
And we'll never be disheartened any more ;
For the port is getting nearer, and I hear the leaders
say,
We soon shall reach the harbor and the shore.

2 Though strong the winds are blowing, and high
the billows roll,
It will only make us sigh for land the more ;
And our rest will be the sweeter, when we reach
the heavenly goal,
And shout our voyage over, on the shore.

3 We have passed the coast of Babylon, and the
Medo-Persian line,
We have left the coast of Grecia far behind ;
We've been sailing down the Roman shore for
eighteen hundred years,
And our chart declares the port we soon shall find.

4 Though dark clouds now gather o'er us, and
dangers all around,
Our noble bark is bearing us away ;
So cheer up, noble sailors, for soon the trump will
sound,
And bring us safe to anchor in the bay.

HYMNS.

701 (420) (*Hail to the Brightness.*) 11s & 10s

HAIL, thou blest morn, when the great Mediator
Down from the mansion of heaven did descend !
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger ;
Lo ! for his guard the bright angels attend.
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid ;
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops were shining ;
Low lay his head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all ;
Say, shall we yield him a costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine ;
Gems from the mountain, or pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

3 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Low at his feet, we, in humble prostration,
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife ;
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

4 He is our friend in the midst of temptation ;
Faithful supporter, whose love cannot fail ;
Rock of our refuge and hope of salvation ;
Light to direct us through death's gloomy vale.
Star of the morning ! thy brightness increases ;
Soon from the mansion of heaven shall descend,
Glorious in light, he whose love never ceases ;
Shepherds, and all men, the warning attend !

HYMNS.

702 (420) (Messiah.) 11s.

MY closet, my temple, my social retreat,
'Tis there with my Saviour in concert I meet;
How many the objects inviting me there,
To pour out my soul in the order of prayer.

2 When shades of great darkness come over my
And I fear that my God is about to depart, [heart,
I come to my closet and find him still there,
His hands filled with blessings in answer to prayer.

3 I bless the glad day when his grace I first felt,
His mercy then saved me and cancelled my guilt;
I will visit my closet, and never despair —
It was there my Redeemer first answered my prayer.

4 My Saviour is found in all places below;
His mercy abounds and his grace overflows;
A temple, a closet, I find everywhere,
And Jesus is waiting to bless me in prayer.

703 (421) (Happy Land.)

1 IN Christ we have our life,
And only there;
Secure from harm and strife,
His cross we bear.
Our Shepherd and our Friend,
On whom we can depend
To guide us to the end —
With constant care.

2 The way — the truth — the life,
Our hearts to cheer;
Guarding from mortal strife;
We need not fear;
Raise the adoring song,
Praises to him belong:
With the triumphant throng
He will appear.

H Y M N S.

- 3 He overcame our foes,
The witness saith,
When from the grave he rose
And conquered death.
He then ascended high,
No more for man to die ;
He lives to grant supply
Of life and breath.
- 4 Our great High Priest above,
His triumphs sing :
He will descend in love,
And glory bring.
On earth he comes to reign,
His sceptre he'll maintain,
Our Eden he'll regain —
Victorious King.
- 5 Our Life will soon appear,
And take us home ;
He'll wipe out every tear, —
Good Shepherd, come !
Hosanna to his name !
His love is still the same,
Which we will e'er proclaim
In Eden's home.
- 6 His kingdom is at hand,
The Jubilee —
And in the promised land
We soon shall be,
Praising with harp and voice,
Our life — our hope — our choice,
And then we shall rejoice
Eternally.

HYMNS.

704 (421) (Martyn.) 7s.

- 1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pard'ning love compelled,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield;
Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.
- 2 Meet it is, and just, and right,
That we should be wholly thine;
In thy only will delight,
In thy blessed service join;
O that every work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art;
"Holiness unto the Lord,"
Still be written on our heart!

705 (421) 8s & 7s.

- 1 WATCHMAN, on the walls of Zion,
Let thy warning voice be heard;
Blow the blast; for Judah's Lion
Soon will draw his vengeful sword;
Soon his rightful throne assume,
To pronounce the general doom.
- 2 Watchman, mark the coming danger;
Blow the trumpet, warn the land,
Wake the slothful, rouse the stranger,
Lest their blood be on thy hand;
Turn, O turn! why will ye die?
O sinner, to the refuge fly!
- 3 Watchman, sound a louder measure,
For the people will not hear;
As a lovely song of pleasure,
Fall their words upon thy ear.
Bid them seek the good old path
Ere the awful day of wrath.

HYMNS.

4 Watchman, in the cleansing fountain
 Bid them wash, while yet they may;
 Vain their call on rock and mountain,
 To protect them in that day,
 When the Lamb, on throne of ire,
 Shall unsheath his sword of fire.

5 Watchman, 'mid that desolation,
 Ask, who then shall dare to stand?
 Joyful shout, from tribulation
 Jesus brings his chosen band!
 Grateful love and ardent praise
 To his eternal glory raise.

706 (422) (Hendon.) 7s.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
 A Death, yield up the mighty prey!
 See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom!

2 Shout, ye seraphs! Gabriel, raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise!
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Echo to the joyful sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
 See the Conqueror mount the skies;
 When he comes, ye conquer too;
 He has triumphed thus for you.

4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide;
 Glorious Hero, through them ride;
 King of glory, mount thy throne!
 Boundless empire is thy own.

5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs!
 Raise and sweep your golden lyres;
 Praise him in the noblest songs,
 From ten thousand thousand tongues!

HYMNS.

707 (422) (Laban.) S. M.

- 1 WE come with joyful song,
To hail this happy morn;
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,
"This day is Jesus born!"
- 2 What transports doth his name
To sinful men afford!
His glorious titles we proclaim —
A Saviour — Christ — the Lord!
- 3 Glory to God on high,
All hail the happy morn:
We join the anthem of the sky —
And sing—"the Saviour's born!"

708 (422) (State Street.) S. M.

- 1 TO keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.
- 4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.
- 5 In God is all our store,
Grace issues from his throne:
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

HYMNS.

709 (422) (Olmütz.) S. M.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

710 (422) (Golden Hill.) S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the grace appears,
The blessing promised long ;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song :
- 2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth ;
Good-will to men — to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth !"
- 3 In worship so divine
Let men employ their tongues,
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs —
- 4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth ;
Good-will to men — to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth !"

711 (422) (Pleyel's Hymn.) 7s.

- 1 CAST thy burden on the Lord ;
Only lean upon his word ;
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

HYMNS.

- 2 Human counsels come to nought ;
That shall stand which God hath wrought ;
His compassion, love, and power,
Are the same for evermore.
- 3 Heaven and earth may pass away ;
God's free grace shall not decay ;
He hath promised to fulfil
All the pleasure of his will.
- 4 Jesus, Guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant rock ;
Make us, by thy powerful hand,
Long as Zion's mountain stand.

712 (423) (Stanley.) 8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, let us walk together
In the bonds of love and peace ;
Can it be a question whether
Brethren should from conflict cease ?
'Tis in union,
Hope, and joy, and love increase.
- 2 While we journey homeward, let us
Help each other in the road ;
Foes on every side beset us,
Snares through all the way are strewed ;
It behooves us
Each to bear a brother's load.
- 3 When we think how much our Father
Has forgiven, and does forgive ;
Brethren, we should learn the rather
Free from wrath and strife to live ;
Far removing
All that might offend or grieve.

HYMNS.

- 4 Let then each esteem his brother
 Better than himself to be ;
 And let each prefer another,
 Full of love, from envy free ;
 Happy are we,
 When in this we all agree.

713 (423) (Greenville.) 8s & 7s.

- 1 **H**EAR, O sinner ! mercy hails you,
 Now with sweetest voice she calls ;
 Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
 Ere the hand of justice falls ;
 Hear, O sinner !
 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 See the storm of vengeance gathering
 O'er the path you dare to tread ;
 Hark ! the awful thunders rolling
 Loud, and louder o'er your head ;
 Turn, O sinner !
 Lest the lightnings strike you dead.
- 3 Haste ! O sinner ! to the Saviour,
 Seek his mercy while you may ;
 Soon the day of grace is over ;
 Soon your life will pass away !
 Haste, O sinner !
 You must perish—if you stay.

714 (423) P. M.

- 1 **D**ARK brood the heavens o'er thee !
 Black clouds are gath'ring fast ;
 In awful power thy God has come,
 Thy days of mirth are past.
- 2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !
 Red flames are bursting round ;
 Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar ;
 How shakes the trembling ground !

HYMNS.

- 3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !
 Behold the Judge appears ;
 Unnumbered millions throng around,
 Raised from the dust of years.
- 4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !
 Soon thou wilt hear thy doom ;
 Destruction opens wide for thee,
 Thy chosen, final home.
- 5 Yet stay—the vision lingers ;
 Why, sinner, wilt thou die ?
 Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits,
 This hour to Jesus fly.

715 (423) (*Aylesbury.*) S. M.

- 1 SEE Sodom wrapt in fire !
 S And hark, what piercing shrieks !
 Those daring rebels now expire,
 For God in justice speaks.
- 2 O sinner, mark thy fate !
 Soon will the Judge appear ;
 And then thy cries will come too late ;
 Too late for God to hear.
- 3 Thy day of mercy gone,
 The Spirit grieved away,
 Thy cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
 Demands the vengeful day.
- 4 Thy God, insulted, seems
 To draw his glittering sword ;
 And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
 To vindicate his word.
- 5 One only hope I see ;
 O, sinner, seize it now,—
 The blood that Jesus shed for thee ;—
 No other hope hast thou.

HYMNS.

716 (423) (Fulton.) 7s.

1 **H**ARK! that shout of rapt'rous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud!
Jesus comes, and through the sky
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See, the Lord appears in view!
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you;
Rise to meet him in the sky!

717 (424) (Greenville.) 8s & 7s.

1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Will not fail to bring you nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

HYMNS.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him!
 Hear him cry before he dies:
 "It is finished!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the Son of God ascending
 To his Father and our God;
 Venture on him, venture freely,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven,
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.

718 (424) (Greenville.) 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 SEE th' eternal Judge descending,
 Seated on his Father's throne!
 Now, poor sinner, Christ shall show thee
 He is the eternal Son.
 Trumpets call thee;
 Come to hear thy awful doom!

2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting,
 At the thoughts of future pain;
 Cries and tears he now is venting,
 But he cries and weeps in vain;
 Greatly mourning
 That he ne'er was born again.

H Y M N S.

3 “Yonder stands the glorious Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love;
 O, that I had sought his favor,
 When I felt his Spirit move!
 Doomed justly,
 For I have against him strove.

4 “All his warnings I have slighted,
 While he daily sought my soul;
 If some vows to him I plighted,
 Yet for sin I broke the whole;
 Golden moments,
 How neglected did they roll!

5 “Yonder stand my godly neighbors,
 Who were once despised by me;
 They are clad in dazzling splendor,
 Waiting my sad fate to see —
 Farewell, neighbors,
 Dismal gulf! I’m bound for thee!”

6 Now, despisers, look and wonder;
 Hope and sinners here must part;
 Louder than a peal of thunder,
 Hear the dreadful sound, “Depart!”
 Lost forever,
 How it quails the sinner’s heart!

719 (424)

7s.

1 **N**OW from labor and from care
 Evening shades have set me free;
 In the work of praise and prayer,
 Lord, I would converse with thee;
 O, behold me from above,
 Fill me with a Saviour’s love!

HYMNS.

- 2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
 Wither all my earthly joys ;
 Naught can charm me here below,
 But my Saviour's melting voice ;
 Lord, forgive ; thy grace restore ;
 Make me thine forevermore.
- 3 For the blessings of this day,
 For the mercies of this hour,
 For the Gospel's cheering ray,
 For the Spirit's quickening power,
 Grateful notes to thee I raise ;
 O, accept my song of praise !

720 (425) (*Valdivia.*) 7s.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come, and make my paths your choice ;
 I will guide you to your home ;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
 Ye, whose swoll'n and sleepless eyes
 Watch to see the morning rise ;
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In remorse for guilt who mourn ;
 Here repose your heavy care ;
 A wounded spirit who can bear ?
- 5 Sinner, come, for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound ;
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HYMNS.

721 (425) (Martyn.) 7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit ! Love divine !
 G Let thy light within me shine ;
 All my guilty fears remove ;
 Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Life and peace to me impart ;
 Seal salvation on my heart ;
 Dwell thyself within my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.
- 3 Let me never from thee stray ;
 Keep me in the narrow way ;
 Fill my soul with joy divine ;
 Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

722 (425) (Arlington.) C. M.

- 1 WHAT of the night ? O watchman, mark !
 W Look from thy high watch-tower ;
 The storm hangs low, the sky is dark ;
 Foes come at midnight hour.
- 2 Watchman, what of the night ? behold
 Earth's kingdoms totter round ;
 And awful signs have late foretold
 The clang of war must sound.
- 3 The watchman saith, The day is nigh !
 Inquire with earnest heed ;
 Plain is the word of prophecy,
 And all who run may read.

723 (425) (Land of Rest.) C. M

- 1 I LOVE to meet where Christians do,
 I Who meet for prayer and praise,
 To speak of God's rich grace to them,
 And of his works and ways.
- 2 I love to hear the Christian tell
 Of hope beyond the grave ;
 And, too, to hear him oft express
 His faith in Christ to save.

HYMNS.

- 3 The convert, too, I love to hear
 Speak of his sins forgiven ;
 Speak of a Saviour's dying love,
 And of his hope in heaven.
- 4 I love to hear the voice of praise
 Ascend to God on high,
 And fervent prayer in faith go up ; —
 It brings the blessing nigh.
- 5 O ! when we worship, may we have
 The unction from above !
 'Twill then no more a burden prove,
 For all will be in love.

724 (425) (Olmutz.) S. M.

- 1 GOD'S word is the true light,
 G When other lamps grow dim ;
 'Twill never burn less purely bright,
 Nor lead astray from him.
 It is love's blessed band,
 That reaches from the throne
 To him, whoe'er he be, whose hand
 Will seize it for his own.
- 2 It is the golden key
 Unto celestial wealth,
 Joy to the sons of poverty,
 And to the sick man, health !
 The gentle proffered aid
 Of one who knows, and best
 Supplies the beings he has made
 With what will make them blest.
- 3 It is the sweetest sound
 That infant years can hear,
 Traveling across that holy ground,
 With God and angels near.

HYMNS.

There rests the weary head,
 There age and sorrow go ;
 And how it smoothes the dying bed,
 O, let the Christian show !

725 (425) (*Pleyel's Hymn.*) **7s.**

1 **C**HRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
 Every voice and every heart
 Join, and to our Father raise
 One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
 Yet there is a brighter shore ;
 There, released from toil and pain,
 There we all may meet again.

726 (426) (*Martyn.*) **7s.**

1 **M**ARY to the Saviour's tomb
 Hasted at the early dawn ;
 Spice she brought and rich perfume,
 But the Lord she loved had gone.
 For a while she lingering stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise,
 Trembling, while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
 When she heard his welcome voice ;
 Christ had risen from the dead —
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day !
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was lost,
 Will for your relief appear,
 Though you now are tempest-lost.

H Y M N S .

On his arm your burden cast ;
 On his love your thoughts employ ;
 Weeping for a while may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

727 (426) (*Little Marlboro.*) S. M.

- 1 **A**LL things remained the same ;
 The sunbeams brightly shone,
 When slowly forth from Sodom came
 One family alone.
- 2 Lot, only, feared the word
 The angel-saviour spoke,
 And at the mandate of the Lord
 Those scenes of guilt forsook.
- 3 O who beside him dared
 The scoffer's laugh to brave ?
 Who for the prophet's threat'ning cared,
 And sought his soul to save ?
- 4 Not one of all that horde
 The warning would obey ;
 Then down the brimstone deluge poured,
 And swept them all away !
- 5 And now, how can it be
 That none will turn and hear ;
 Now, when the book of prophecy
 Shows awful times are near ?
- 6 O guilty world ! too late
 Thou wilt in woe repine ;
 For Sodom and Gomorrah's fate
 Full surely will be thine !

728 (426) (*Nuremburg.*) 7s.

- 1 **H**OLY Bible ! book divine !
 Precious treasure, thou art mine !
 Mine, to tell me whence I came ;
 Mine, to teach me what I am ;

HYMNS.

- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove ;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet ;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel's sinner's doom ; —
O, thou holy book divine !
Precious treasure, thou art mine !

729 (426) (Boylston.) S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come !
O Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin ;
Lead us to thine abode,
And to our wond'ring view reveal
Thy mercies, O our God !
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts !
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
And rise at length to thee.

HYMNS.

730 (426) (Howard.) C. M.

- 1 **I**N duties and in suff'rings too,
My Lord I fain would trace;
As he hath done so would I do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.
- 2 Inflamed with zeal, 't was his delight
To do his Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
His precepts to fulfil!
- 3 Meekness; humility and love,
Through all his conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine!

731 (427) P. M.

- 1 **O** SINNER, come without delay,
And seek a home in glory;
The Lord is calling you to-day —
He pleads for you in glory.
- CHO.—O glory! O glory!
There's power in Jesus' dying love,
To bring you home to glory.
- 2 O, turn and live! to you he cries,
And you shall share my glory;
But, if my mercy you despise,
You cannot see my glory.
 - 3 Repent and give him now your heart,
He is the Lord of Glory;
Confess his name, secure a part,
When he shall come in glory.
 - 4 Now is your time — no more delay,
For soon he'll come in glory;
When shut without, in vain you'll pray —
You've lost all hope of glory.

HYMNS.

5 O do not madly slight his grace,
And lose the crown of glory;
But now, before you leave this place,
Begin the race for glory.

6 Awake ! awake ! the Judge is near,
Prepare, prepare for glory;
If sleeping when he shall appear,
You cannot bear his glory.

732 (427)

L. M.

1 **T**HOUGH in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

CHO. — For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?

3 No ! this will aggravate their case,
They perished under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

H Y M N S .

7 O ! awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.
For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

733 (427)

C. M.

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here ;
Be thou our glorious guest.
- 2 Upon thy servants, Lord, look down,
Who now have joined their hands ;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow —
Of all rich dowries best ;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christian care
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking each a share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope ;
And see with joy a godly seed,
To build their household up.
- 6 That love which Jesus Christ displays
Towards the church, his bride,
Be this, O Lord, through all their days,
Their pattern and their guide.

HYMNS.

734 (428) (Dundee.) C. M.

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

735 (428) P. M.

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And taught him to repent.
- CHO. — I'll die no more for bread;
I'll die no more for bread, he cries,
Nor starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has great supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.
- 2 The father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

H Y M N S .

- 3 "Father, I've sinned — but O forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said;
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead.
- 4 "Now let the fattened calf be slain,
And spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."
- 5 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

736 (428) (Balerna.) C. M.

- 1 **B**URIED beneath the yielding wave,
The dear Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the wat'ry grave,
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day
Their ardent zeal t' express;
And in the Lord's appointed way
Fulfil all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain;
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away;
When he commands, and strength imparts,
We cheerfully obey.
- 5 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

HYMNS.

737 (428) (Ames.) L. M.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, belov'd for Jesus' sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give!
- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise,
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
His suff'rings and his dying love,
The path he marked for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.
- 5 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

738 (428) (Hebron.) L. M.

- 1 **I**WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire:
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On all the pages of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
- 3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hopes secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

HYMNS.

739 (429) (*Migdol.*) L. M.

1 TREMBLING before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own;
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend! O, smile and heal the strife.

2 The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll —
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

3 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven —
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

4 Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

5 Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfil;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

6 Loud is the song — the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain —
And dying echoes, floating far
Draw music from each chiming star.

7 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

740 (429) (*Windham.*) L. M.

1 THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

HYMNS.

- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love, is crucified."
- 7 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

741 (429) (Aylesbury.) S. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, with awful pomp,
The Judge prepares to come;
Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump
And wakes the general doom.
- 2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface,
The sun to darkness turns.

HYMNS.

- 3 Horrors all hearts appall ;
 They quake, they shriek, they cry ;
 Bid rocks and mountains on them fall ;
 But rocks and mountains fly.
- 4 'Tis time we all awake ;
 The dreadful day draws near ;
 Sinners, your proud presumption check,
 And stop your wild career.
- 5 Now is th' accepted time ;
 To Christ for mercy fly ;
 O turn, repent, and trust in him,
 And you shall never die !
- 6 Great God, in whom we live,
 Prepare us for that day ;
 Help us in Jesus to believe,
 To watch, and wait, and pray.

742 (429) (*Woodstock.*) L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in thy death, thou just and good !
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I leave them for thy precious blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were an offering far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMNS.

743 (430) (Sweet Afton.) 11s.

FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand
That we must be parted from this social band;
Our several engagements now call us away—
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, ye young converts, who have 'listed for
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near; [war,
Although you must travel a dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to bliss.

3 Farewell, faithful Christian, farewell all around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump shall sound;
To meet you in glory, I'll give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

4 O, glory! O, glory! all glory to God!
We redemption may have through Jesus' dear blood;
I long for his coming, to meet him above,
To gaze on his beauty, and feast on his love.

744 (430) 10s & 11s.

1 **O** HEAVENLY King, look down from above;
Assist us to sing thy mercy and love;
So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.

2 O God of our life, we hallow thy name!
Our business and strife, is thee to proclaim;
Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace;
The living, the living shall show forth thy praise

3 Our Father and Lord, Almighty art thou;
Preserved by thy word, we worship thee now,
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy;
Our tongues to thy honor, and lives we employ.

4 But O! above all, thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall, which saves the lost race;
Thy Son thou hast given, a world to redeem,
And give them a kingdom, whose trust is in him.

HYMNS.

- 5 Wherefore of thy love we sing and rejoice,
Like angels above, we lift up our voice ;
Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, when time is no more.

745 (430) (Vernon.) S. M.

- 1 BEYOND this gloomy night
Eternal beauties rise,
A land of love, a land of light,
Unseen by mortal eyes.

CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there ;
There'll be no sorrow there ;
When Jesus comes, and all get home,
There'll be no sorrow there.

- 2 The land of promise this,
Long hoped for by the good ;
A scene of everlasting bliss,
The price of Jesus' blood.

- 3 No sin nor sorrow there
Shall cause the saved a tear ;
We gain the second Eden fair,
When Jesus shall appear.

- 4 This is the land of life,
Where death is known no more ;
Saints ever rest, now free from strife,
Their present labors o'er.

- 5 The signs proclaim Him near,
" Whose right it is " to reign ;
Lift up the voice with lofty cheer,
Soon Jesus comes again.

- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

HYMNS.

746 (431) (Northfield.) C. M.

1 **W**HEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,
In harsh disorder rise, —

2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspired my tongue.

3 I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders roll,
And shake the sullen sky!
Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,
In angry murmurs try.

4 "Let the earth totter on her base,
And clouds the heavens deform;
Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
And rush the final storm.

5 "Come quickly, blessed Lord! appear,
Bid thy swift chariot fly;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

6 "Around thy wheels in the glad throng
I'd bear a joyful part;
All hallelujah on my tongue,
All rapture in my heart."

747 (431) (Mear.) C. M.

1 **T**HROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

HYMNS.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
 Created by thy hand,
 Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
 And changed at thy command.

4 But thy perfections, all divine,
 Eternal as thy days,
 Through everlasting ages shine
 With undiminished rays.

748 (431) (*Uxbridge.*) L. M.

- 1 SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
 'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
 Else would my hope for ever die,
 And every cheering ray depart.
- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
 Do I not find his healing voice
 The tempest of my fears control,
 And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?
- 3 Whene'er, to call the Saviour mine,
 With ardent wish my heart aspires;
 Can it be less than power divine,
 Which animates these strong desires?
- 4 What less than thine almighty word
 Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
 And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
 My life, my treasure, and my trust?
- 5 And when my cheerful hope can say,
 I love my God, and trust his grace,
 Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
 Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 6 Let thy kind Spirit make my heart
 O God of love, his constant home,
 And light and heavenly peace impart,
 Sweet earnest of the joys to come.

HYMNS.

749 (431) (*Rockingham.*) L. M.

1 **B**LEST Lord, when darkness veils the skies,
Prevent the slumber of my eyes,
Till, bowed before the King of kings,
I ask myself the following things :

2 Where have I been — what have I done?
To what new follies have I run?
Have I observed each rising thought,
And done the things which God hath taught?

3 Do secret thoughts and actions prove
My love to God who reigns above?
Do my affections rise on high,
As days and nights successive fly?

4 Do I rejoice in that wise plan
Which governs all the affairs of man?
Gives life, and health, and joy, and rest,
Or sends affliction when 'tis best?

5 And when God's holy law I hear,
Does it alarm my heart with fear?
Or does it sweetly rule within,
And make me hate and fly from sin?

750 (431) (*Warwick.*) C. M.

1 **T**HIS faith that purifies the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
It bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

2 This faith shall every fear control
By its celestial power;
With holy triumph fill the soul,
In death's approaching hour.

3 By faith where'er his hand shall lead,
The darkest path we'll tread;
By faith we'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

HYMNS.

751 (432)

P. M.

- 1 WE shall see a light appear,
By and by, when he comes ;
We shall see a light appear,
When he comes ;

CHRO. — Ride on, Jesus, O ride on ;
We are on our journey home.

- 2 We shall see him as he is,
By and by, when he comes ;
We shall see him as he is,
When he comes ;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

- 3 We shall have a mighty shout,
By and by, when he comes ;
We shall have a mighty shout,
When he comes ;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

- 4 We shall all with Christ appear,
By and by, when he comes ;
We shall all with Christ appear,
When he comes ;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

- 5 Then the earth will all be cleansed,
By and by, when he comes ;
Then the earth will all be cleansed,
When he comes ;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

- 6 We shall shout above the fire,
By and by, when he comes ;
We shall shout above the fire,
When he comes ;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

HYMNS.

752 (432) (*Happy Land.*)

1 **T**HERE is a world to come,
 Happy and pure ;
 That is the Christian's home,
 Long to endure !
 O, 'tis a world of light ;
 No more death, nor woe, nor night ;
 Faith views it with delight,
 Knowing 'tis sure.

2 There Christ will ever reign,
 All-glorious King !
 There music's rapturous strain
 Ever will ring ;
 Saints who in ages by
 Suffered, and were called to die,
 There in sweet harmony
 Anthems will sing.

3 There is our paradise —
 Eden restored !
 All beauteous in their eyes,
 Who love the Lord ;
 Wastes that are now so drear,
 Like the rose shall blossom there,
 And be a garden fair :
 Thus saith the word.

4 O, that bright world to come —
 Tongue cannot tell !
 Thrice blessed is the home
 Where saints will dwell ;
 Turn, then, from sin away,
 And the word of God obey ;
 Then at the last great day
 All will be well.

HYMNS.

753 (432) (*What Sound is this.*) 8s & 6s.

- 1 **M**ESSIAH comes with all his train,
He comes upon the earth to reign
With all his angels bright ;
The saints now from the dust arise,
And go to meet him in the skies,
With shouts of sweet delight.
- 2 The trumpet sounds from shore to shore,
Louder and louder than before !
It makes the sinner fear ;
The judgment day has come at last,
The gospel harvest now is past,
Its summer disappears.
- 3 The earth is reeling to and fro ;
The sinner's heart is filled with woe, —
His day of grace is past ;
The tribes of earth with terror mourn,
The hope of life from them is torn,
They must be lost at last.
- 4 They cry for mercy, but in vain,
For they must now endure the pain
Of a devouring hell ;
They go into the lake of fire,
And in the raging flames expire,
For who in flames can dwell ?

754 (432) (*Submission.*) L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul,
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.
- 2 O may one beam of thy blest light,
Pierce through, dispel the shades of night ;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.

HYMNS.

- 3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,
 Yet heavy is my soul and faint;
 With steps unwav'ring, undismayed,
 Give me in all thy paths to tread.
- 4 With outstretched hands and streaming eyes,
 Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
 I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
 But ah! how soon it dies away!
- 5 The deadly slumber soon I feel
 Afresh upon my spirit steal;
 Rise, Lord; stir up thy quick'ning power.
 And wake me that I sleep no more.
- 6 Single of heart, O may I be!
 Nothing may I desire but thee;
 Far, far from me the world remove,
 And all that holds me from thy love!

755 (433) (Bray.) C. M.

- 1 **O** LET triumphant faith dispel
 The fears of guilt and woe;
 If God be for us, God the Lord,
 Who, who shall be our foe?
- 2 He who his only Son gave up
 To death, that we might live;
 Shall he not all things freely grant
 That boundless love can give?
- 3 Who now his people shall accuse?
 'Tis God hath justified;
 Who now his people shall condemn?
 The Lamb of God hath died.
- 4 And he who died hath ris'n again,
 Triumphant from the grave;
 At God's right hand for us he pleads,
 Omnipotent to save.

HYMNS.

756 (433) (Naomi.) C. M.

1 **O** TELL me where the dove is flown
To build her downy nest,
And I will search the world around
To win her to my breast.

2 I sought her in the rosy bower
Where pleasure holds her reign;
Where fancy flies from flower to flower,
But there I sought in vain.

3 I sought her in the bower of love,
I knew her tender heart;
But she had flown—that peaceful dove
Had felt the traitor’s dart.

4 Upon ambition’s craggy hill
I thought this bird might stray,
And there I sought, but vainly still;
She never flew that way.

5 Faith smiled and shed the tender tear,
To see me search around,
And whispered, “I can tell thee where
The dove may yet be found.

6 In meek religion’s humble cot,
She built her downy nest;
Go, seek that sweet secluded spot,
And win her to thy breast.”

757 (433) (Anguish.) L. M.

1 **T**HE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through yielding glooms behold his face;
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

2 Last eve, by those he called his own
Betrayed, forsaken or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

HYMNS.

- 3 No guile within his mouth is found ;
He neither threatens nor complains ;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb midst his murd'ers he remains.
- 4 But hark ! he prays, — 't is for his foes ;
He speaks, — 't is comfort to his friends ;
Answers, — and Paradise bestows ;
He bows his head, — the conflict ends.
- 5 Truly, this was the Son of God !
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod ;
Not for himself, — for man he dies.

758 (433) *(Majesty.)* C. M.

- 1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh
To great Jehovah's name ;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we his love proclaim.
- 2 'T was by his bidding we were called
In pain a while to part ;
'T is by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.
- 3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare,
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.
- 4 O may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love
Our talents to employ !
- 5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away ;
Soon shall our wand'rings cease ;
And with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

HYMNS.

759 (434) (Burford.) C. M.

1 **I**N every trouble, sharp and strong,
Each soul to Jesus flies,
Our anchor — hope — is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear our spirits up ;
We trust a faithful God ;
The sure foundation of our hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, our souls,
To the Redeemer's name ;
In joy, in sorrow, life, and death,
His love is still the same.

760 (434) (Emmons.) C. M.

1 **W**HEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dew away,
Bright tear-drops of the night, —

2 My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
But rises gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its home in thee.

3 When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still to my Father and my Friend
My wishes are addressed.

4 And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom
Above, around, is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.

5 I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
Where all thy saints shall be ;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in thee.

HYMNS.

761 (434) (Balerna.) C. M.

- 1 **D**ELUDED souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!
- 2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 The faith which new-creates the heart,
And works by active love,
Will bid all sinful joys depart,
And lift the thoughts above.
- 4 God from the curse has set us free,
To make us pure within;
Nor did he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

762 (434) (Wickliffe.) C. M.

- 1 **D**IDST thou, kind Saviour, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.
- 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.
- 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine.

HYMNS.

763 (434) (Siloam.) C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart,
All evil far remove,
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.
- 3 Our souls, obedient to thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite ;
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.
- 4 Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The sun of righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

764 (434) (Colby.) C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But Mercy gave it birth.
- 2 There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.
- 3 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found ;
For God is everywhere.
- 4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

HYMNS.

765 (435) (Russia.) L. M.

- 1 **O**N God my steadfast hopes rely ;
 Why do my foes insulting cry,
 "Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,
 And seek the mountain's lonesome grove."
- 2 Behold the wicked aim their darts
 Against the men of upright hearts !
 If government be overthrown,
 Who then the injured cause will own?
- 3 The Lord, enthroned above the sky,
 On suffering virtue casts his eye ;
 Though he afflicts his saints, to prove
 Their patience, and to try their love ;
- 4 Yet lawless hands and hearts impure,
 His frowns vindictive will endure ;
 His lightning wings its rapid way,
 His thunder fills them with dismay.
- 5 Where truth and justice hold their place,
 God will reveal his gracious face ;
 Delighted in the upright mind
 His own reflected beams to find.

766 (435) (Fountain.) C. M.

- 1 **H**AIL, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays
 Dispel the shades of night ;
 Diffusing o'er the mental world
 The healing beams of light.
- 2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
 Restores our wand'ring feet,
 Converts the sorrows of the mind
 To joys divinely sweet.
- 3 O, send thy light and truth abroad
 In all their radiant blaze,
 And bid th' admiring world adore
 The glories of thy grace.

HYMNS.

768 (435) (*Brattle Street.*) C. M.

- 1 **A** MID the splendors of thy state,
O God, thy love appears,
Soft as the radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.
- 3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thine awful name ;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.
- 4 Angels and men, the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
And all with holy transport sing
That God, the Lord, is love.

769 (435) (*Exhortation.*) C. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come, kneel before his face !
O, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace !
- 4 Now is the time ; he bends his ear,
And waits for your request ;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

HYMNS.

770 (435) (Windsor.) C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust
Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise ;
In Zion's gates with cheerful breath
They sing their Father's praise.
- 3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made ;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.
- 4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known,
When men of mischief are destroyed
In snares that were their own.

771 (435) (Howard.) C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid ;
Oppressed by sins, I lift mine eye,
And see the shadows fade.
- 2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid ;
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stayed.
- 3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim ;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.
- 4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

HYMNS.

772 (436) (*Arlington.*) C. M.

- 1 **W**E ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor, in our own.
- 2 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control ;
But thou in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.
- 3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.
- 4 When tongues shall cease, and powers decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love.

773 (436) (*Duke Street.*) L. M.

- 1 **I**F, in a temple made with hands,
God speaketh still his high commands,
Let me to that blest place repair,
That I may learn my duty there.
- 2 If, in the ailments of the soul,
There be a power that makes it whole,
Let me to that pure fount apply,
Lest the neglected spirit die.
- 3 If there be still a sacrifice,
That may to God with favor rise,
Let me present a contrite heart,
Ere from this temple I depart.
- 4 Where God would have the offering made,
There be the willing tribute paid,
Till to his name I consecrate
The worship of an endless state.

HYMNS.

774 (436) (Garland.) C. M.

- 1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.
- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill ;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Small are the off'rings we can make ;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

775 (436) (Bray.) C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne ;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown !
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And those the hymns they raise ;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

HYMNS.

776 (436) (*Mercy Seat.*) L. M.

- 1 **S**TILL evening comes, with gentle shade,
 Sweet harbinger of balmy rest
 From toilsome hours, and anxious thoughts,
 Revolving in the pensive breast.
- 2 Refulgent day in darkness sets ;
 The noisy crowds are hushed in sleep ;
 Harsh sounds to gentle murmurs turn,
 As o'er the fields the zephyrs sweep.
- 3 The hour is sweet when tumults cease ;
 The scene obscured inspires mine eye,
 And darkness marks the loved retreat
 Where pleasures live and sorrows die.
- 4 Retirement solemn, yet serene,
 And undisturbed by human voice,
 Invites repose on Jesus' arm,
 And bids my soul in God rejoice.

777 (436) (*Siloam.*) C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST is the dear, uniting love,
 That will not let us part ;
 Our bodies may far off remove ;
 We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go ;
 We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And still his praise we show.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
 And nothing know beside ;
 Nothing desire — nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Richly we share the Saviour's grace,
 We're one in mind and heart ;
 Nor joy, nor grief — nor time, nor place ;
 Nor life, nor death can part.

HYMNS.

778 (437) (Turner.) C. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise ;
Thee the creation sings ;
With thy great name rocks, hills and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !
How glorious to behold !
Tinged with the blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

779 (437) (Ortonville.) C. M.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust ;
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 When I am filled with sore distress,
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

HYMNS.

780 (437) (Dedham.) C. M.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
L My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

781 (437) (Stephens.) C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
L And take th' alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
It occupies the Saviour's heart,
Employs angelic bands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego ;
For souls which by his grace may live,
Or perish in their woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch thou daily for their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

HYMNS.

782 (437)

L. M.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Awed by the Judge's high command ;
Both small and great now quit the dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books displayed,
Big with th' important fates of men ;
Each deed a word more public made,
As writ by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To every soul the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward ;
Sinners in vain lament and pine —
No plea the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve ;
There may I read my name enrolled,
And triumph in redeeming love.

783 (437)

(*Warwick.*)

C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT glory gilds the sacred page !
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day !

784 (438) (*Siloam.*) C. M.

- 1 **S**PEAK gently,—it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently,—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the young,—for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
T'is full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones ;
They must have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so ;
O, win them back again !
- 5 Speak gently,—'t is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

785 (438) (*Bangor.*) C. M.

- 1 **I** SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain ;
Where could my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord had slain !

HYMNS.

- 4 A second look he gave, which said
 " I freely all forgive ;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I die that thou may'st live.
- 5 " Thus while my death thy sin displays
 In all its blackest hue ;
 Such is the mystery of grace,
 It seals thy pardon too."

786 (438) (Arlington.) C. M.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of its load ;
 The heart unchanged can never rise
 To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
 In paths of ruin stray ;
 Reason debased can never find
 The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can aught beneath a power divine
 The stubborn will subdue ?
 'T is thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
 To form the heart anew.
- 4 'T is thine the passions to recall,
 And upward bid them rise ;
 And make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darkened eyes.
- 5 To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live,
 A beam of heaven, a vital ray
 'T is thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine ;
 Then shall our passions and our powers,
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMNS.

787 (438) (Naomi.) C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt !
Behold th' atoning, precious blood,
That for our sins he spilt !
- 2 O sinners, now to Christ draw near,
Invited by his word ;
The chief of sinners need not fear ;
Behold the Lamb of God !
- 3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood ;
Arise, return from grievous falls ;
Behold the Lamb of God !
- 4 In every state, and time, and place,
Naught plead but Jesus' blood ;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God !
- 5 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with the saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

788 (438) (Balerna.) C. M.

- 1 **T**HY promises surpass my thought,
But faithful is my Lord ;
In unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.
- 2 Faith lends her realizing light,
And clouds and shadows fly ;
Th' invisible appears in sight,
Distinct to mortal eye.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone ;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says, "It shall be done."

HYMNS.

789 (439) (Exhortation.) L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT works of wisdom, power, and love,
Do Jesus' high commission prove;
Attest his heaven-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name!
- 2 On eyes that never saw the day,
He pours the bright celestial ray;
And deafened ears by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.
- 3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.
- 4 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affliction cease to mourn.
- 5 Canst thou, my soul! these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace?
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,
And not the God he served adore?

790 (439) (Desire.) L. M.

- 1 **I**N vain men talk of living faith,
When all their works exhibit death;
When they indulge some sinful view
In all they say, and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word,
Commits his works to God alone,
And seeks God's will before his own.
- 3 Never did men by faith divine
To selfishness or sloth incline;
The Christian works with all his power,
And grieves that he can work no more.

HYMNS.

791 (439) (Ortonville.) C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lowly band,
Are met once more before thy throne
To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 And wilt thou lend a list'ning ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train —
And are we less than they?
- 4 O, let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

792 (439) (Melmore.) L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath
The oracles of truth inspired,
And kings, and holy seers of old
With strong prophetic impulse fired.
- 2 Filled with thy great almighty power,
Their lips with heavenly science flowed;
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.
- 3 The powers of earth, and sin, in vain
Against the sacred word combine;
Thy providence through every age
Securely guards the book divine.
- 4 Thee, its great author, source of light
Thee, its preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from thee,
Its hidden wonders to explore.

HYMNS.

793 (439)

C. M.

- 1 **T**O thee let my first off'rings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before ;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.
- 3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which, resigned, I pray,
Give me to feel a cheerful heart,
And grateful homage pay.
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend
As vice or folly's cure ;
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.
- 5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past ;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

794 (439)

(Howard.)

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes ;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.
- 2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will ;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.
- 3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever new delight ;
Help me to love its Author more ;
To seek thee day and night.

HYMNS.

795 (440) (Woodland.) C. M.

1 LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
 L How great our guilt has been !
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
 Forever love his name,
 Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
 Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
 Which our own hands have done ;
 But we are saved by sovereign grace,
 Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
 Who hung upon the tree ;
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry bones as we.

5 Raised from the dead, we live anew ;
 And, justified by grace,
 We shall appear in glory too,
 And see our Father's face.

796 (440) (Woodland.) C. M.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
 H Where love inspires the breast ;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge — alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear ;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign
 If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

HYMNS.

797 (440) (St. Martin's.) C. M.

- 1 **A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray!
- 2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid!
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 4 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

798 (440) (Mercy Seat.) L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild, imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

H Y M N S .

799 (440) (Fountain.) C. M.

- 1 **T**HY home is with the humble, Lord;
The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.
- 2 Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.
- 3 Who made this beating heart of mine,
But thou, my heavenly Guest ?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest.

800 (440) (Exhortation.) C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the world's majestic frame !
Stupendous are thy ways ;
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Whose motions speak thy skill ;
And, on the wings of every hour,
We read thy glory still.
- 3 And while these radiant globes of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise thee as they roll ;
- 4 O, shall not we of human race
The glorious concert join ?
Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine ?
- 5 Yes, this shall be our best employ
Through life's uncertain days ;
Till in the realms of boundless joy
We join in loftier praise.

801 (441) (Fulton.) 7s.

- 1 SAVIOUR, at thy feet we bow ;
O, vouchsafe to meet us now !
At thy people's earnest cry
Bring thy loving mercies nigh.
- 2 Thou hast said, where two or three
In thy worship shall agree,
That thou wilt be present there,
Answering their faithful prayer.
- 3 Lord, we plead thy promise here ;
Let thy presence now appear ;
On our souls thy spirit pour ;
Light, and life, and peace restore ;
- 4 Raise our thoughts from things below ;
Faith's discerning eye bestow ;
Let our hearts, from sin made free,
Hold sweet intercourse with thee.
- 5 With a beam of living fire,
Purify each low desire ;
Be thou, Lord, our aim and end,
Our best hope, and dearest friend.

802 (441) (Ortonville.) C. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, my morning song
To thee I cheerful raise ;
Thy acts of love 't is good to sing,
And pleasant 't is to praise.
- 2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night
Serene, and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.
- 3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.

HYMNS.

4 O let the same almighty care
Through all this day attend ;
From every danger, every snare
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

803 (441) (Zephyr.) C. M.

1 **B**EHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done !"

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide ;
His image may we bear ;
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share !

804 (441) 7s.

1 **H**AIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes !
Christ, a while to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

HYMNS.

- 2 There the pompous triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
Wide unfold the radiant scene ;
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours ;
Conq'ror over death and sin —
Take the King of glory in.
- 4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 5 See, he lifts his hands above !
See, he shows the prints of love !
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below.

805 (441) (*Peterboro.*) C. M.

- 1 **L**O ! when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.
- 2 It fills the church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.
- 3 To other strains our souls are set :
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and heart, and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.
- 4 Come, Lord ! come, wisdom, love, and power ;
Open our ears to hear !
Let us not miss th' accepted hour,
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

HYMNS.

806 (442) (Woodland.) J. M.

- 1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me thyself, from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

807 (442) (Balerna.) C. M.

- 1 THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 2 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 3 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

HYMNS.

808 (442) (Siloam.) C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain ;
- 2 Whose breast responds with generous warmth,
A stranger's woe to feel ;
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 4 To him protection shall be shown ;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

809 (442) (Seasons.) L. M.

- 1 **I**F high or low our station be,
Of noble or ignoble name,
By uncorrupt integrity,
Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly claim.
- 2 The upright man no want shall fear ;
Thy providence shall be his trust ;
Thou wilt provide his portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just.
- 3 May we, with most sincere delight,
To all the test of duty pay ;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.
- 4 Such virtue thou wilt not forget,
In that blest world, where virtue shares
A fit reward — though not of debt,
But what thy boundless grace prepares.

HYMNS.

810 (442) (Bray.) C. M.

- 1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love ;
- 2 Where streams of bliss from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul ;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

811 (442) (Missionary Chant.) L. M.

- 1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed or word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?
- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How, then, before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?
- 4 What, then, is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea, let men rage ; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head ;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

HYMNS.

812 (443) (Windham.) L. M.

- 1 THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
While twice ten thousand thunders roar,
Tear up the graves and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world;
- 5 The earth and all the works therein
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

813 (443) (Russia.) L. M.

- 1 'T WAS on that dark and doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and break;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body, broke for sin!
Receive, and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blest the wine,
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

HYMNS.

4 "In mem'ry of your dying Lord,
Do this," he said, "till time shall end;
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed Friend."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

814 (443) (Mear.) C. M.

1 MY God, how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How glorious thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 Yet I may love thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like thee;
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

4 My God! how wonderful thou art,
Thou everlasting friend!
On thee I stay my trusting heart
Till faith in vision end.

815 (443) (Uxbridge.) L. M.

1 WHAT means this conflict in my heart,
In which both grace and sin take part?
Both seem resolved in me to reign,
And both a daily war maintain.

2 Grace bids me seek the Lord by prayer,
Sin almost drives me to despair;
Grace bids me rise by heavenly birth;
Sin drags me downward to the earth.

HYMNS.

- 3 Grace makes me love the saints of God,
His house, his service, and his word ;
But sin in every place has tried
To turn my wand'ring heart aside.
- 4 Grace gives me views of heavenly joys ;
But sin my happiness annoys ;
Though sin, O Lord, would hold me fast,
Thy grace shall conquer sin at last.

816 (443) (Hallowell.) C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU great Creator, wise and good !
To thee our songs we raise ;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view ;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in every star
Which gilds the gloom of night ;
It decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine ;
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy power divine.
- 5 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page.
- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see,
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee.

HYMNS.

817 (444) (Brest.) 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it,
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim;
Pardon to each rebel sinner;
Free forgiveness in his name;
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord.

818 (444) 7s.

1 MEETING in the Saviour's name,
Breaking bread by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim,
On what ground we hope to stand,
When the Lord shall come with clouds,
Joined by heaven's exulting crowds.

HYMNS.

- 2 Sing we then of him who died ;
 Sing of him who rose again ;
 By him we are justified,
 And with him we hope to reign ;
 Soon we hope to see our Lord,
 And to share his bright reward.

819 (444) (*Emmons.*) C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, teach thy servants how to pray
 With reverence and with fear ;
 Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
 We must to thee draw near.
- 2 We come, then, God of grace, to thee ;
 Give broken, contrite hearts ;
 Give — what thine eye delights to see —
 Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility — the sense
 Of godly sorrow give ;
 A strong, desiring confidence
 To see thy face and live.
- 4 Give faith in that one sacrifice
 Which can for sin atone ;
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
 On Christ, and Christ alone.
- 5 Give patience, still to wait and weep,
 Though mercy long delay ;
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 6 Give these, and then thy will be done ;
 Thus strengthened with all might,
 We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

HYMNS.

820 (444) (*The Dawn.*) S. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear ;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray ;
- 2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 O may we thus be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !
O may we all insure
A lot among the blest ;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

821 (444) (*Arlington.*) C. M.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight ;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

822 (445) (*The Good Old Way.*) 8s.

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads, Immanuel's friends,
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten in the good old way.

O, good old way! how sweet thou art!
 May none of us from thee depart.

- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory,
 If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
 Like soldiers in the good old way.

CHO. — O praise the Lord! we shall gain the day,
 By marching in the good old way.

- 3 O, good old way! how sweet thou art,
 May none of us from thee depart,
 But may our actions always say,
 We're marching in the good old way.

- 4 Though Satan may his arts employ,
 Our blooming prospects to destroy,
 Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
 By marching in the good old way.

- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
 And view by faith the promised land,
 Then we will sing, and shout, and pray,
 And march along the good old way.

- 6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
 Remember, glory's at the end;
 Our God will wipe all tears away,
 When we have run the good old way.

- 7 When, far beyond this mortal shore,
 We meet with those we've loved before,
 We'll shout, to think we've gained the day,
 By marching in the good old way.

Anthems.

1 (375) *Great is the Lord.*

GREAT is the Lord,
And greatly to be praised,
In the City of our God,
In the mountain of his holiness.

2 (379) *David's Lamentation.*

DAVID, the King, was grieved and moved,
He went to his chamber, his chamber, and wept ;
And as he went, he wept and said,
 O, my son ; O, my son !
Would to God I had died,
Would to God I had died,
Would to God I had died for thee,
 O Absalom, my son, my son !

3 (380) *Blessed are the People.*

BLESSED are the people that know the joyful
 sound ;
They shall walk, O, Lord, in the light of thy coun-
 tenance ;
And in thy name shall they rejoice all the day.

ANTHEMS.

4 (382) *Anthem for Easter.*

THE Lord is risen indeed ; Hallelujah !
The Lord is risen indeed ; Hallelujah !
Now is Christ risen from the dead,
And become the first fruits of them that slept.

Hallelujah ! And did he rise ?
Hear, O ye nations ; Hear it, O ye dead.
He rose, he burst the bars of death,
And triumphed o'er the grave. Then I rose ;
Then first humanity triumphant
Passed the crystal ports of light,
And seized eternal youth ;

Man, all immortal, hail !
Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man,
Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

5 (386) *The Heavenly Vision.*

I BEHELD, and lo, a great multitude, which no
man could number ;

Thousands of thousands, and ten times thousands,
stood before the Lamb ;

And they had palms in their hands, and they cease
not day nor night, saying : —

Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
which was, and is, and is to come.

And I heard a mighty Angel flying through the
midst of heaven, crying with a loud voice : —

Wo, Wo, Wo, Wo, be unto the earth, by reason of
the trumpet which is yet to sound.

And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men
and nobles, rich men and poor, bond and free,
gathered themselves together, and cried to the
rocks and mountains to fall upon them, and
hide them from the face of Him that sitteth on
the throne ;

For the great day of his wrath is come, and who
shall be able to stand ?

And who shall be able to stand ?

Selections for Chanting.

1 (391) *From Psalms XCV. & XCVI.*

- 1 O COME, let us | sing un..to the | Lord,
Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of |
our sal- | vation ;
- 2 Let us come before his | presence..with | thanks-
giving,
And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great — | God ;
And a great | King a..bove | all — | gods.
- 4 In his hand are all the | corners..of the | earth ;
And the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.
- 5 The sea is his, and | he — | made it ;
And his hands pre- | pared..the | dry — | land.
- 6 O come, let us | worship and..fall | down,
And | kneel before the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7 For he is the | Lord our | God ;
And we are the people of his | pasture..and the
| sheep of..his | hand.
- 8 O worship the Lord, in the | beauty..of | holi-
ness ;
Let the whole | earth..stand in | awe of | him.
- 9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the |
earth ;
And with righteousness to judge the | world,..
and the | people..with his | truth.
- 10 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to
the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be, | world with..out | end. A- | men.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

2 (391) *From Psalm LI.*

- 1 **H**AVE mercy upon me, O God, according to
thy loving kindness ; according to the mul-
titude of thy tender mercies, blot | out..my
trans- | gressions.
- 2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquities,
And | cleanse me | from my | sin.
- 3 For I acknowledge my transgressions,
And my sin is | ever..be- | fore me.
- 4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done this | evil | in thy | sight.
- 5 Create in me a clean heart, O God ;
And renew a right | spirit..with- | in me.
- 6 Cast me not away from thy presence ;
And take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.
- 7 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation ;
And uphold me with | thy free | spirit.
- 8 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways,
And sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee.
Amen.

3 (392) *From Psalm XCVIII.*

- 1 **O**SING unto the | Lord a..new | song ;
For he hath done | mar- — | — vel..ous |
things.
- 2 With his own right hand and with his | holy |
arm
Hath he | gotten..him- | self the | victory.
- 3 The Lord hath declared | his sal- | vation ;
His righteousness hath he openly | showed..in the
sight..of the | heathen.
- 4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward
the | house of | Israel ;

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

- And all the ends of the world have seen the sal-
| vation..of | our — | God.
- 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord | all ye |
lands ;
Sing, re- | joice, and | give — | thanks.
- 6 Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp ;
Sing to the harp with a | psalm — | — of |
thanksgiving.
- 7 With trumpets | also..and | shawms ;
O show yourselves joyful before the | Lord — |
— the | King.
- 8 Let the sea make a noise, and | all that..there
in | is ;
The round world and | they that | dwell there
| in.
- 9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills
be joyful together, be- | fore the | Lord ;
For he cometh..to | judge the | earth.
- 10 With righteousness shall he | judge the | world ;
And the | peo- | ple..with | equity.
- 11 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to
the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be, | world with..out | end. A- | men.

4 (392) *Psalm LXVII.*

- 1 **G**OD be merciful unto | us and | bless us,
And show us the light of his countenance,
and be | merci-..ful | unto | us.
- 2 That thy way may be | known up..on | earth ;
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, | O — | God ;
Yea, let | all the..people | praise — | thee.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

- 4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad ;
 { For thou shalt judge the people righteously,
 { And govern the | na..tions up- | on— |
 earth ;
- 5 Let the people praise thee, | O— | God ;
 Yea, let | all the..people | praise— | thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase :
 And God, even our | own..God shall | give us..
 his | blessing.
- 7 God shall | bless— | us ;
 And all the ends of the | world shall | fear— |
 him.

5 (393) SELECTION 1. *Psalm VIII.*

- 1 **O** LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name
in | all the | earth !
Who hast set thy | glory..a- | bove the | heavens.
- 2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings
Hast thou ordained strength, be- | cause of..thine
| enemies :
That thou mightest still the | ene..my | and..the
a- | venger.
- 3 When I consider thy heavens, the | work of..thy
| fingers ;
The moon and the | stars which | thou..hast or-
| dained,
- 4 What is man, that thou art | mindful..of | him,
And the son of | man..that thou | visit..est | him?
- 5 For thou hast made him a little | lower..than the
| angels : [honor.
And hast | crowned..him with | glory..and |
- 6 Thou hast made him to have dominion over the
| works of..thy | hands.
- 7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts of the field,
The fowl of the air, and | fish..of the | sea :
And whatsoever | passeth..through the | paths
..of the | sea :

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

- 8 O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in
 | all the | earth!
 How excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth.

5 (393) SELECTION 2. *From Rev. IV & V.*

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy, | Lord..God Al- | mighty:
 Which was, and | is, and | is to | come.
- 2 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and
 | honor..and | power:
 For thou hast created all things, and for thy pleas-
 ure they | are and | were cre- | ated.
- 3 Worthy is the | Lamb..that was | slain,
 To receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and
 strength, and | honor..and | glory..and |
 blessing.
- 4 Blessing, and honor, and | glory..and | power
 Be unto him that sitteth upon the throne,
 And unto the | Lamb..for- | ever.. | and | ever.

5 (393) SELECTION 3. *The Lord Reigneth.*

- 1 **H**ALLELÜJAH! for the Lord God om- |
 nipo..tent | reigneth:
 Hallelujah! for the | Lord..God om- | nipo..tent
 | reigneth.
- 2 The kingdoms of this world are become the
 kingdoms of our | Lord..and of his | Christ:
 And | he shall..reign for- | ever..and | ever.
- 3 We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty,
 Which art, and wert, and | art to | come:
 King of kings, and | Lord — | — of | lords.
- 4 Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the
 throne, and | unto..the | Lamb: A- | men..
 Halle- | lujah..A- | men.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

5 Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving,
 ing, and honor, and | power, and | might,
 Be unto our | God for- | ever..and | ever.

5 (393) SELECTION 4. *From Rev. XV & XIX.*

1 GREAT and marvelous are thy works, | Lord
 ..God Al- | mighty!
 Just and true are thy | ways, thou | King of
 | saints.

2 Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and | glorify
 ..thy | name?
 For | thou — | only..art | holy.

3 Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto
 the | Lord our | God:
 For | true and | righteous..are his | judgments.

4 Praise ye our God, all ye his servants, and ye
 that fear him, both | small and | great:
 A- | men..Halle- | lujah..A- | men.

6 (394) *Psalms XXVI.*

1 JUDGE me, O Lord; for I have | walked in..
 mine in- | tegrity:
 I have trusted also in the Lord; | therefore..I |
 shall not | slide.

2 Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my
 | reins and..my | heart:
 For thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes; and
 I have | walked..in | thy — | truth.

3 I have not sat with vain persons; neither will I
 go | in..with dis- | semblers.
 I have hated the congregation of evil-doers;
 And | will not | sit..with the | wicked.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

- 4 I will wash my hands in innocency : so will I
compass thine | altar.. O | Lord :
That I may publish with the voice of thanks-
giving,
And tell of | all thy | wondrous | works.
- 5 Lord, I have loved the habi- | tation.. of thy |
house,
And the | place.. where thine | honor | dwelleth.
- 6 Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life
with | bloody | men :
In whose hands is mischief, and their | right
hand..is | full of | bribes.
- 7 But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity :
Redeem me, and be | merciful..unto | me.
My foot standeth in an even place ;
In the congre- | gations..will I | bless the | Lord.

7 (394) *Psalm CXXII.*

- 1 **I** WAS glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the | house..of the | Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.
Jerusalem is builded as a city that is com- | pact
to- | gether ;
- 3 Whither the tribes go up ; the tribes of the Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel,
To give thanks unto the | name..of the | Lord.
- 4 For there are set thrones of judgment,
The thrones of the | house of | David.
- 5 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem ;
They shall | prosper..that | love thee.
- 6 Peace be within thy walls ;
And prosperity with- | in thy | palaces.
- 7 For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, | Peace..be with- | in thee.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

8 Because of the house of the Lord our God,
I will | seek thy | good. || A- | men.

8 (395) *Te Deum Laudamus.*

1 **W**E praise thee, O God ;
We acknowledge | thee to.. be the | Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee, the | Father |
ever- | lasting.

2 To thee all Angels cry aloud ;
The Heavens, and all the | Powers there- | in.
To thee, Cherubim and Seraphim con- | tinual-
| ly do | cry,

3 Holy, Holy, Holy, | Lord.. God of | Sabaoth.
Heaven and Earth are full of the Majesty of |
thy — | — | Glory.

4 The glorious company of the Apostles shall |
praise — | thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets shall praise
thee.
The noble army of Martyrs shall | praise — |
— | thee.

5 The holy Church, throughout all the world, doth
ac- | knowledge | thee,
The Father, of an infinite Majesty ;
Thine adorable, true, and only Son ;
Also the | Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter.

6 Thou art the King of | Glory,..O | Christ.
Thou art the everlasting | Son — | of the |
Father.

7 When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,
Thou didst humble thyself to be | born..of a |
Virgin.
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
Thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven to | all
be- | lievers.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

- 8 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the |
 Glory..of the | Father.
 We believe that thou shalt | come, to | be our |
 Judge.
- 9 We therefore pray thee, help thy servants,
 Whom thou hast redeemed with thy | precious |
 blood.
 Make them to be numbered with thy saints,
 In | glory | ever- | lasting.
- 10 O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.
 Govern them, and lift them | up for- | ever.
 Day by day we magnify thee ;
 And we worship thy | name..ever, | world with
 ..out | end.
- 11 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with..
 out | sin.
 O Lord, have mercy upon us, have | mer-cy up-
 | on — | us.
- 12 O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our |
 | trust..is in | thee.
 O Lord, in thee have I trusted ; | let me | never
 ..be con- | founded.

9 (396) *Psalms CXXXVI.*

- 1 **O** GIVE thanks unto the Lord ; for he is good :
 For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
 O give thanks unto the God of gods :
 For his | mercy en- | dureth.. for- | ever.
- 2 O give thanks unto the Lord of Lords :
 For his mercy en- | dureth.. for | ever.
 To him who alone doeth great wonders :
 For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
- 3 To him that by wisdom made the heavens :
 For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever :
 To him that stretched out the earth above the wa-
 For his | mercyen- | dureth..for- | ever. [ters :

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

- 4 To him that made great lights :
For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
The sun to rule by day :
For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
- 5 The moon and stars to rule by night :
For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
To him that smote Egypt in their first born :
For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
- 6 And brought out Israel from among them :
For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
With a strong hand and a stretched out arm :
For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
- 7 To him who divided the Red Sea into parts :
For his mercy en- | dureth..for | ever.
And made Israel to pass through the midst of it :
For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
- 8 But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea :
For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
To him who led his people through the wilderness :
For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
- 9 To him who smote great kings :
For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
And slew famous kings :
For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
- 10 Sihon king of the Amorites :
For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
And Og the king of Bashan :
For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
- 11 And gave their land for an heritage :
For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
Even an heritage unto Israel his servant :
For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
- 12 Who remembered us in our low estate :
For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.
And hath redeemed us from our enemies :
For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

13 Who giveth food to all flesh :

For his mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven :

For his | mercy en- | dureth..for- | ever.

10 (397) *Hear, Father, Hear our Prayer.*

1 **H**EAR! Father, hear our prayer! [vaileth,
Thou who art pity where | sorrow..pre- |
Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth,
Strength to the feeble, and | Hope..to de- | spair.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer!

2 Hear! Father, hear our prayer! [ger,
Wandering unknown in the | land..of the | stran-
Be with all travelers in sickness or danger,
Guard thou their path, guide their | feet..from the,
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer! [snare.

3 Hear! Father, hear our prayer! [ing,
Still thou the tempest, night's | terrors..re- | veal-
In lightning flashing, in thy thunders pealing :
Save thou the shipwrecked, the | voyager | spare.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer!

4 Hear thou the poor that cry! [row ;
Feed thou the hungry, and | lighten..their | sor-
Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow ;
They are thy children, their | trust..is on | high .
Hear thou the | poor that | cry!

5 Dry thou the mourner's tear! [fection,
Heal thou the wounds of | time..hallowed af- |
Grant to the widow and orphan protection,
Be in their trouble a | friend..ever | near.
Dry thou the | mourner's | tear!

6 Hear! Father, hear our prayer! [tended ;
Long hath thy goodness our | footsteps.. at- |
Be with the Pilgrim whose journey is ended ;
When at thy summons for | death..we pre- | pare.
Hear! Father, | hear our | prayer!

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

11 (398) “*The Missionary’s Call.*”

- 1 MY soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
and secret whisper to my | spirit, | like a
dream of | night, | that tells me I am on en- |
chanted | ground.

CHO. — The voice of my departed Lord,
“Go, teach all nations,”
Comes on the night-air, and awakes mine ear.

- 2 Why live I here? The vows of God are | on
me, | and I may not stop to play with shadows,
or pluck earthly | flowers, | till I my work
have done, and | rendered..up ac- | count.
- 3 And I will | go ! | I may no longer doubt to give
up friends and idol | hopes, | and every tie
that binds my heart to | thee, my | country !
- 4 Henceforth, then, it matters not if storm or sun-
shine be my | earthly lot, | bitter or sweet
my | cup, | I only pray, “God make me holy,
and my spirit nerve for the stern | hour of |
strife !”
- 5 And when I come to stretch me for the | last, |
in unattended agony, beneath the cocoa’s |
shade, | it will be sweet that I have toiled
for | other..worlds than | this.
- 6 And if one for whom Satan hath struggled as he
hath for | me, | should ever reach that blessed
| shore — | O, how this heart will glew with |
grati..tude and | love.

CHO. — Through ages of eternal years,
My spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below.

Supplement.

1 *A Song of Deliverance.*

- 1 I SAW a weary traveler,
 In tattered garments clad,
 A struggling up a mountain,
 It seemed that he was sad.
 His back was burdened heavy,
 His strength was almost gone,
 He shouted as he journeyed,
 "Deliverance will come."

CHO. — Palms of victory, crowns of glory,
 Palms of victory we shall bear.

- 2 The summer sun was beaming,
 The sweat was on his brow,
 His garments were all dusty,
 His steps were very slow ;
 Still he kept pressing forward,
 For he was wending home,
 He shouted as he journeyed,
 "Deliverance will come."

- 3 The songsters in their arbors,
 The pleasures of the way,
 Attracted his attention,
 Inviting his delay ;

SUPPLEMENT.

Still he kept pressing forward,
For he was nearing home ;
He shouted as he journeyed,
“ Deliverance will come.”

4 I saw him in the evening,
When the sun was bending low ;
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below ;
His eyes were dim and heavy,
His journey it was done ;
He shouted as it ended,
“ Deliverance will come.”

5 Then they closed the blinds around him,
And locked him up alone,
That nothing might disturb him
Till his best friend should come.
Hope made for him a pillow,
And Faith a garment rare,
To keep him in his slumbers
Till Jesus should appear.

6 At length the trumpet sounded,
The shadows fled away,
The gilding rays of glory
Proclaimed the coming day ;
Then when the light of morning
Broke in his little room,
He rose and cried “ Hosanna !
DELIVERANCE HAS COME ! ”

7 I heard the song of triumph
He sang upon that shore,
Saying, “ Jesus has redeemed me,
I'll suffer now no more.”
And casting his eye backward
On the race that he had run,
He raised the loud hosanna !
“ DELIVERANCE HAS COME ! ”

SUPPLEMENT.

2

Resurrection Hymn.

- 1 'TIS the very same Jesus,
'Tis the very same Jesus,
'Tis the very same Jesus
The Jews crucified.

CHO. — But he rose, he rose, he rose,
And went to heaven in a cloud.

- 2 One Joseph begged his body, :||
And laid it in the tomb.
But he rose, &c.
- 3 The grave it could not hold him, :||
For he was the Son of God.
And he rose, &c.
- 4 The earth began to tremble, :||
The Roman soldiers fell.
Then he rose, &c.
- 5 Down came an angel, :||
And rolled away the stone.
Then he rose, &c.
- 6 Poor Mary came a weeping, :||
And looking for her Lord.
But he'd rose, &c.
- 7 Two men in shining raiment, :||
They sat within the tomb.
But he'd rose, &c.
- 8 O, where have you laid him? :||
For he is not within the tomb.
But he rose, &c.
- 9 Go tell to John and Peter, :||
Their Jesus lives again.
For he rose, &c.
- 10 Go preach to every nation, :||
And tell to dying men.
That he rose, &c.

SUPPLEMENT.

11 But O ! he said he'd come again, :||
And take his people home.

CHO — Then we'll rise, we'll rise, we'll rise,
And go to meet him in the cloud.

3 *The Old Camp-Ground.*

WE're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Singing our hymns of cheer ;
And waiting ones are gath'ring 'round,
And friends we love so dear.

CHO. — Many dear saints are weary to-night,
As 'round the earth they roam ;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
Wishing the Lord to come.

2 Dear ones who knelt here in other years,
Will greet us here no more ;
Jesus will wipe away the tears,
Soon on the brighter shore.

3 We're thinking to-night of the white-robed band,
Who'll meet him in the sky ;
And live and reign in the better land —
'Tis coming by and by.

4 Shout, brothers, shout ! on the old camp-ground,
Press toward the Eden bowers ;
Soon with the Lamb on the sea of glass
Victory will be ours.

5 We'll fight for our King on the old camp-ground,
Rally, brothers, and pray ;
The pure in heart will soon be crowned,
And reign in endless day.

6 We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Singing our hymns of cheer ;
And waiting ones are gath'ring 'round,
And friends we love so dear.

SUPPLEMENT.

4 *How Sweet are the Tidings.*

HOW sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's
As he wanders in exile from home ; [ear,
Soon, soon will the Saviour in glory appear,
And soon will the kingdom come.

CHO. — He's coming, coming, coming soon, I know ;
Coming back to this earth again,
And the weary pilgrims will to glory go,
When the Saviour comes to reign.

2 'The mossy old graves where the pilgrims sleep,
Shall be opened as wide as before ;
And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep
Shall live on this earth once more.

3 There we'll meet all our loved ones in our Eden
Sweet songs of redemption we'll sing ; [home,
From the north, from the south, all the ransomed
And worship our heavenly King. [shall come,

4 Hallelujah, amen ! hallelujah again !
In a little while we shall be there ;
O, be faithful, be hopeful, be joyful till then,
And a crown of bright glory we'll wear.

5 *Shall we Gather at the River ?*

1 **S**HALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod ?
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God ?

CHO. — Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river ;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

SUPPLEMENT.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;
Grace our souls will then deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

6 *Shall we Know Each Other There ?*

1 **W**HEN we hear the music ringing,
In the bright, celestial dome —
When sweet angel voices singing
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the dwellers know no care
In that land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there ?

CHO. — Shall we know each other —
Shall we know each other —
Shall we know each other —
Shall we know each other there ?

2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious happy land ?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us, as in days of yore ?
Shall we feel the same arms twining
Fondly 'round us, as before ?

SUPPLEMENT.

3 Yes ! my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light ;
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in glory,
Are the loved of long ago ;
And to them 't is kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know ?

4 O ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way ;
Ye shall join the loved and blest ones
In the land of perfect day !
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers
Murmur in my raptured ear —
Evermore their sweet song lingers —
We shall know each other there !

7

Waiting for Home.

IN this weary world we wait, looking, blessed Lord,
for thee,
And the great and glorious day so soon to come,
When the city's pearly gate, and the streets of gold
we'll see,
And the walls of precious stones, Jerusalem.

CHO. — Yes, yes, yes, the King is coming !
Cheer up, pilgrim, he will come ; [more delay,
Soon the heavens will pass away, there will be no
And our Lord will gather all who love him home.

2 We are weary of the world, of its trials and its
snares,
And we're often almost fainting by the way ;
But the saddened eye grows bright, and the heart
beats with delight,
When we think we're near the dawning of the
day.

SUPPLEMENT.

3 Then with patience we will wait, for the time
draws very nigh,
We can see the day-star shining in the sky ;
And we know the night is past, and the day is hast-
ing fast,
Hear the watchmen give the last, great warning
cry !

8 *Over There.*

1 I CAN see beyond the river,
Over Jordan's dashing tide ;
There I'll be with Christ forever,
Close to his sacred side.

CHO. — Over there, over there, just over there.

2 Over there is no more weeping,
Over there all pain is o'er ;
I shall rest in Jesus' keeping,
And droop and die no more.

3 Over there is no more sinning,
Over there are sunny skies ;
Crowns of fadeless beauty winning,
And flowers of paradise.

4 Over there I'll find my treasure —
Jewels lost, long, long ago ;
Love and bliss in fullest measure,
There my sad heart shall know.

5 Over there all are immortal ;
Over there is no more night ;
And the city's pearly portal
Is now almost in sight.

6 Will you go, dear sinner, with me,
Where the Lamb will ever reign —
Where the loved of earth will greet thee,
And never part again ?

SUPPLEMENT.

9 *The Rescue. (Minnie Minton.)*

- 1 BLESSED Saviour, how I love thee,
How thou dost my spirit cheer ;
What hath earth like thee to covet,
O what stores of wealth are here !
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,
Not one ray of light or bliss,
Till thy blood had paid the ransom —
O, what precious love was this !

CHO. — O Saviour, dear Saviour,
I have heard the angels calling,
I have seen the golden shore ;
O take me in the morning,
Where the shadows come no more,
Nevermore, nevermore.

- 2 Blessed Saviour, I was wounded,
And I thought that I must die,
By a stranger host surrounded,
And no loved one kneeling nigh ;
And I fain would hear thee whisper
In the twilight cold and gray,
But I only hear the tramping .
As they carry me away.

- 3 In the darkness I was sinking,
And no friendly hand was nigh ;
In death's shadows I was fainting,
In deep anguish I did sigh.
Ah ! 'twas then I did behold thee,
"Blessed Saviour !" then I cried,
It was then I saw life's fountain,
Gushing from thy bleeding side.

- 4 I saw thy Holy Mountain,
Yes, I saw the mount of God ;
I saw thee by the fountain,
Yes, beside life's crystal flood ;

SUPPLEMENT.

Then, unworthy, O, unworthy,
 'Twas my fainting spirit sighed ;
Thy faith alone hath saved thee,
 Then the blessed Jesus cried.

5 O ! what rapture, light, and gladness,
 Then rushed into my soul ;
Blessed Jesus ! thou hast saved me,
 Yes, 'tis thou hast made me whole.
Ah ! immortal life awaits me,
 Yes, immortal life for me ;
O ! come, Lord Jesus, quickly,
 Now I long thy face to see.

10 *Home with Jesus. ("Tramp, Tramp.")*

1 **I**N our pilgrimage below,
 We are thinking of the time
When our Saviour will descend and take us home ;
 And the tears will fill our eyes,
 As we near the holy prize, —
O ! we love to talk and sing of that blest home.

CHO. — Yes, yes, yes, a home with Jesus,
Cheer up, brethren, soon he'll come ;
 And beneath his gentle reign
 We shall breathe the air of heaven,
Free from sorrow in the saint's eternal home.

2 But while here we do remain,
 O, be strong in Jesus' name,
Bear with patience every trial, every cross ;
 He will keep his faithful few,
 And will guide them safely through,
And will crown them his at last in that blest home.

CHO. — Home, home, home, a home with Jesus,
 Cheer up, brethren, soon he'll come.

SUPPLEMENT.

11

Supplication.

- 1 **A**LL night long, till break of day,
Jacob wept his bitter prayer,
Till the Angel on his way,
Christ, the Angel, blest him there.
I am a poor sinner too,
Torn with anguish, guilt, and fears :
I to Jesus too will go,
Go and bathe his feet with tears.
- 2 I it was who pierced thy side,
I who drove the cruel nail ;
I who caused the purple tide,
Groans and tears and dying wail.
Lord, I will not let thee go ;
Saviour, listen to my grief :
Jesus, I'm a child of woe ;
Come, O come to my relief !
- 3 Jesus, at thy cross I lie
All night long till break of day ;
Perish here, if I must die
Unforgiv'n ; go not away.
Saviour, wilt thou take my heart ?
It is all I have to give.
Sin-defiled in every part,
Such a gift wilt thou receive ?
- 4 O, how kindly Jesus spake :
" Go in peace — I all forgive ;
Wilt thou all for me forsake,
Love, and follow me, and live ?"
Jesus, I thy goodness bless,
And with wond'ring love adore ;
Let me never love the less,
Let me love thee more and more.

SUPPLEMENT.

12

There is a Better World.

- 1 **T**HERE is a better world, they say,
O, so bright ! O, so bright !
Where sin and want are done away,
O, so bright ! O, so bright !
Sweet music fills the balmy air,
And angels without number there,
And harps of gold in mansions fair —
O, so bright ! O, so bright !
- 2 No clouds e'er pass along the sky,
O, so bright ! O, so bright !
No tear-drop glistens in the eye,
O, so bright ! O, so bright !
They drink the gushing streams of *grace*,
And gaze upon the Saviour's face,
Whose glory fills that holy place —
O, so bright ! O, so bright !
- 3 And wicked men and beasts of prey
Come not there, come not there ;
And ruthless death and fierce decay
Come not there, come not there.
There all are holy, all are good,
And hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood,
And guilty sinners, unrenewed,
Come not there, come not there.
- 4 And though we're sinners, every one,
Jesus died, Jesus died ;
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died, Jesus died.
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of glory reign —
Jesus died, Jesus died.

SUPPLEMENT.

5 Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
Come away, come away ;
We long to reach our Eden home,
Come away, come away.
O, come, the time is slipping past,
And men and things are fleeting fast,
And we shall gain our rest at last ;
Come away, come away.

6 This world is, O, so dark and drear !
Take us there, take us there.
We never can be happy here ;
Take us there, take us there.
O, listen to that music sweet —
It comes so rich from yonder seat
Where all the good in glory meet —
Take us there, take us there.

13 *We're Marching On.*

1 **T**HE Christians sing a joyful song,
All o'er the land, all o'er the land ;
They know their journey is not long,
And soon they'll wear a crown.
We sing to Christ th' expected King,
Who soon will come in peace to reign ;
Our shouts will make the kingdom ring
When he our King is crowned.

We're marching on to Canaan's land,
To that bright land, that sunny land
Where soon before our King we'll stand,
The King in beauty crowned.

2 We're trav'ling to a country bright,
To Canaan's land, that happy land,
Where all is peace and love and light —
O, look to that bright land.

SUPPLEMENT.

We know the dangers that surround
That narrow way which leads to life :
But God will bring us safely to
The glorious happy land.

- 3 Come, soldiers, now in faith be strong,
For Jesus stand, a dauntless band ;
The conflict fierce will not be long —
We're fighting for a crown.
A conqueror's crown we soon shall wear
In Canaan's land, that happy land :
O, who would not this glory share
When Jesus comes to reign?

- 4 O, watchman, blow your trumpet loud
Throughout the land, and boldly stand
To warn the gay and giddy crowd
The judgment day draws near.
Probation's sun is sinking fast !
O sinner, fear ! The end is near !
The day of grace will soon be past,
The doom of earth draws near.

O, come with us to Canaan's land,
To that bright land, that sunny land,
Where soon with saints of every land,
We'll dwell in endless day.

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